

Hickory

FINEST PAIR O' CALVES
AH EVER SAW!

AUGUST No.6
10¢





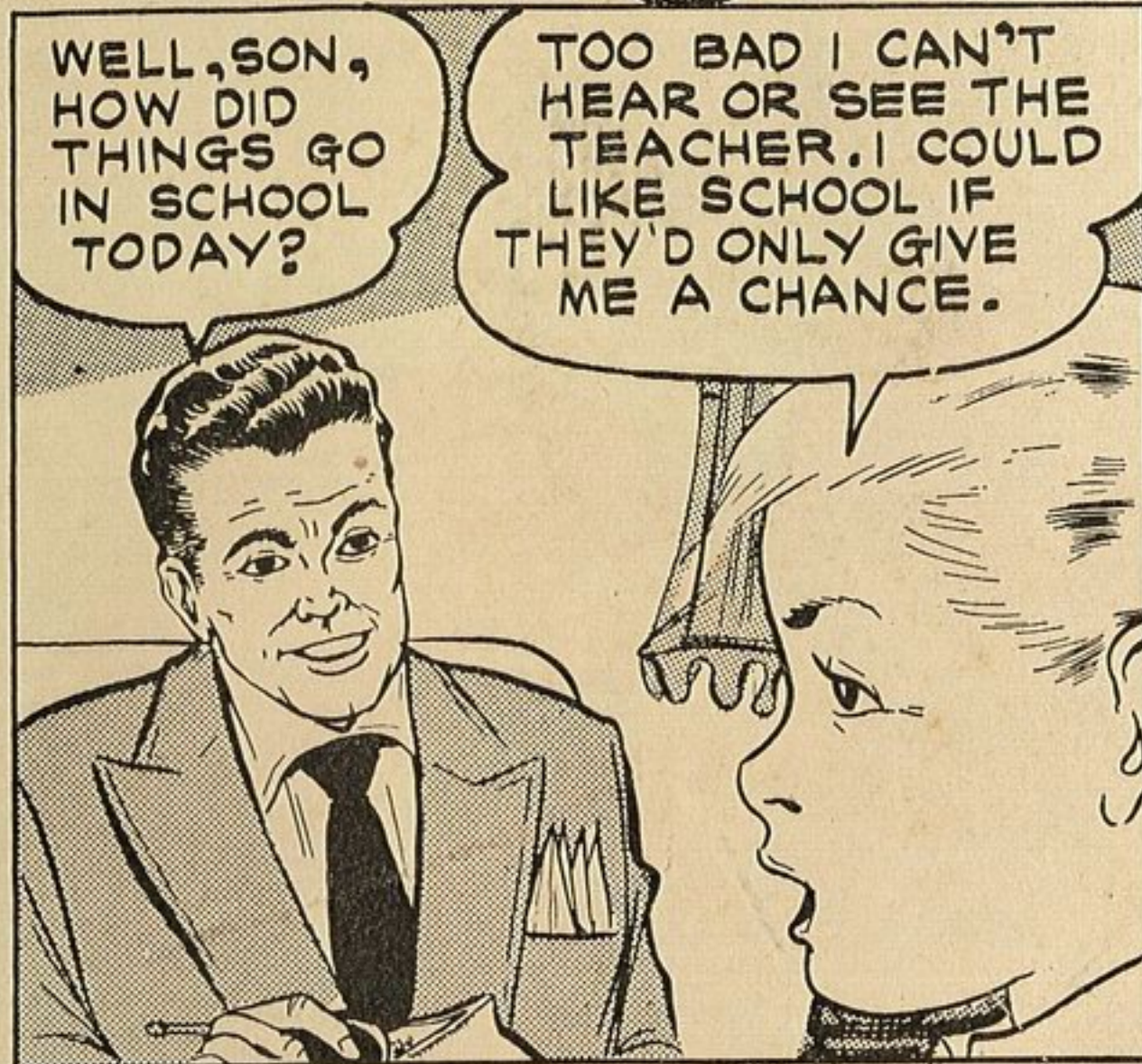
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Better schools make better communities



MISS MACY,
PLEASE, I CAN'T
HEAR YOU AND
I CAN'T SEE
YOU.



WELL, SON,
HOW DID
THINGS GO
IN SCHOOL
TODAY?

TOO BAD I CAN'T
HEAR OR SEE THE
TEACHER. I COULD
LIKE SCHOOL IF
THEY'D ONLY GIVE
ME A CHANCE.



WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO, DAD?
ALL THE CHILDREN
SAY THE SCHOOL
IS CROWDED. THEY
GO ONLY HALF A
DAY.

IF ALL OUR NEIGHBORS WORK TOGETHER,
WE CAN GET MORE AND BETTER SCHOOLS.
CHILDREN NEED GOOD SCHOOLS. EVERY
COMMUNITY NEEDS PEOPLE WHO
HAVE LEARNED HOW TO WORK
AND BE HAPPY BY GOING TO
SCHOOL.

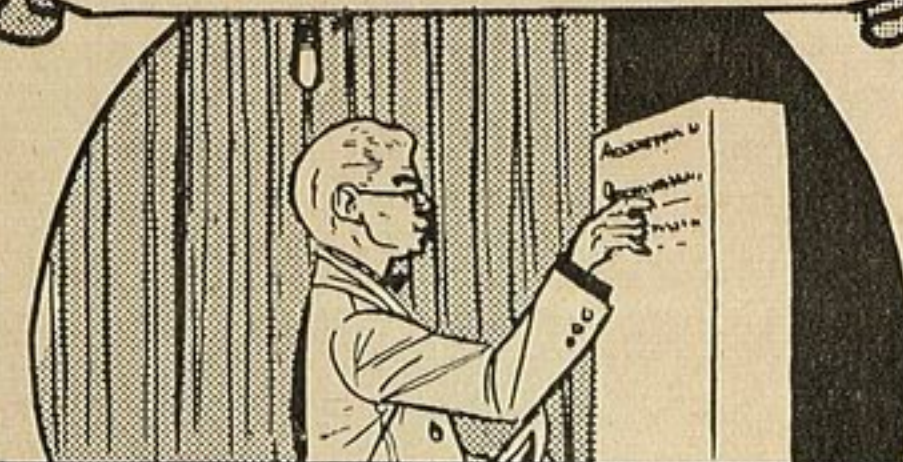
NO MATTER WHAT YOUR
CHILDREN GROW UP TO BE,
YOU NEED A GOOD
SCHOOL.



WHEN YOU GROW UP AND
VOTE, YOU WILL NEED
AN EDUCATION.

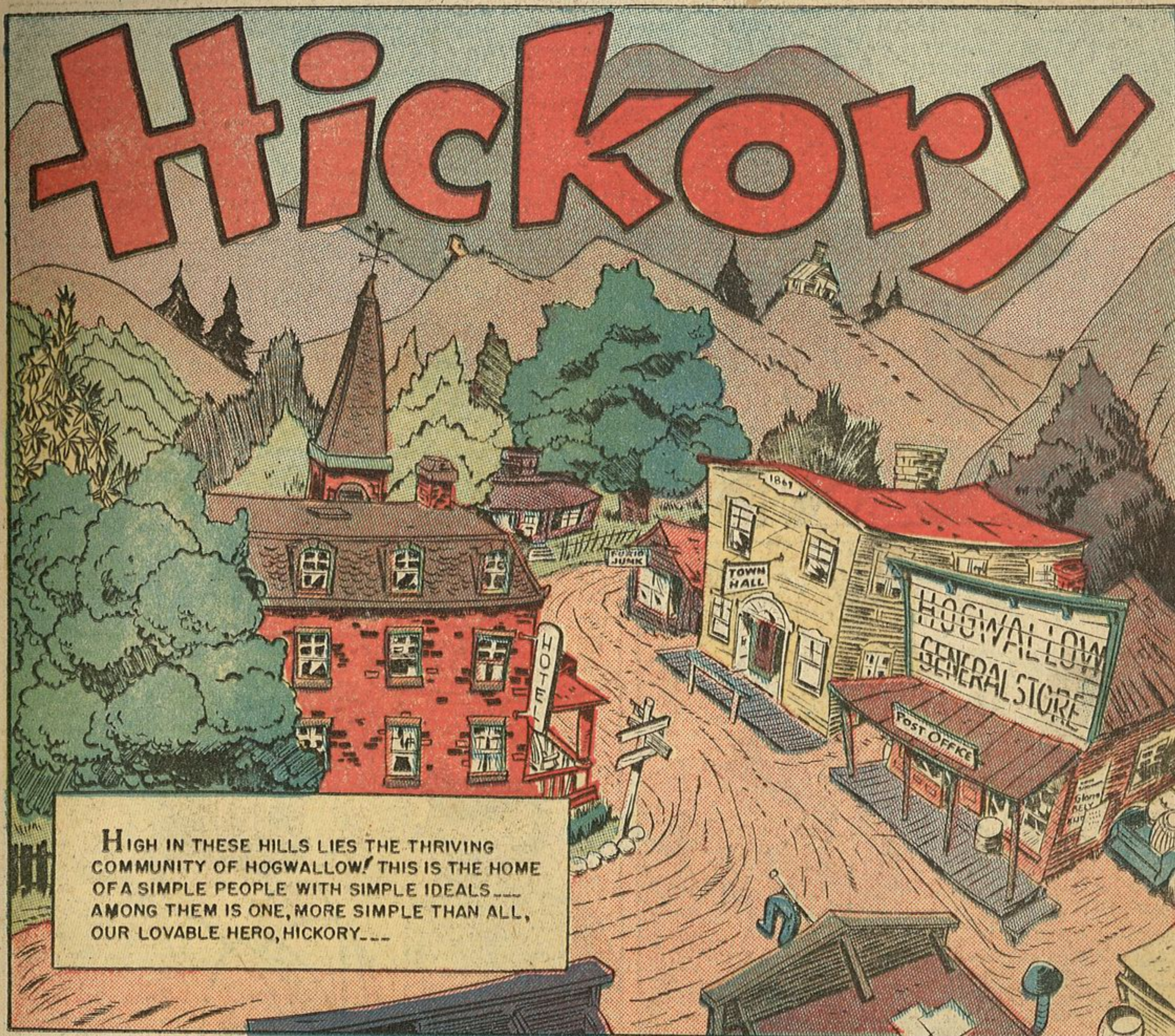


JERRY
FASANO-



TELL YOUR MOTHER AND
FATHER THEY CAN LEARN
HOW OTHERS WON BETTER
SCHOOLS BY WRITING TO -
"NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMISSION
FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
2 WEST 45TH STREET
NEW YORK 19 NEW YORK"

Hickory



HIGH IN THESE HILLS LIES THE THRIVING COMMUNITY OF HOGWALLOW! THIS IS THE HOME OF A SIMPLE PEOPLE WITH SIMPLE IDEALS... AMONG THEM IS ONE, MORE SIMPLE THAN ALL, OUR LOVABLE HERO, HICKORY...

HEY, EVERYBODY! WAKE UP!
AH GOT NEWS! BIG NEWS!

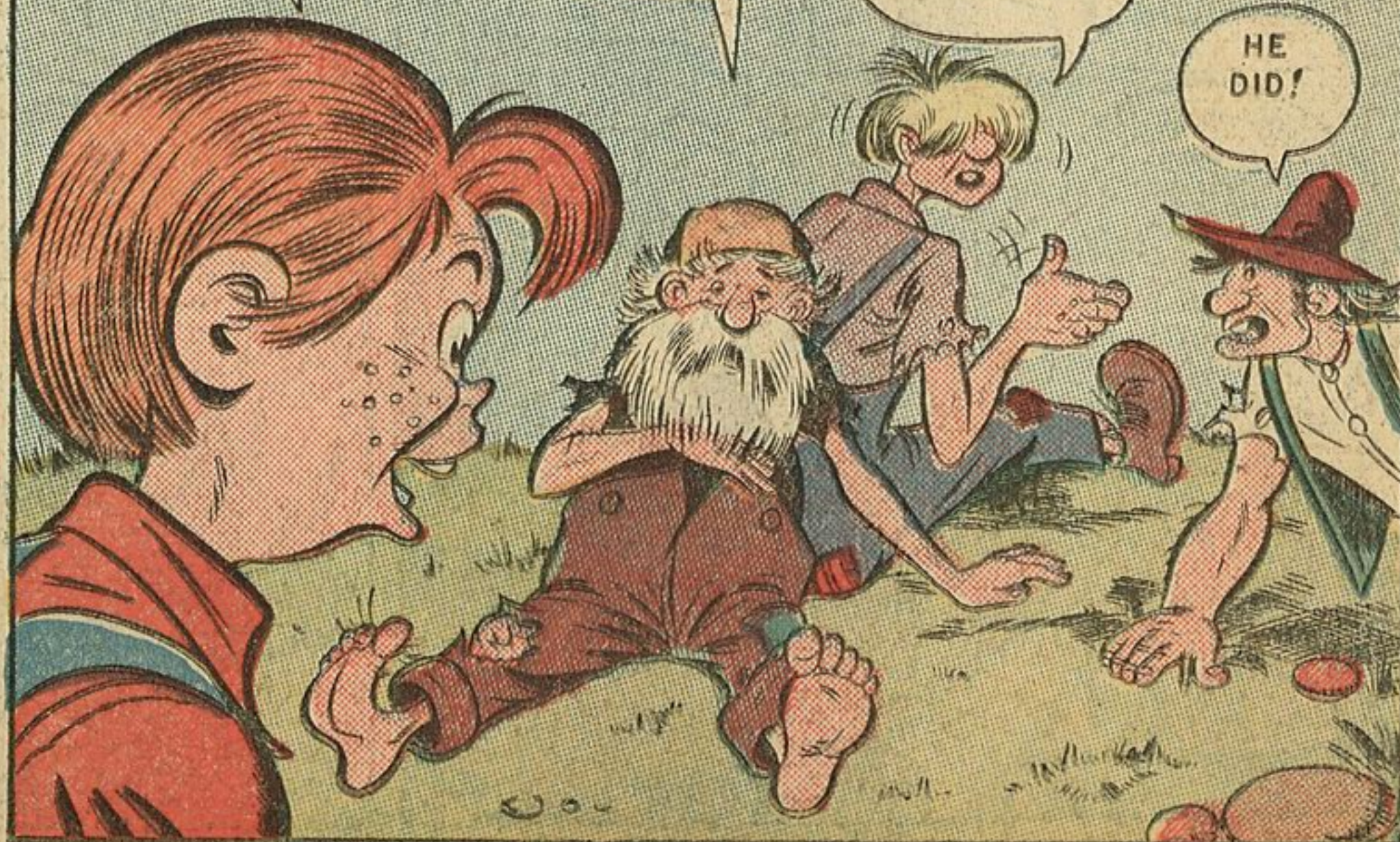


TH' PLYMOUTH ROCK'LL BE
FINISHED IN A COUPLE O' DAYS!

HUH? EH?
WHUT'D HE
SAY?

TH' PLYMOUTH ROCK?
OH! AH THOUGHT YO'
SAID PLYMOUTH
ROCK!

HE
DID!

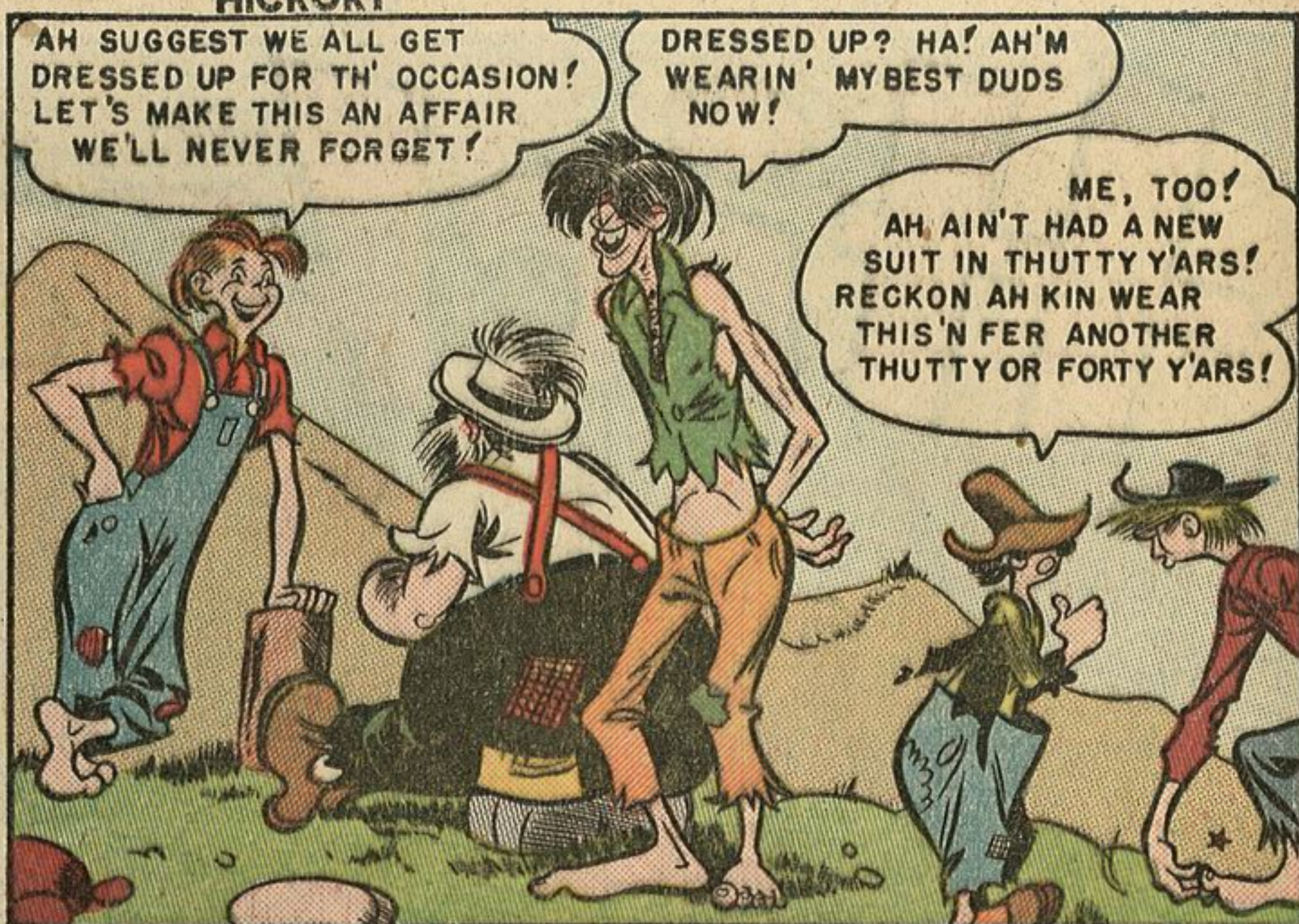


HICKORY



OL' MAN PLYMOUTH HAS CARVED OUT A STAT-CHOO FOR TH' TOWN SQUARE! AN' WE'RE GONNA HAVE A BIG CELEBRATION!

RAY!
RAY!



AH SUGGEST WE ALL GET DRESSED UP FOR TH' OCCASION! LET'S MAKE THIS AN AFFAIR WE'LL NEVER FORGET!

DRESSED UP? HA! AH'M WEARIN' MY BEST DUDS NOW!

ME, TOO! AH AIN'T HAD A NEW SUIT IN THUTTY Y'ARS! RECKON AH KIN WEAR THIS'N FER ANOTHER THUTTY OR FORTY Y'ARS!



SHECKS, AH GOT ME A SUIT FER EVERY DAY IN TH' WEEK!

AH KNOW IT! AN' THAT'S TH' SUIT! YUK! YUK!



LISSEN, HICKORY...IT'S ALL RIGHT FER YO' TO TALK ABOUT DRESSIN' UP...BUT, WHAR ARE WE' UNS GONNA GIT NEW CLOTHES?

YEAH... WE CAN'T BUY ANY ON ACCOUNT WE AIN'T GOT NO MONEY!



HMM... THAT'S RIGHT! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO GET SOME NEW CLOTHES!

HOW ABOUT GOIN' TO THE FAMOUS OL' HICKORY TREE AN' WISHIN' FOR SOME!



THAT'S RIGHT, AMY... AH ALWAYS GET RESULTS THERE! AH'LL DO IT!

GOOD! AN' AH'LL TAG ALONG JES'TO BRING YO' GOOD LUCK!

HICKORY

LATER...

YUP, AN' WHENEVER WE NEED SOMETHIN' MIGHTY QUICK, WE COME TO TH' OL' HICKORY TREE 'N' WISH FOR IT!

THAT'S RIGHT! AN' THIS TIME-Y' GOTTA WISH FOR SOME NEW CLOTHES!

WELL, AMY, H'YAR WE ARE... AN' THERE'S TH' OL' HICKORY TREE WAY UP ON TH' CLIFF!

YEP, AN' IT'S BEEN IN YORE FAMILY FOR Y'ARS 'N' Y'ARS!

MEANWHILE ON THE HIGHWAY ABOVE...

★☆☆★!! WE'LL NEVER GET OVER THIS MOUNTAIN, TOWING THAT BLASTED TRAILER! I'M GONNA CUT IT LOOSE!

YEAH, BOSS, BESIDES IT'S INSURED! GO AHEAD, CUT IT LOOSE! I'M GETTIN' HUNGRY!

THERE! THAT'S BETTER! NOW WE CAN ROLL!

YEAH! NOBODY'LL MISS IT, ANYWAY!

WHAM!

LOOK! THAT TRAILER HIT TH' OL' HICKORY TREE!

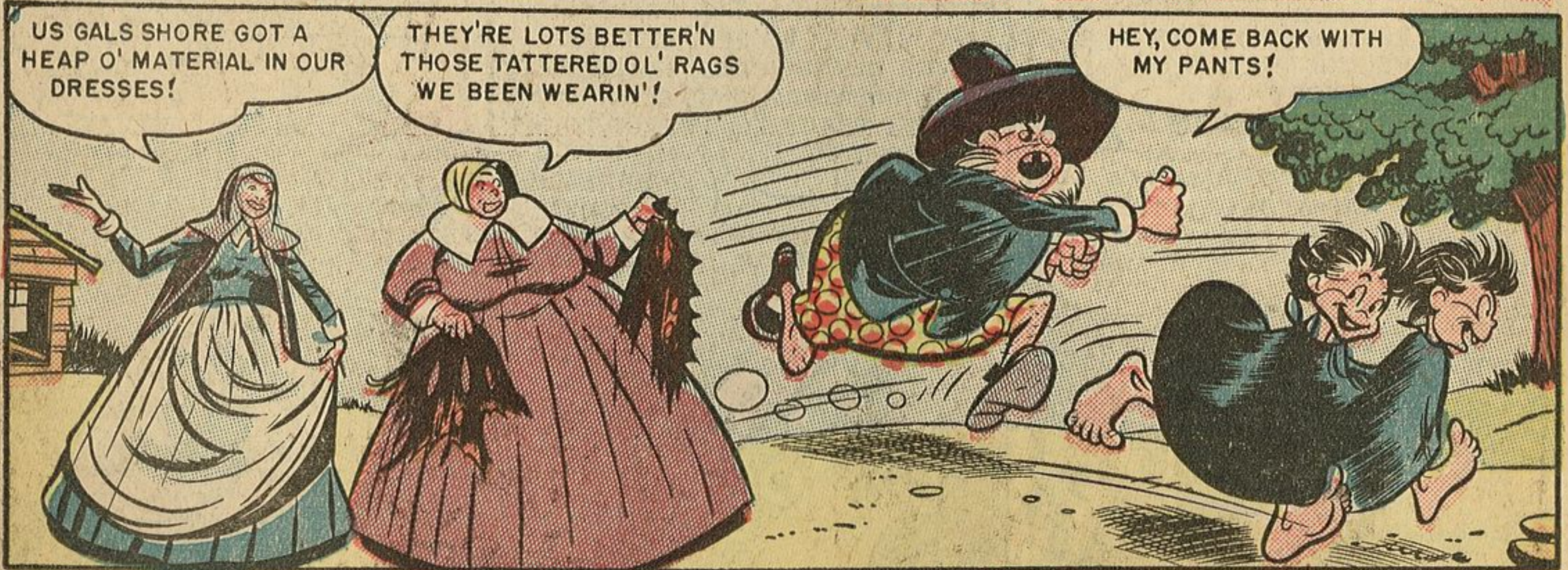
AN' SOMETHIN' IS FALLIN' OUT OF IT!

HICKORY! YO' GOT YORE WISH! AH KNOWED AH'D BRING YO' LUCK!

WELL, AH'LL BE DARNED! WHAT KIND O' CLOTHES ARE THEY?

GOSH, AH DUNNO! AT LEAST THEY AIN'T TORN 'N' TATTERED! LET'S TAKE 'EM BACK TO HOGWALLOW!

HICKORY



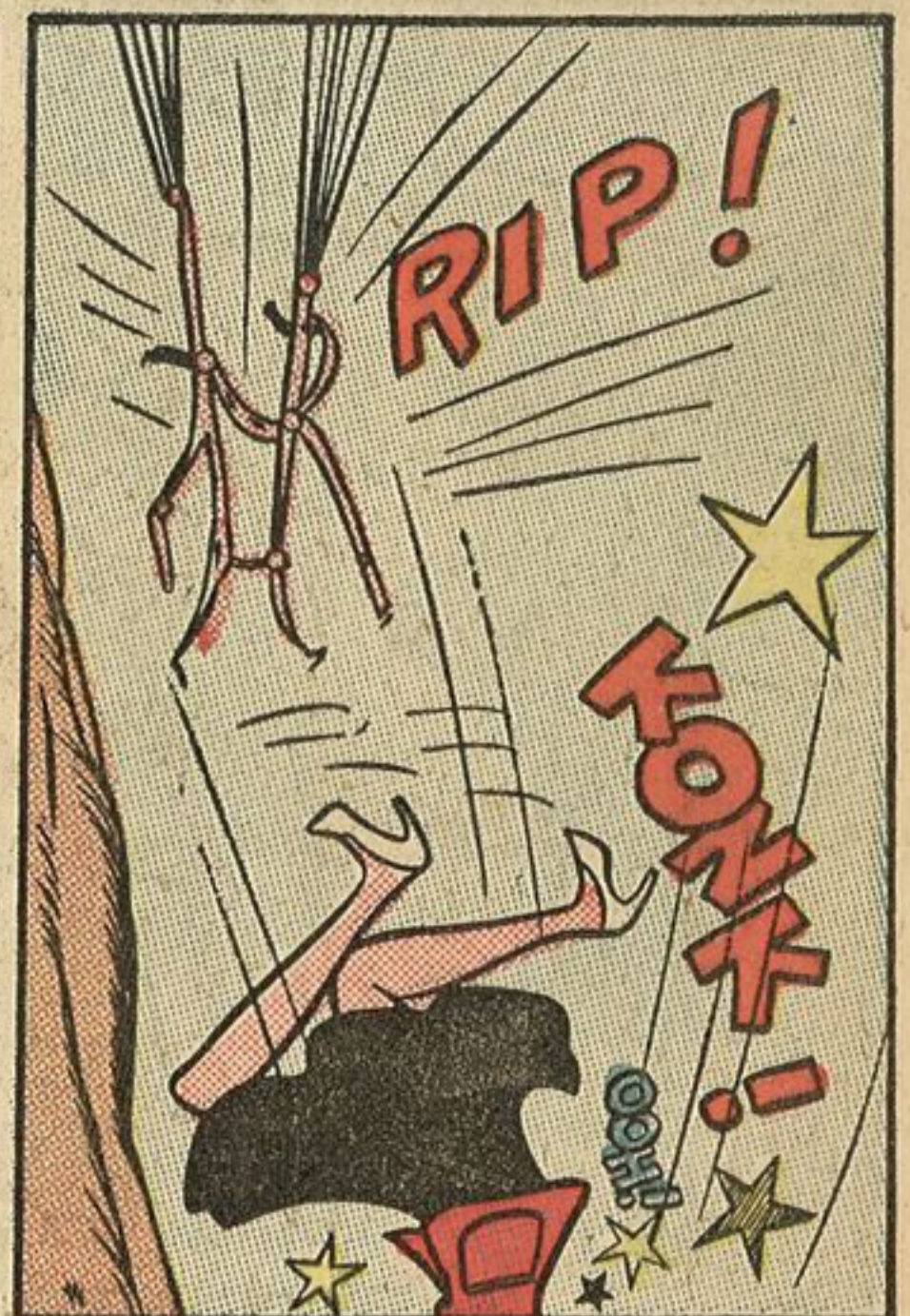
MEANWHILE AT THE BIG CITY AIRPORT...



HICKORY

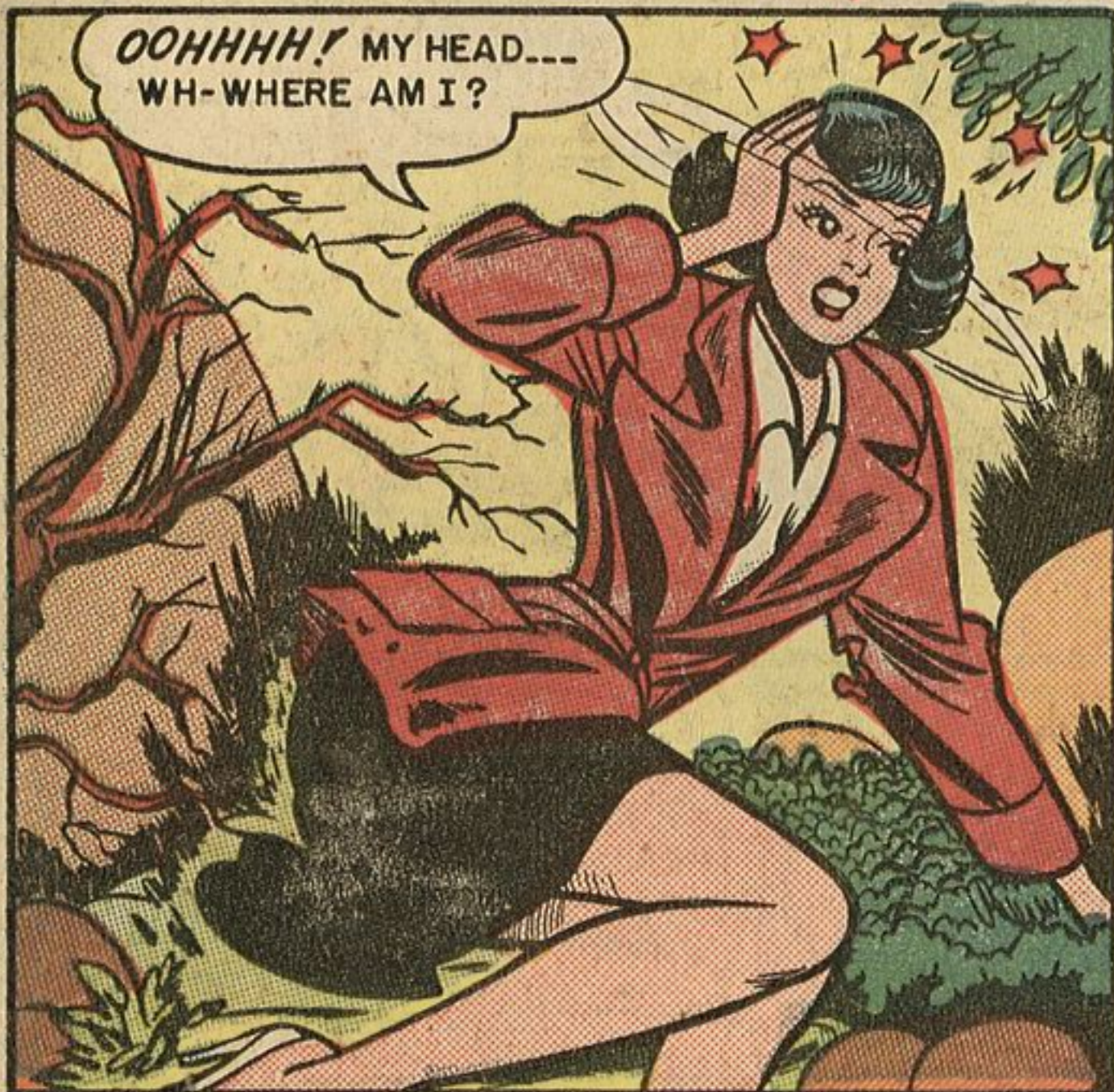


OH! THE 'CHUTE IS GOING TO CATCH ONTO THAT TREE!!



RIP!

KO! K!



OOHHHH! MY HEAD... WH-WHERE AM I?



WH-WHY THOSE PEOPLE... THEY LOOK LIKE P-PILGRIMS! BUT...NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! MY MIND MUST BE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME! I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD!

THERE'S ONE OF THEM COMING OVER HERE NOW!



AHEM! HOWDY, MA'M, AH'M HICKORY AN'---

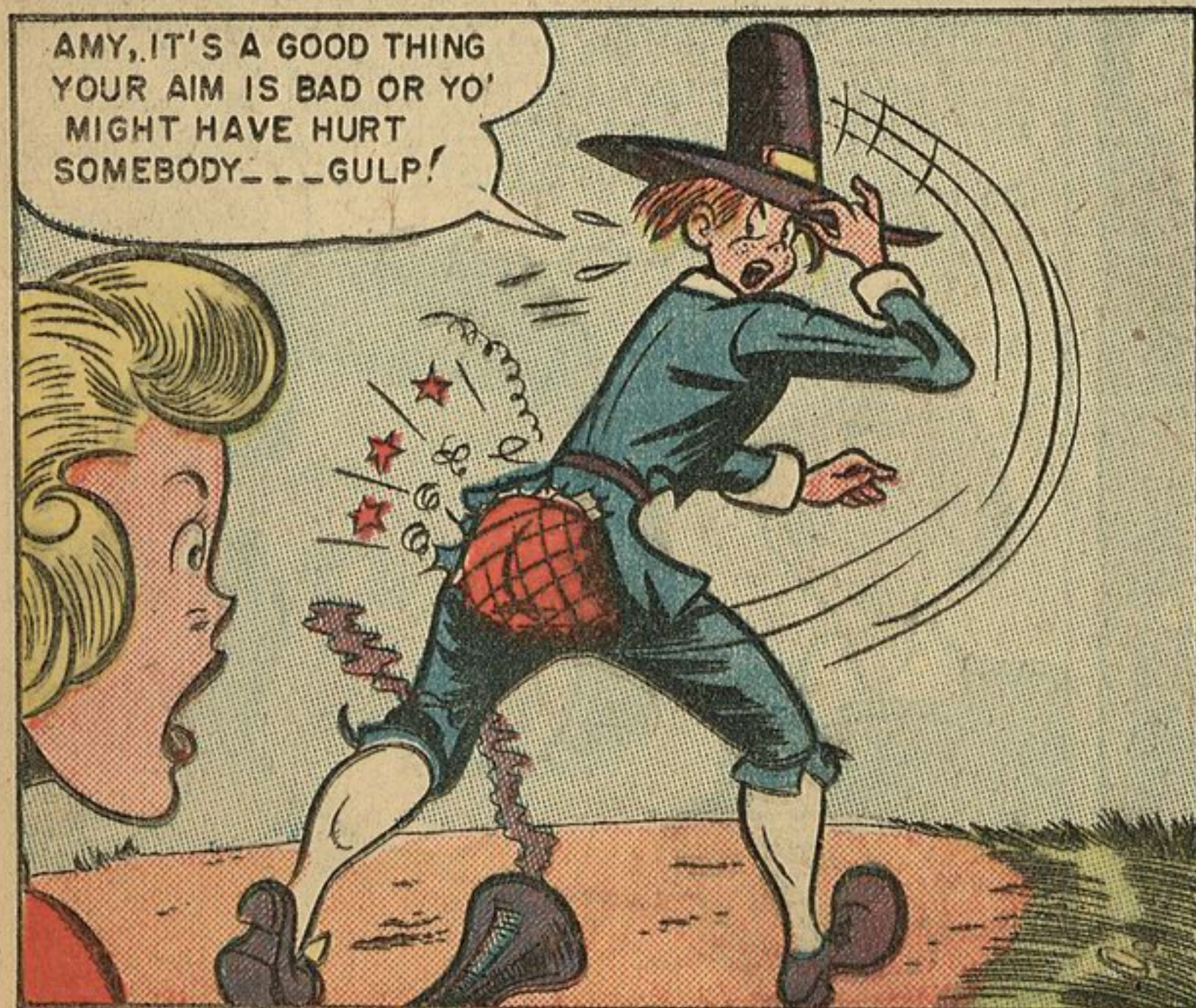
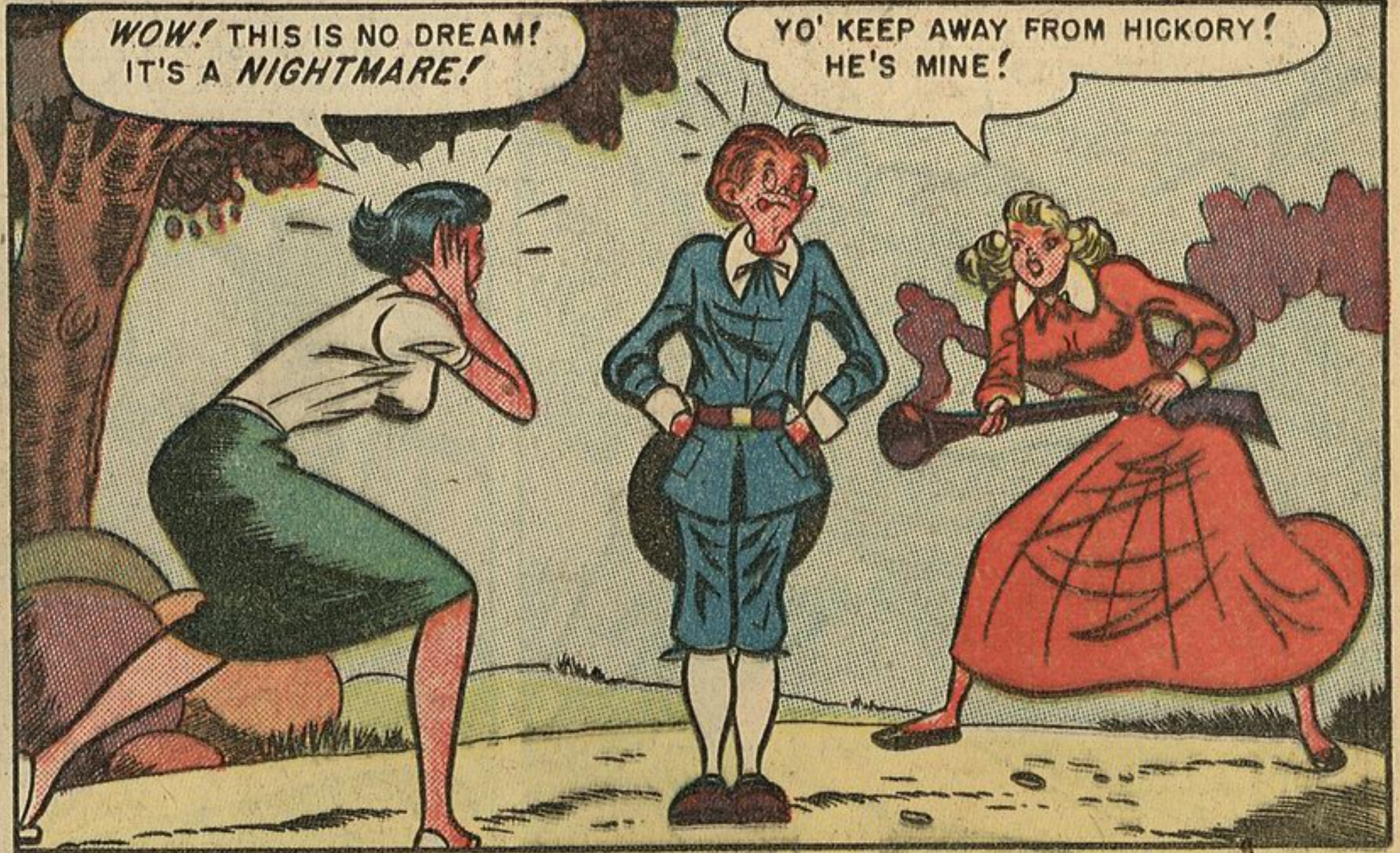
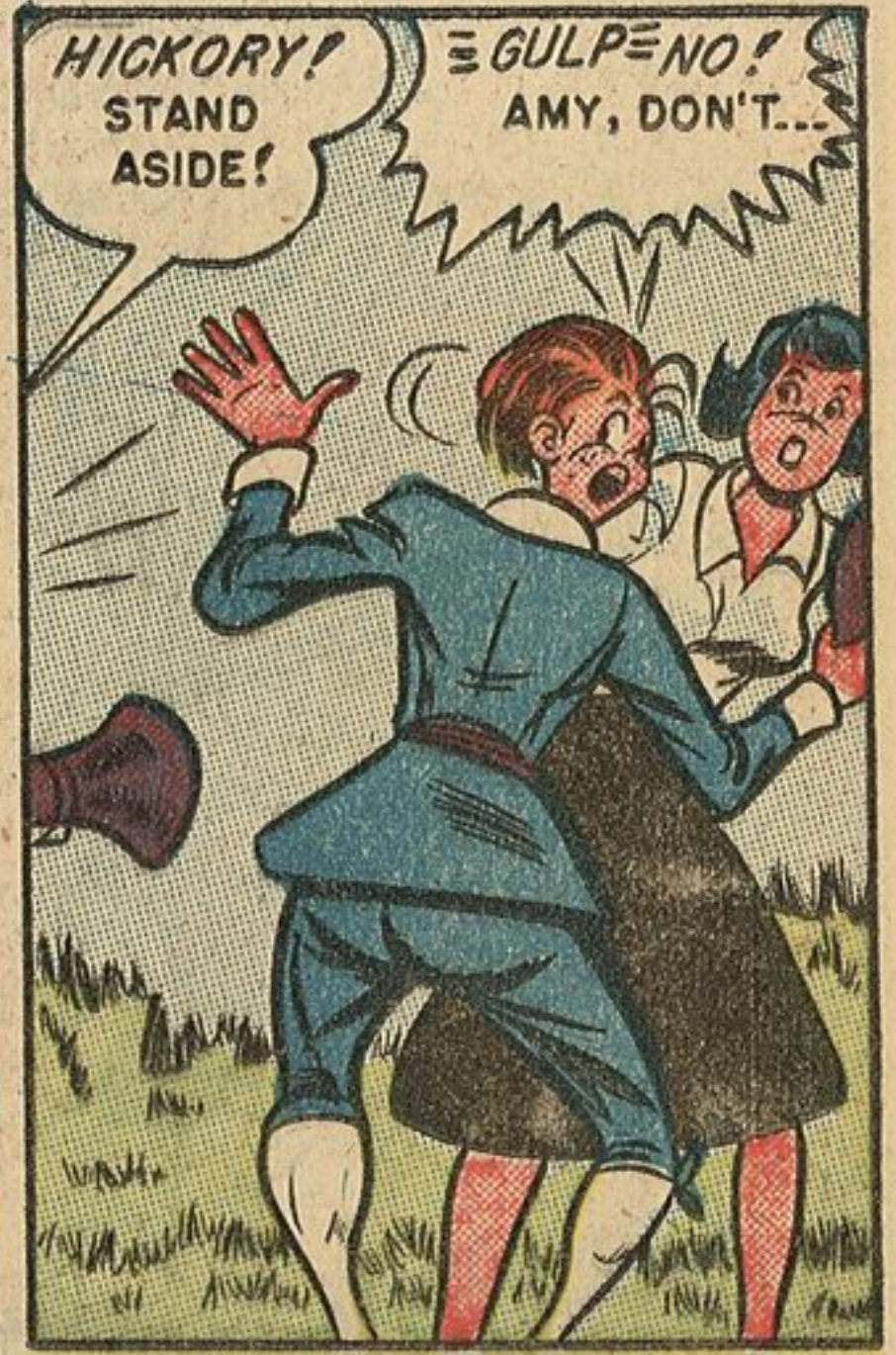
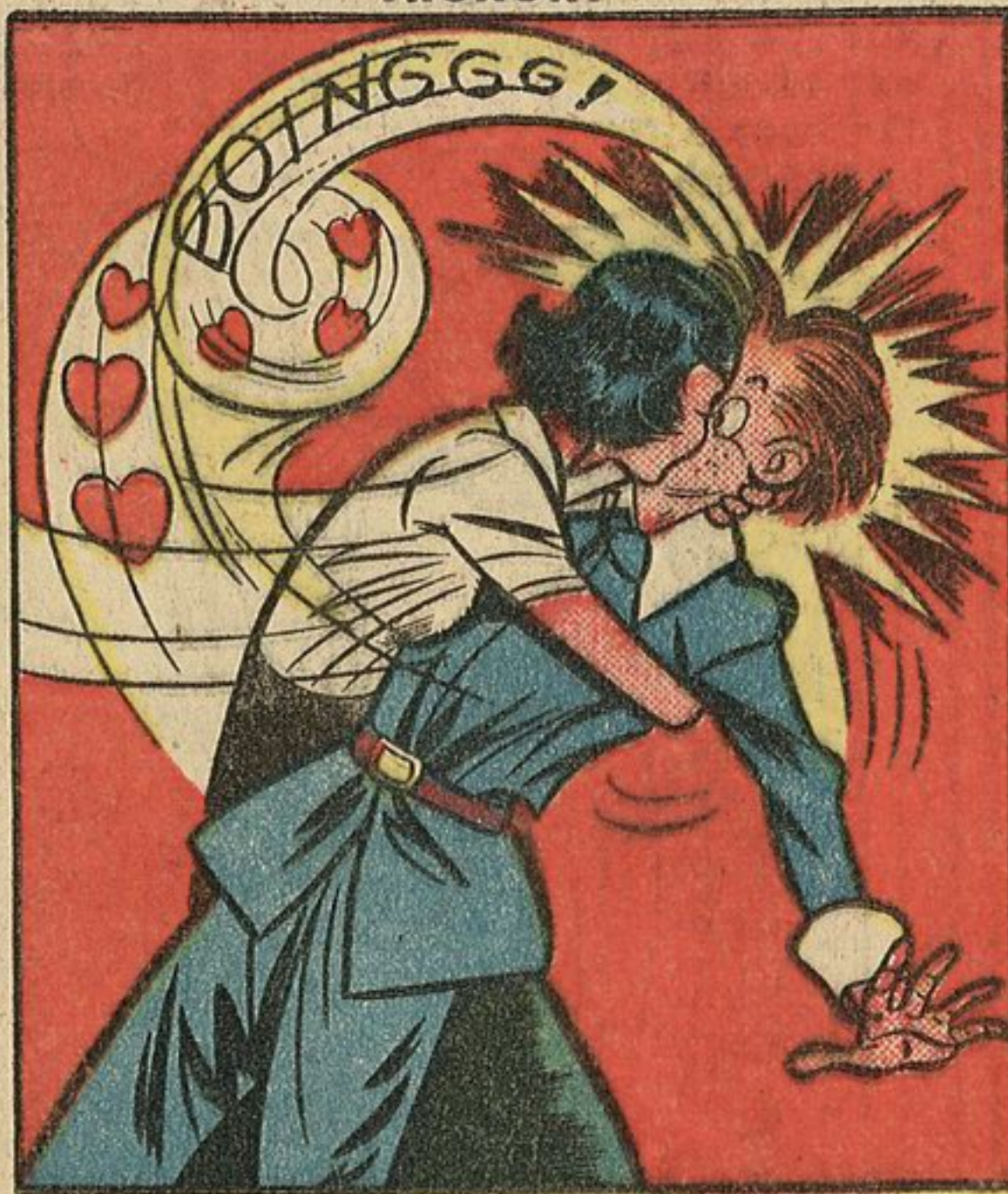
YOU...YOU SPOKE TO ME! YOU'RE NOT REAL! IT'S A DREAM...THAT'S IT! I'M DREAMING ALL THIS!



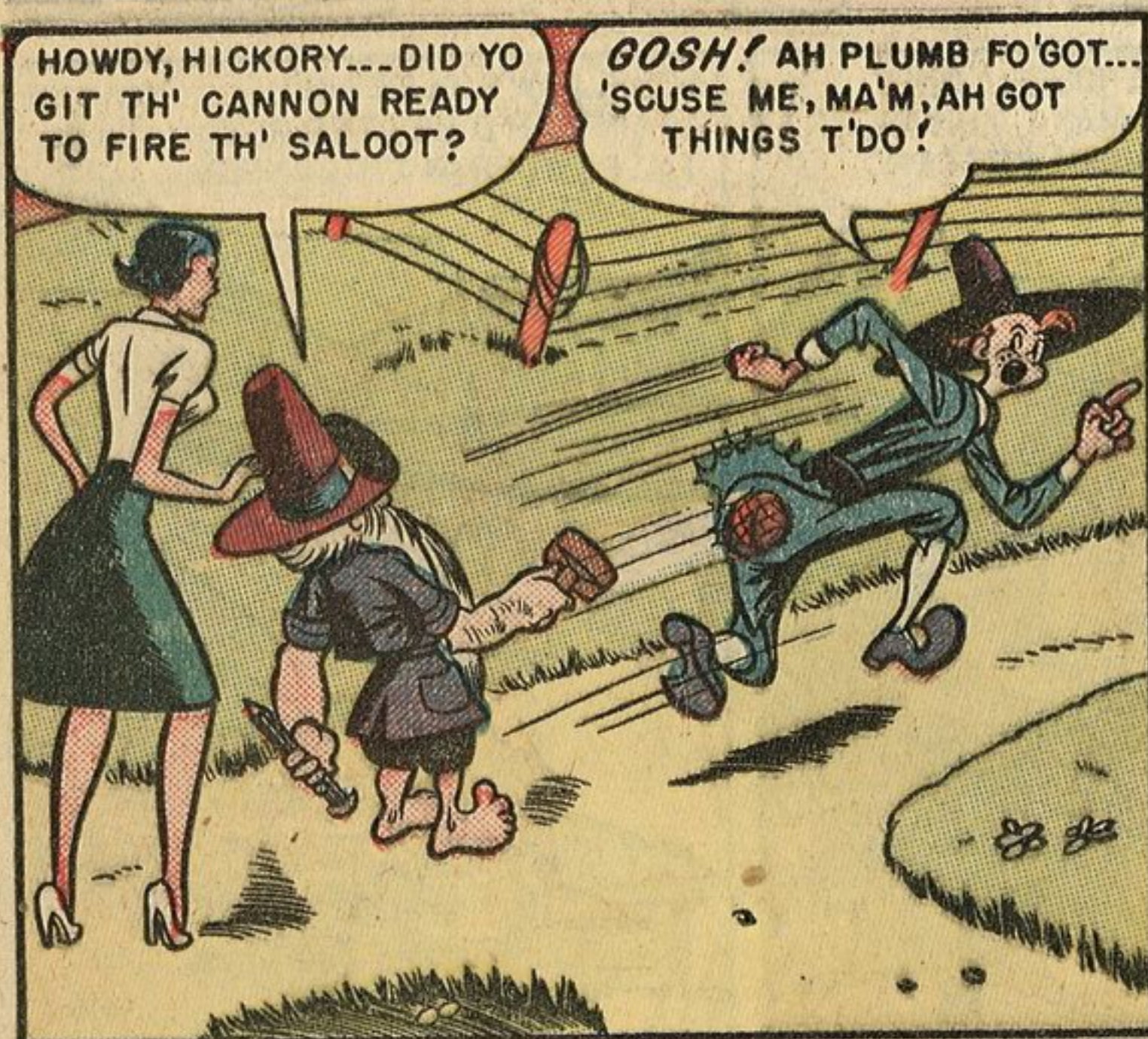
I'CURSE AH'M REAL! WHY NOT?

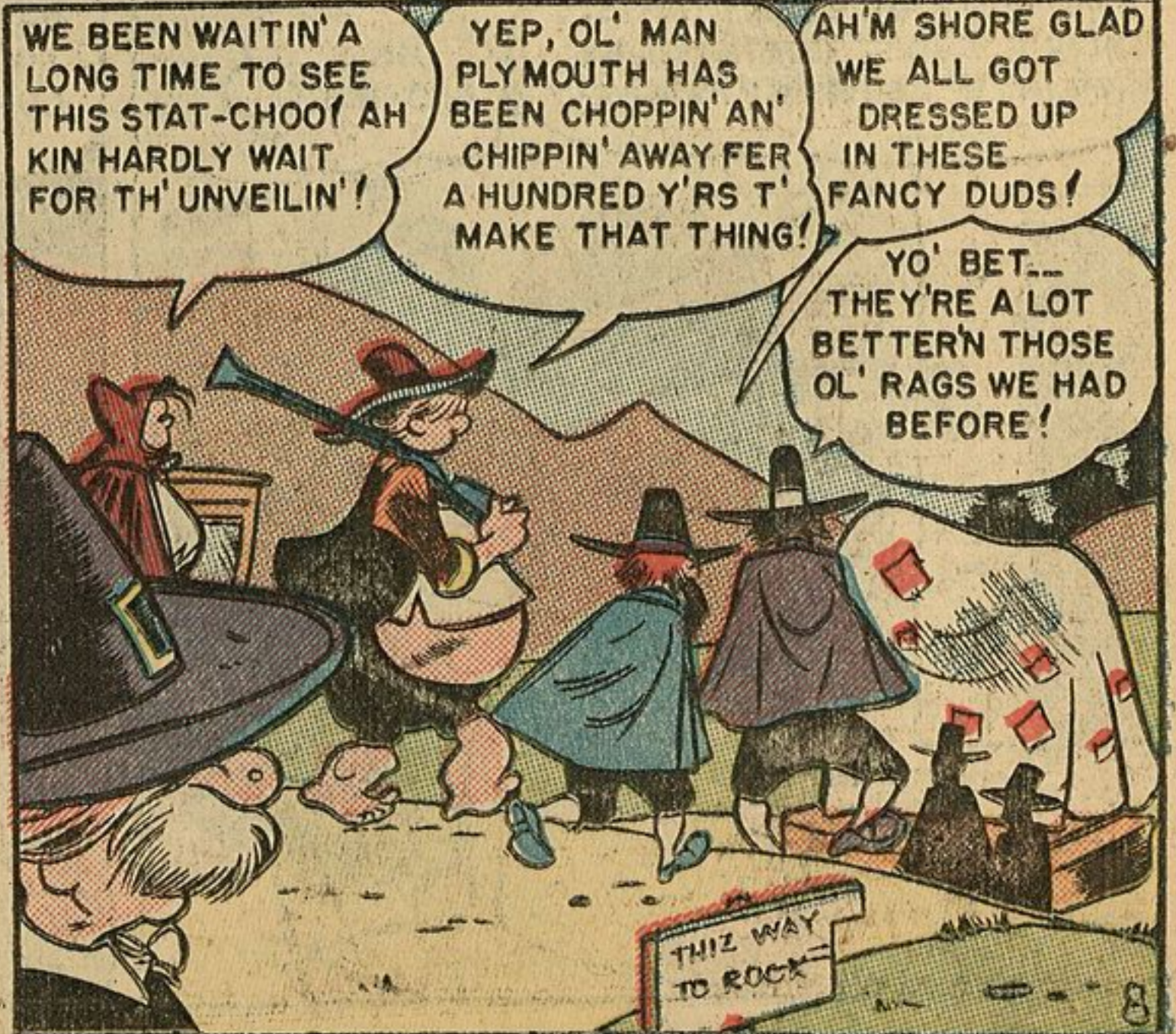
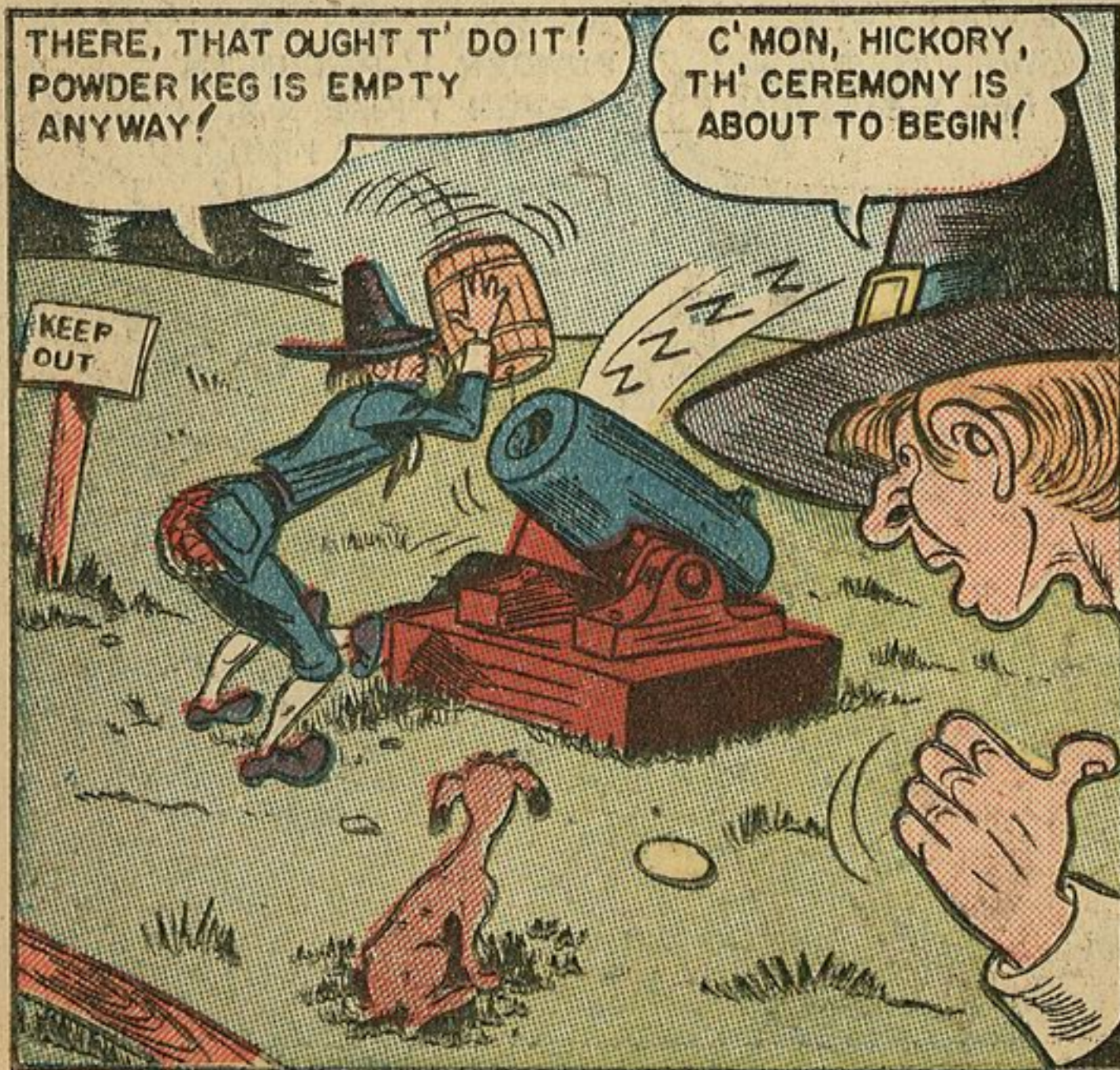
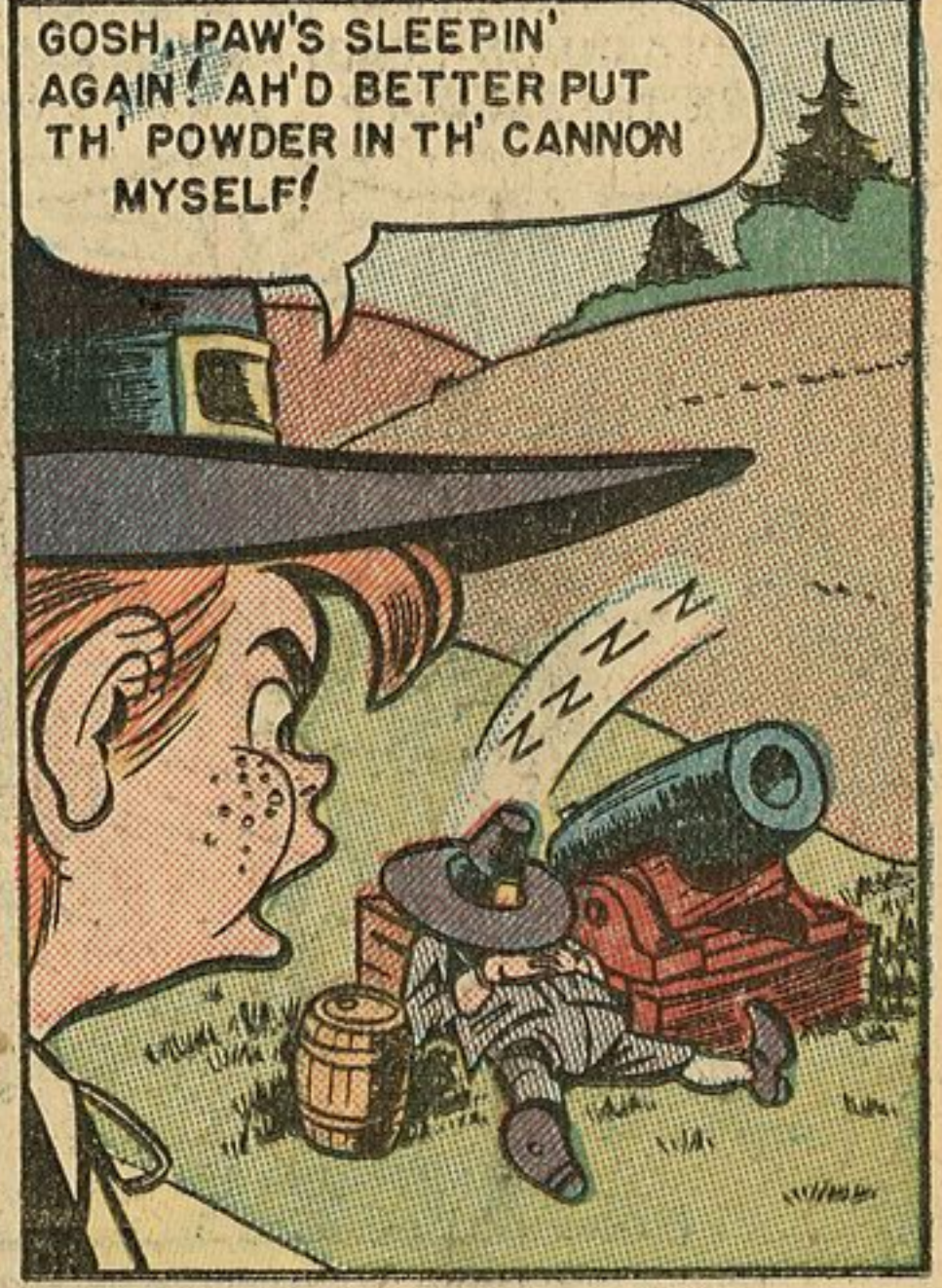
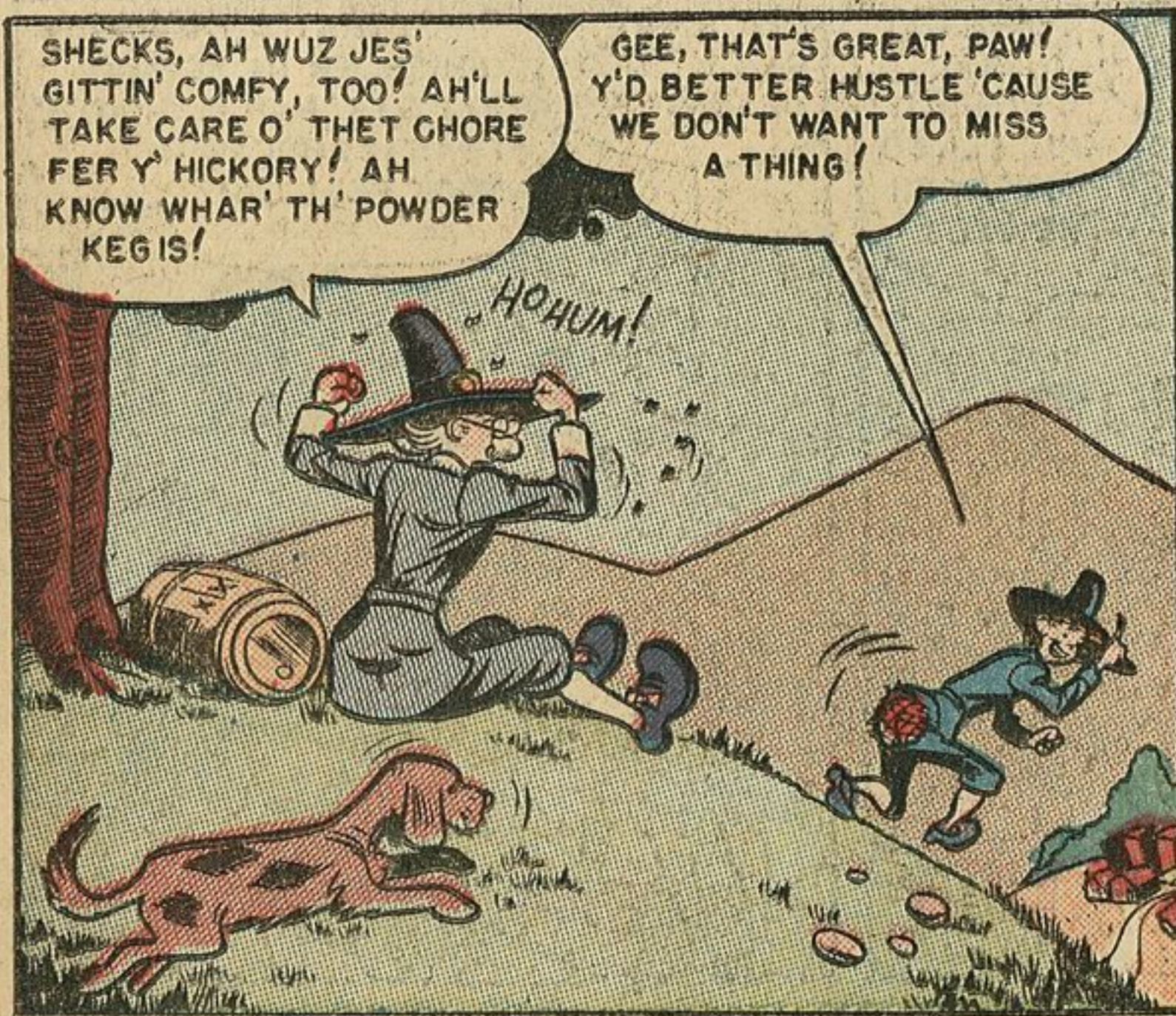
IF THIS /S A DREAM, I'LL MAKE THE MOST OF IT! HE'S KIND OF CUTE, TOO!

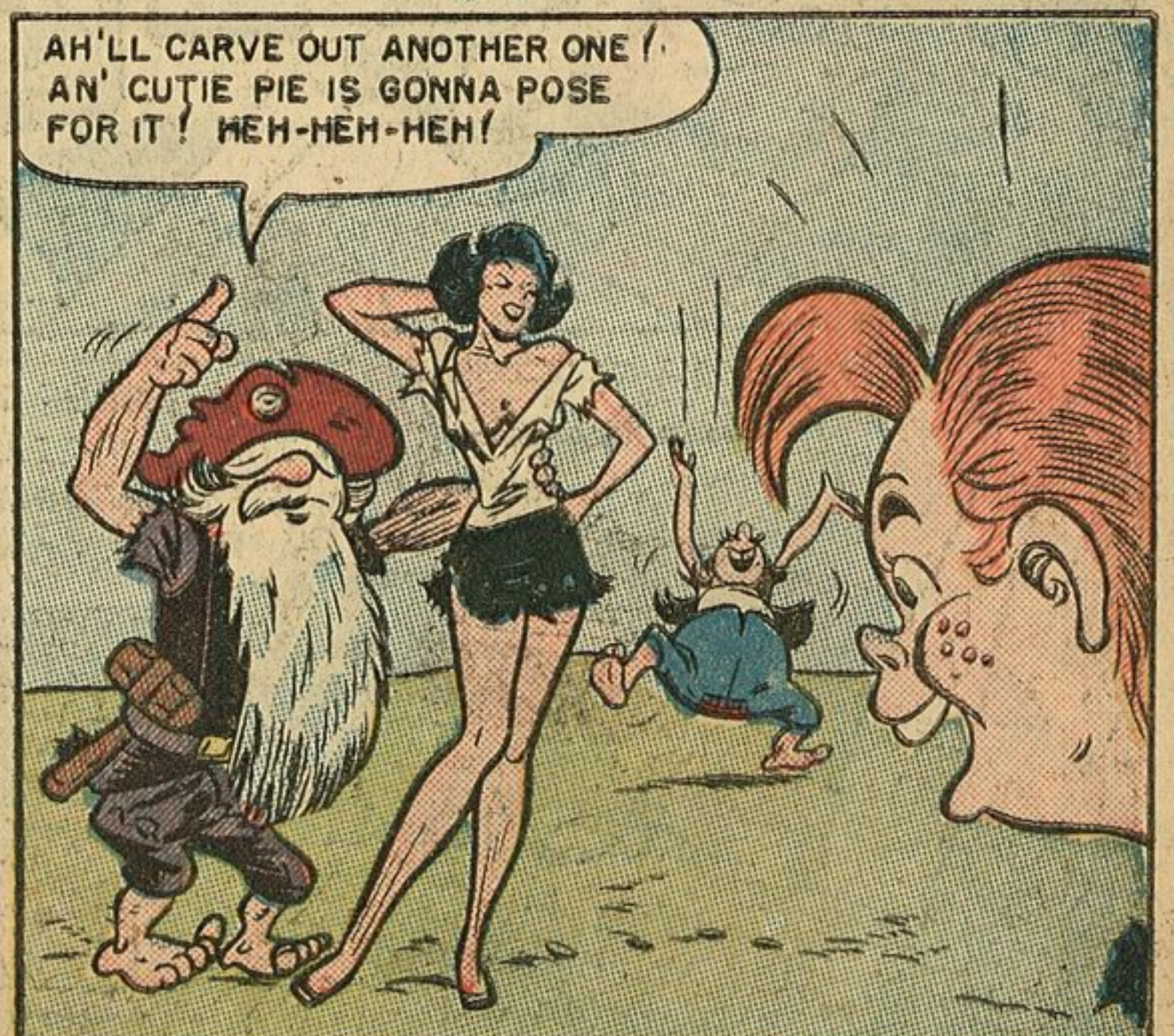
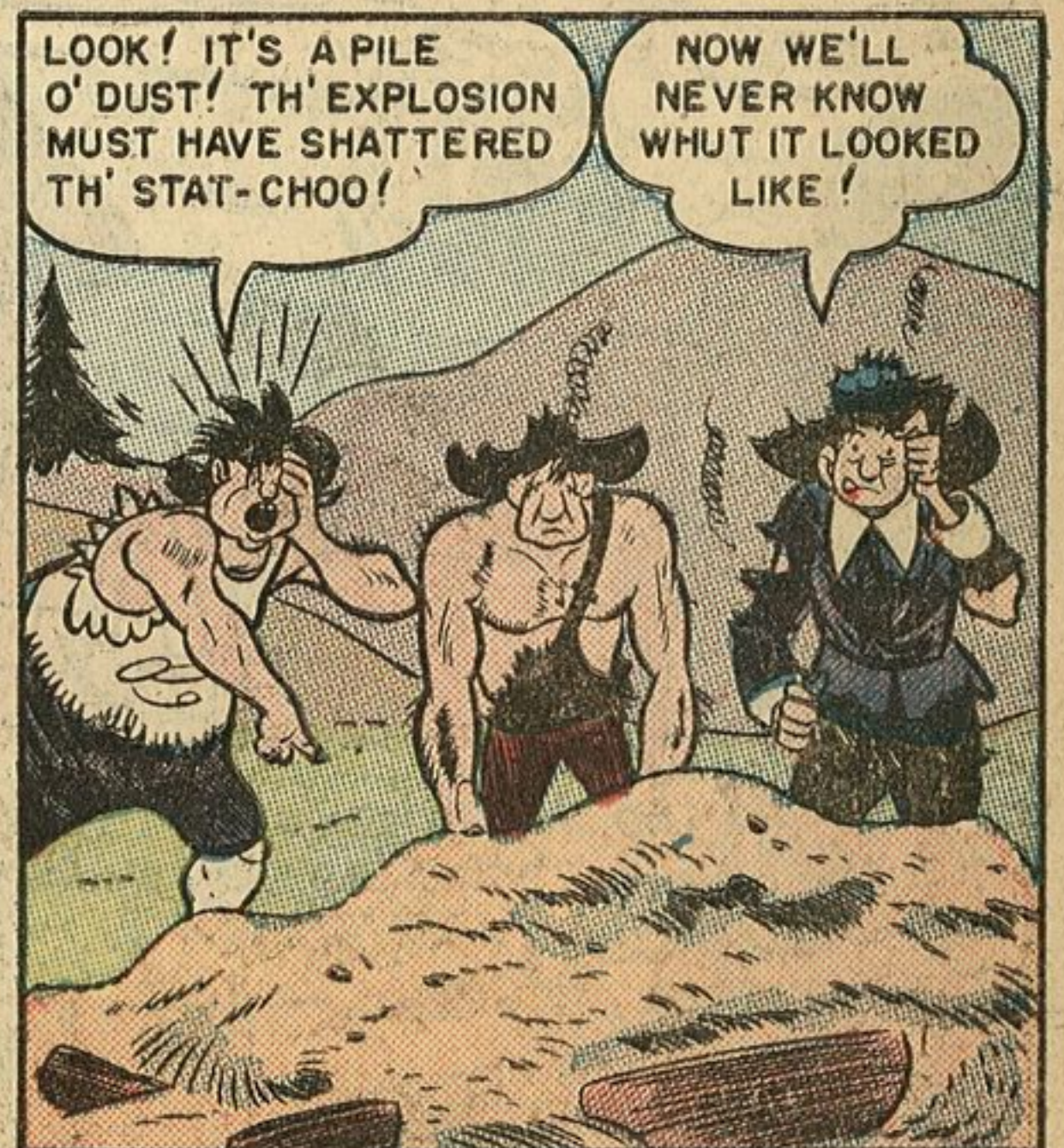
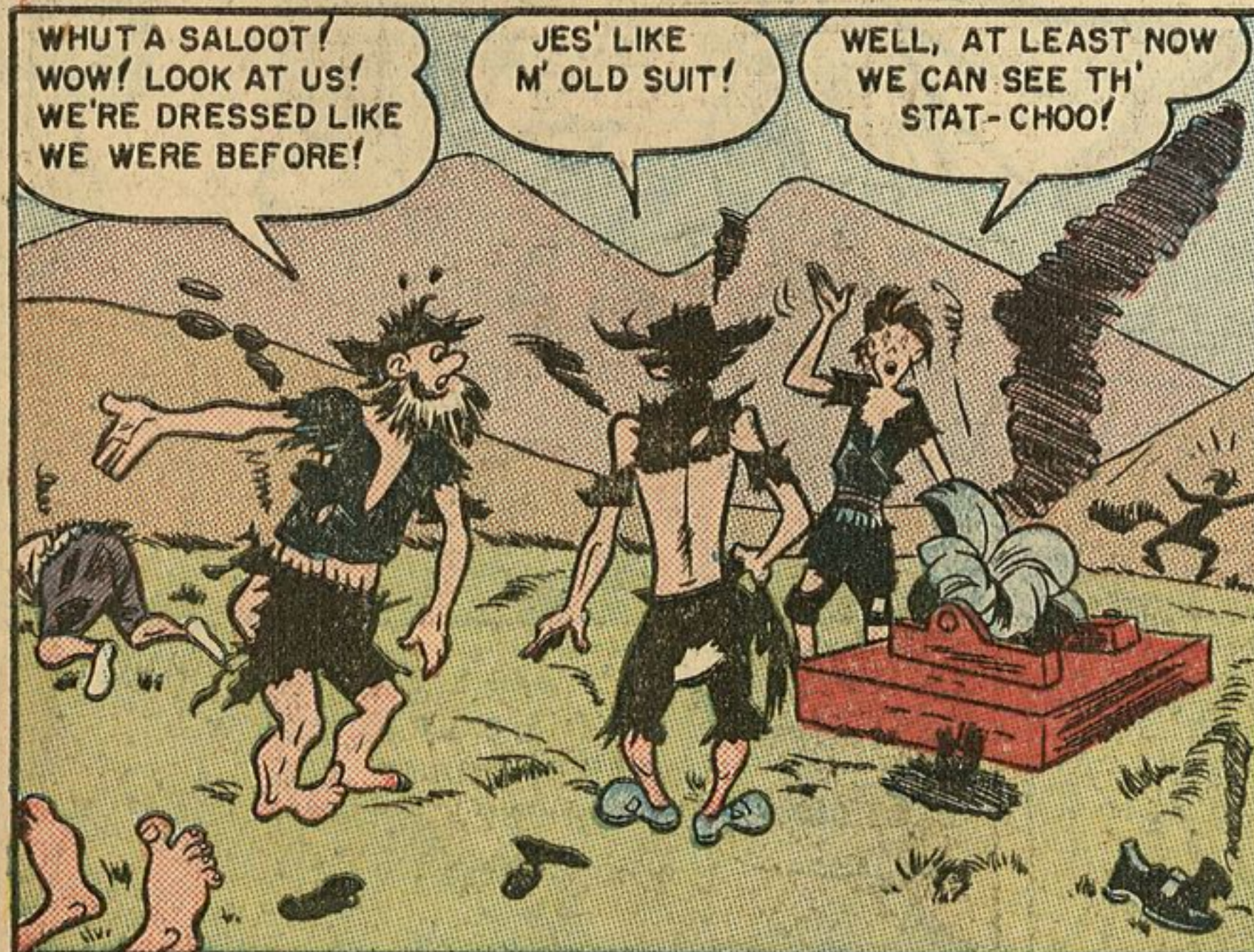
COME HERE, HICKORY, I WANT TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING!



HICKORY







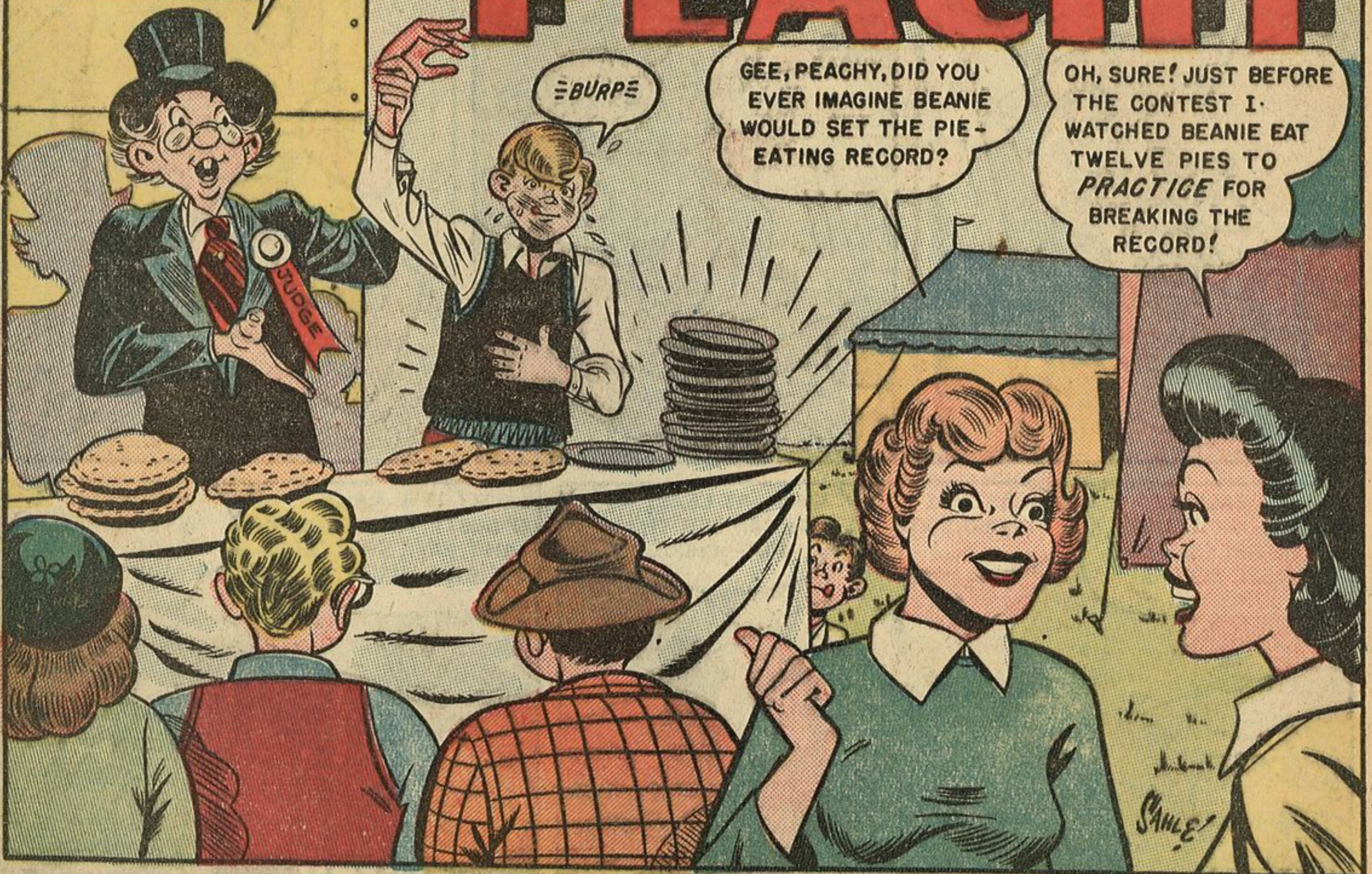
PEACHY

THE WINNER OF THE PIE-EATING CONTEST IS BEANIE! HE SET A NEW RECORD... TWELVE PIES!

≡BURP≡

GEE, PEACHY, DID YOU EVER IMAGINE BEANIE WOULD SET THE PIE-EATING RECORD?

OH, SURE! JUST BEFORE THE CONTEST I WATCHED BEANIE EAT TWELVE PIES TO PRACTICE FOR BREAKING THE RECORD!



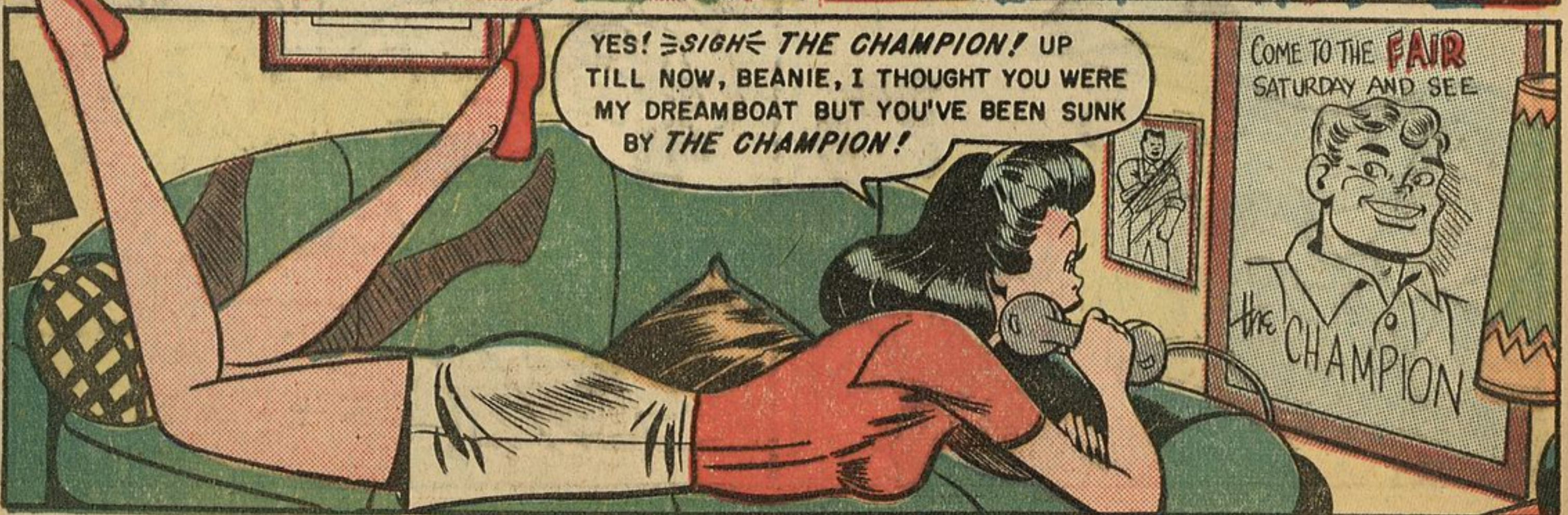
NO, BEANIE, I'M AFRAID THERE'S NO POINT IN YOUR COMING OVER... ALL IS OVER BETWEEN US!



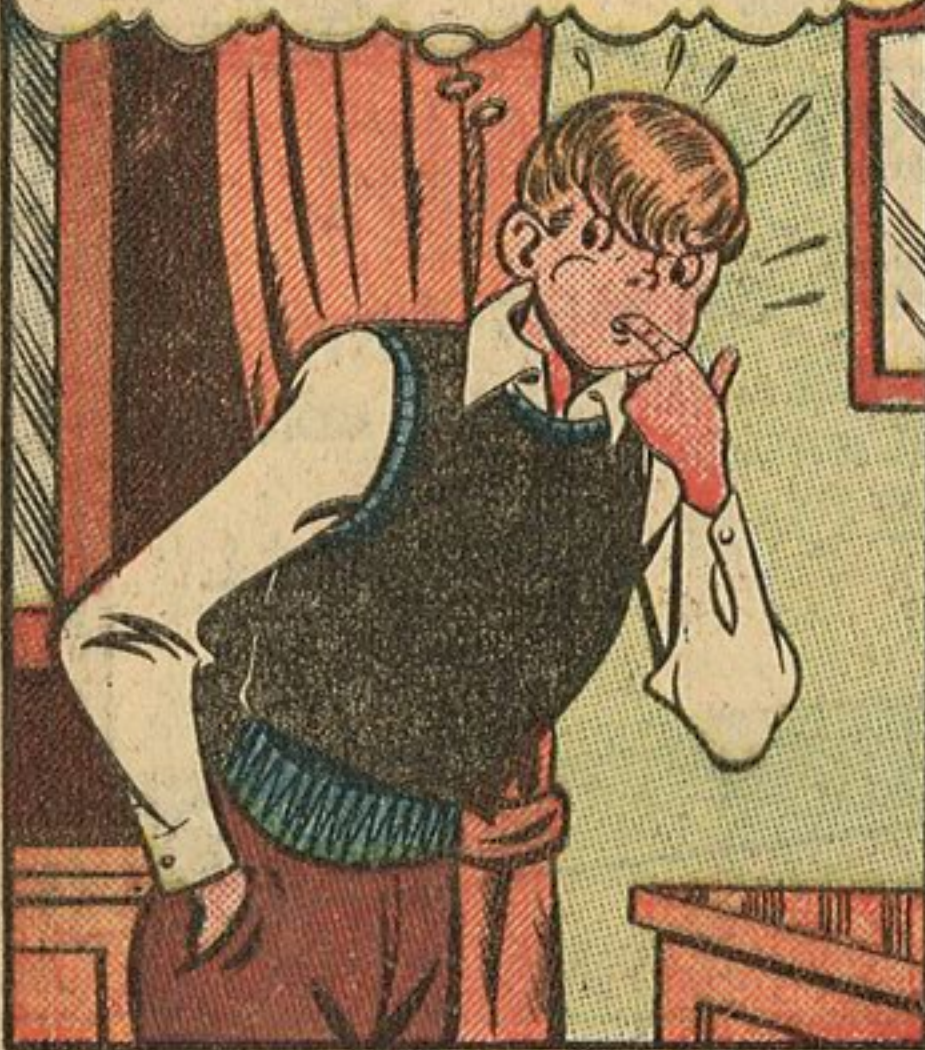
BUT PEAGHIE, WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT HAPPENED? LAST NIGHT I WAS THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD FOR YOU! HAS SOMEONE ELSE COME BETWEEN US?



YES! ≡SIGH≡ THE CHAMPION! UP TILL NOW, BEANIE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY DREAMBOAT BUT YOU'VE BEEN SUNK BY THE CHAMPION!

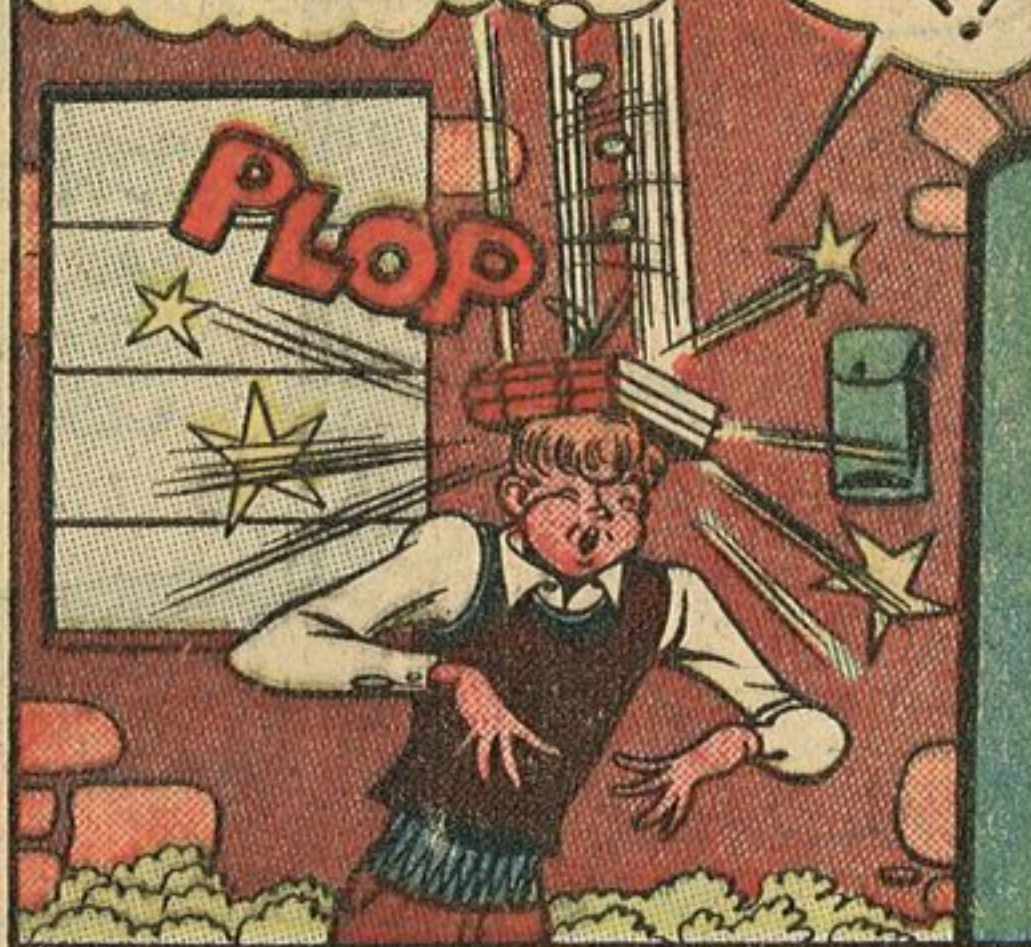


THE CHAMPION? I WONDER WHO HE IS? IT'S AWFULLY UNFAIR COMPETITION PUTTING ME UP AGAINST A CHAMPION! I'D BETTER DROP IN ON PEACHY!



SEVERAL BLOCKS LATER...

HERE'S PEACHY'S HOUSE AND I STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT HOW I'LL WIN HER BACK! MAYBE SOME IDEA WILL STRIKE...

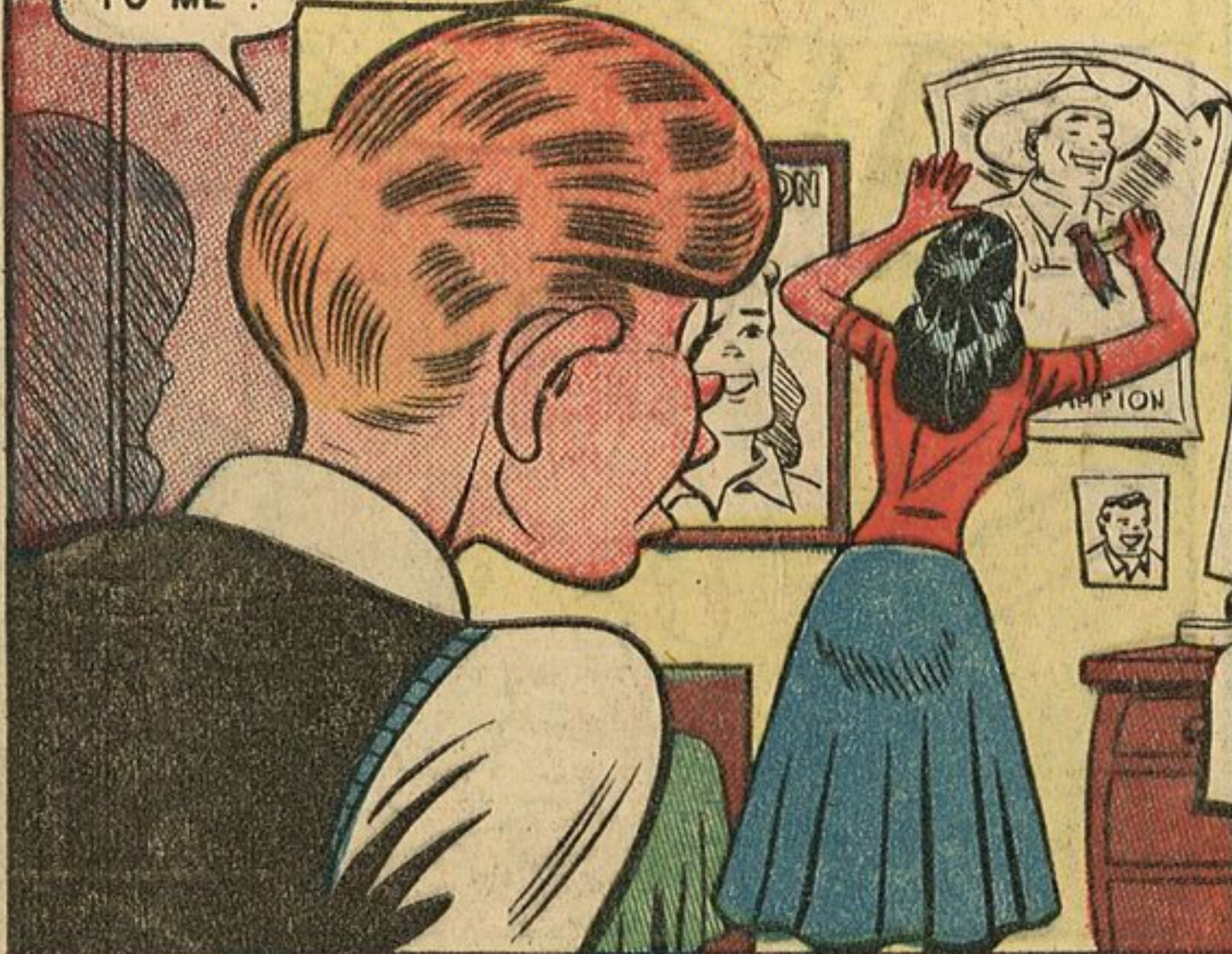


YIPE!

MY PICTURES! THIS IS SERIOUS! I WON'T LET PEACHY GIVE THEM BACK TO ME... I HAVE TOO MANY AROUND THE HOUSE ALREADY!

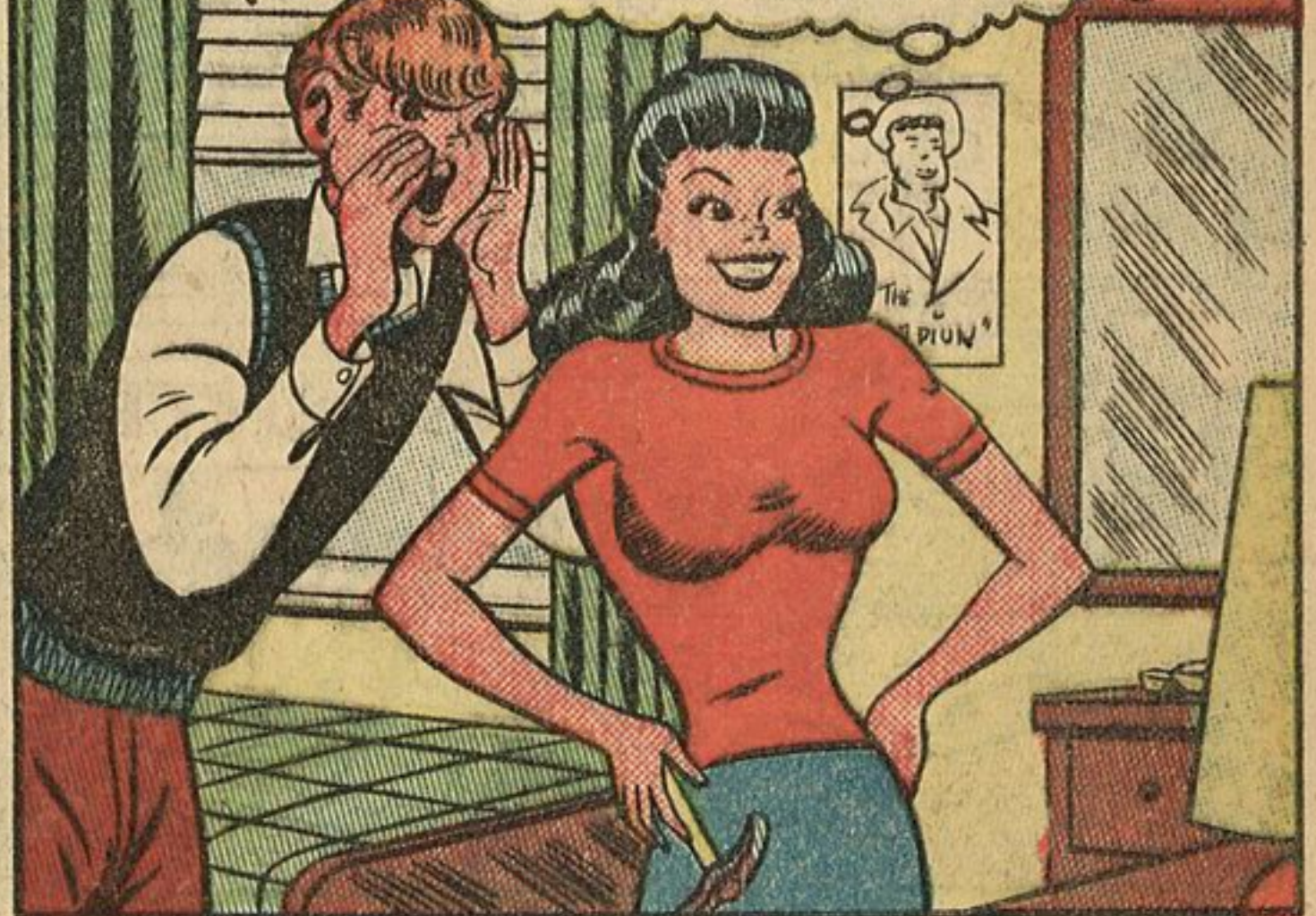


PEACHY, IT'S ME, BEANIE! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?



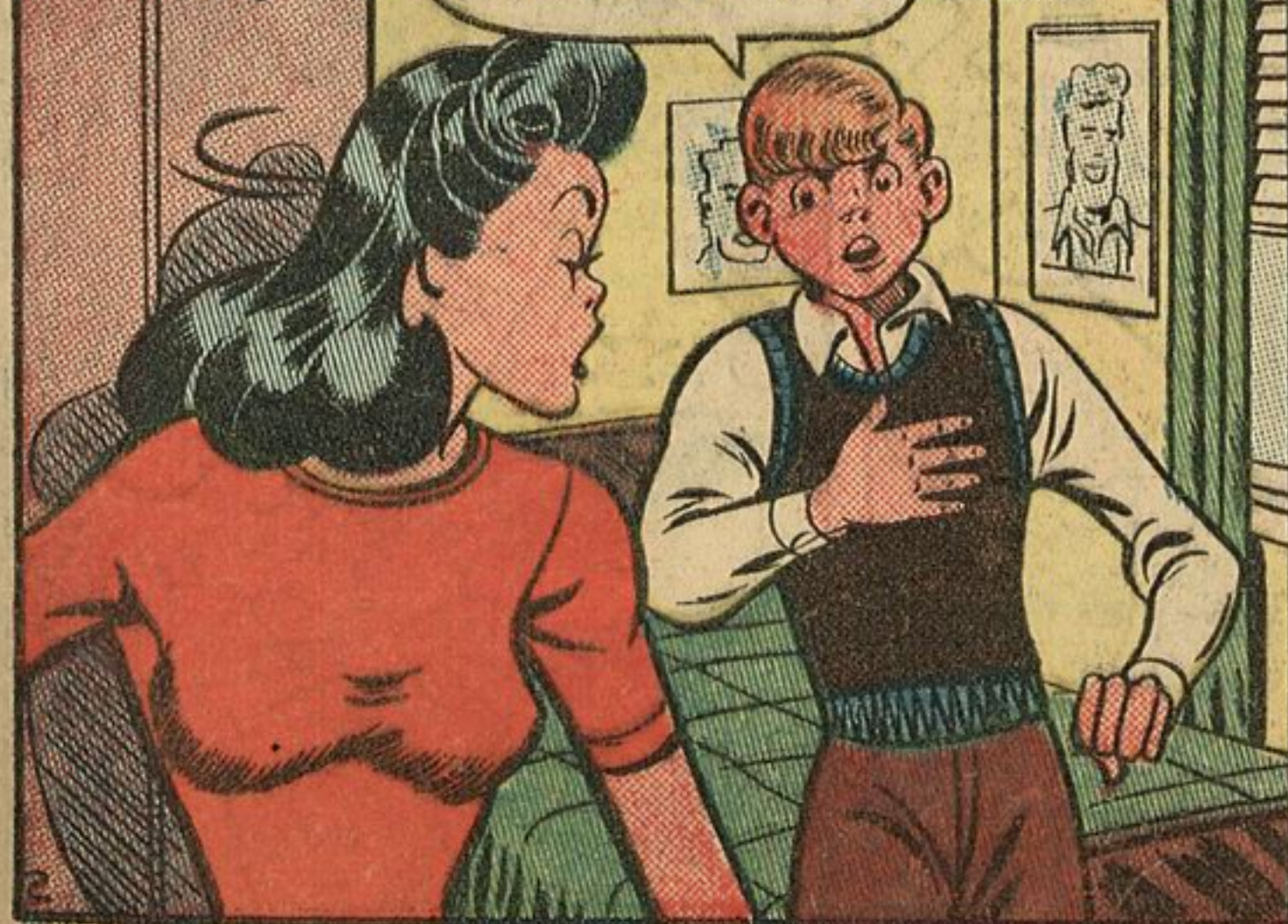
PEACHY! HEY, PEACHY! WILL YOU LISTEN?

SIGH I'VE RUN OUT OF WALL SPACE! BUT NO MATTER WHERE I GO IN MY ROOM, I'LL FEEL AS THOUGH THE CHAMPION WERE HERE LOOKING AT ME!



OH! IT'S ONLY BEANIE!

ONLY BEANIE! REMEMBER WHEN IT WAS ONLY BEANIE? I CAN'T LET YOU GO LIKE THIS! REMEMBER, WE HAVE A DATE TOMORROW TO GO TO THE FAIR!



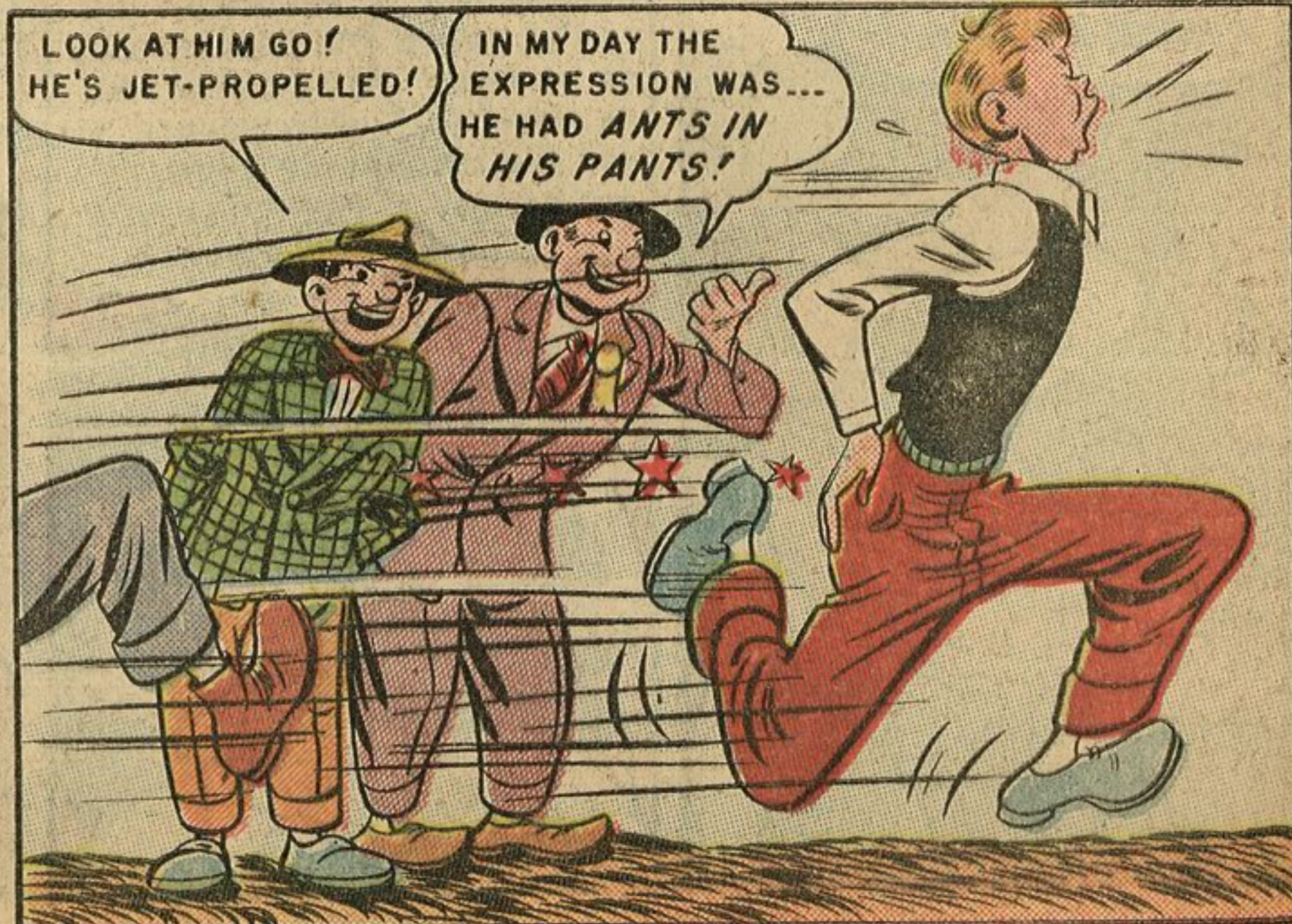
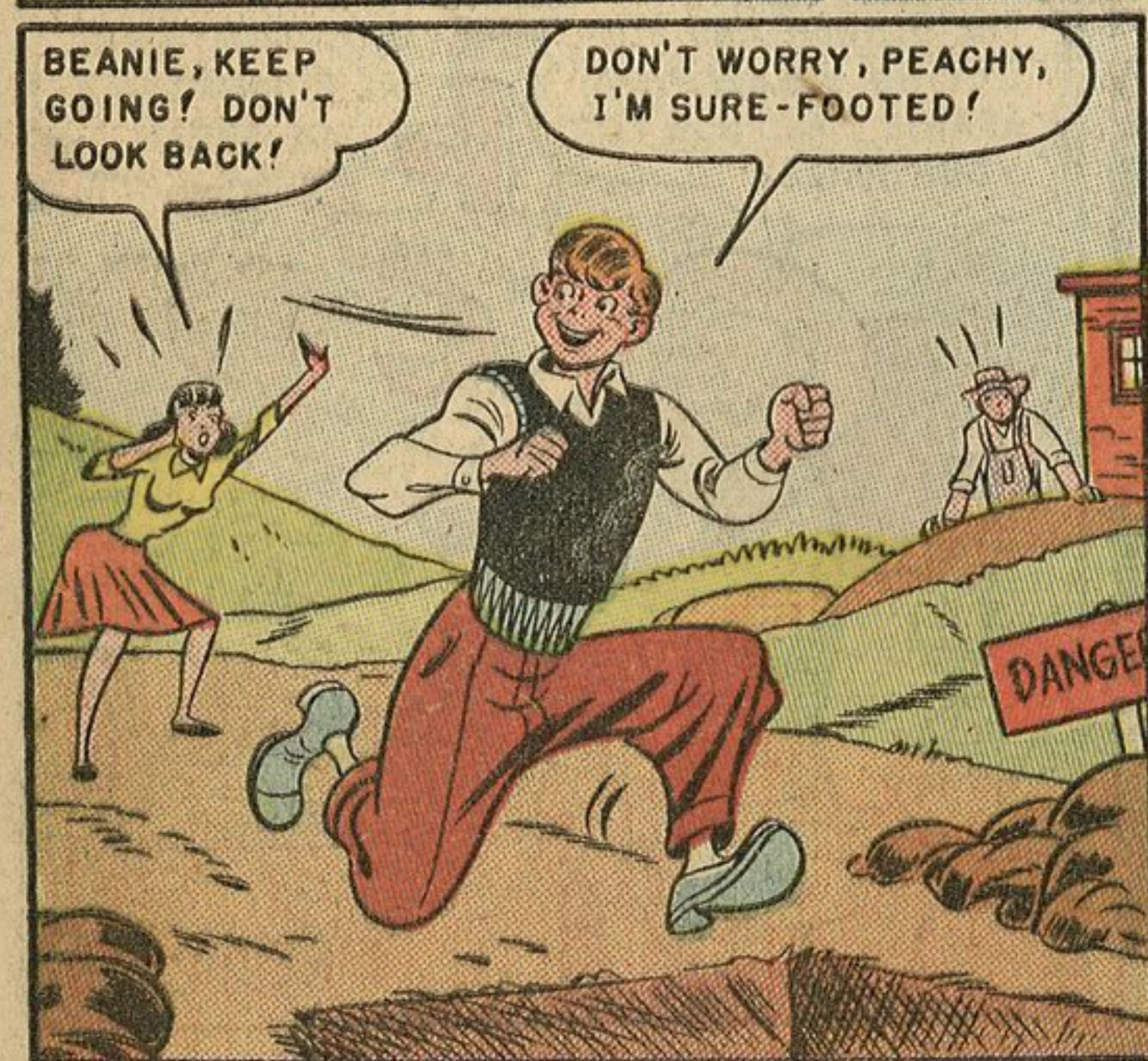
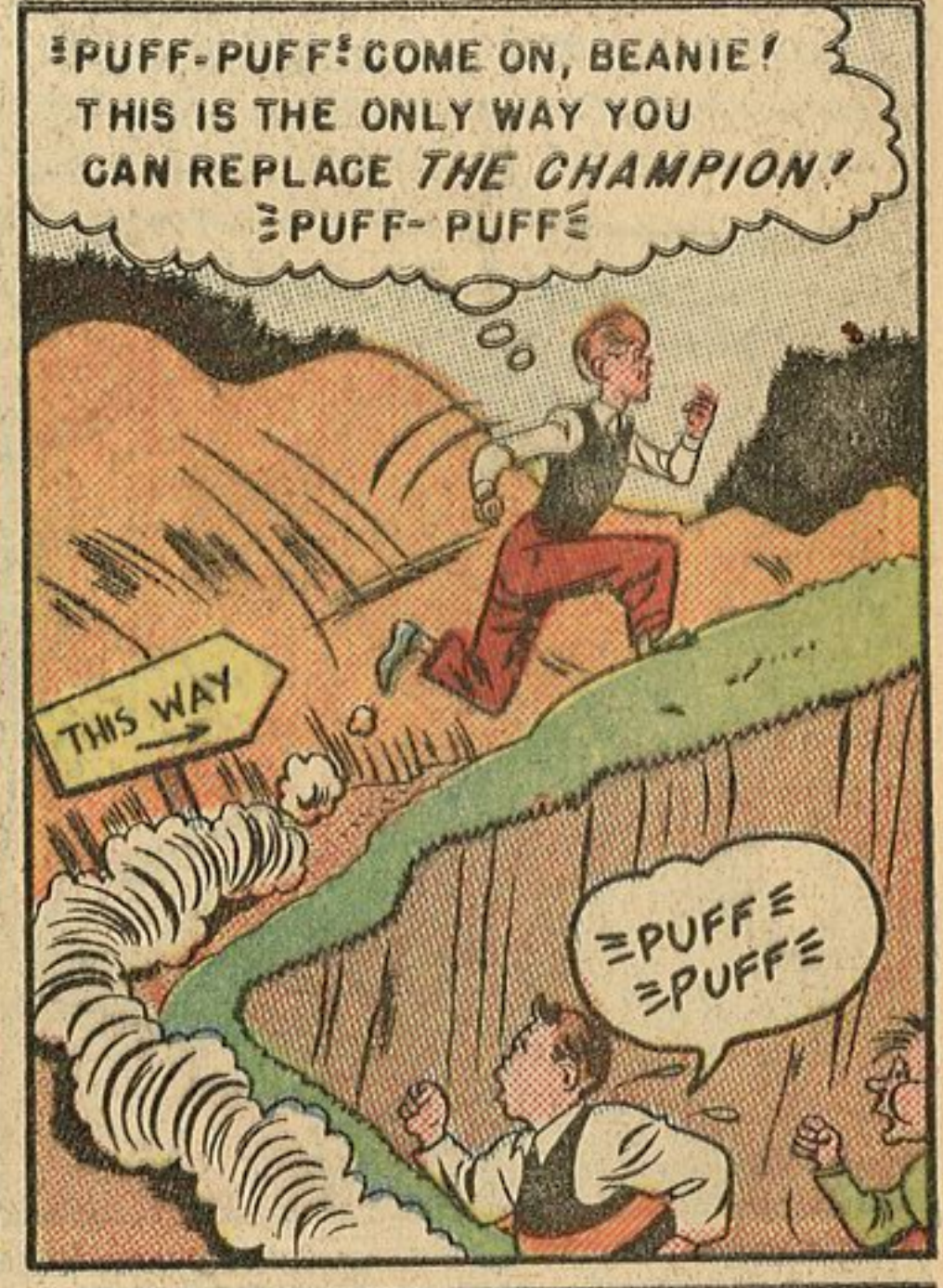
ALL RIGHT, BEANIE, IT WILL BE OUR LAST DATE! I CAN'T BREAK A DATE! I'LL GO WITH YOU! I KNOW HE'D WANT IT THAT WAY!

GEE, THANKS, CHAMP!









HICKORY



WELL, PEACHY, AM I BACK IN FAVOR AGAIN? AFTER ALL I'M **THE CHAMPION** SACK RACER, PIE-EATER AND STEEPLECHASE RUNNER!

I ADMIRE YOU FOR IT, BEANIE, BUT IT'S NOT NEARLY AS **ROMANTIC** AS BEING JUST **THE CHAMPION!**



AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAKE WAY FOR **THE CHAMPION!**

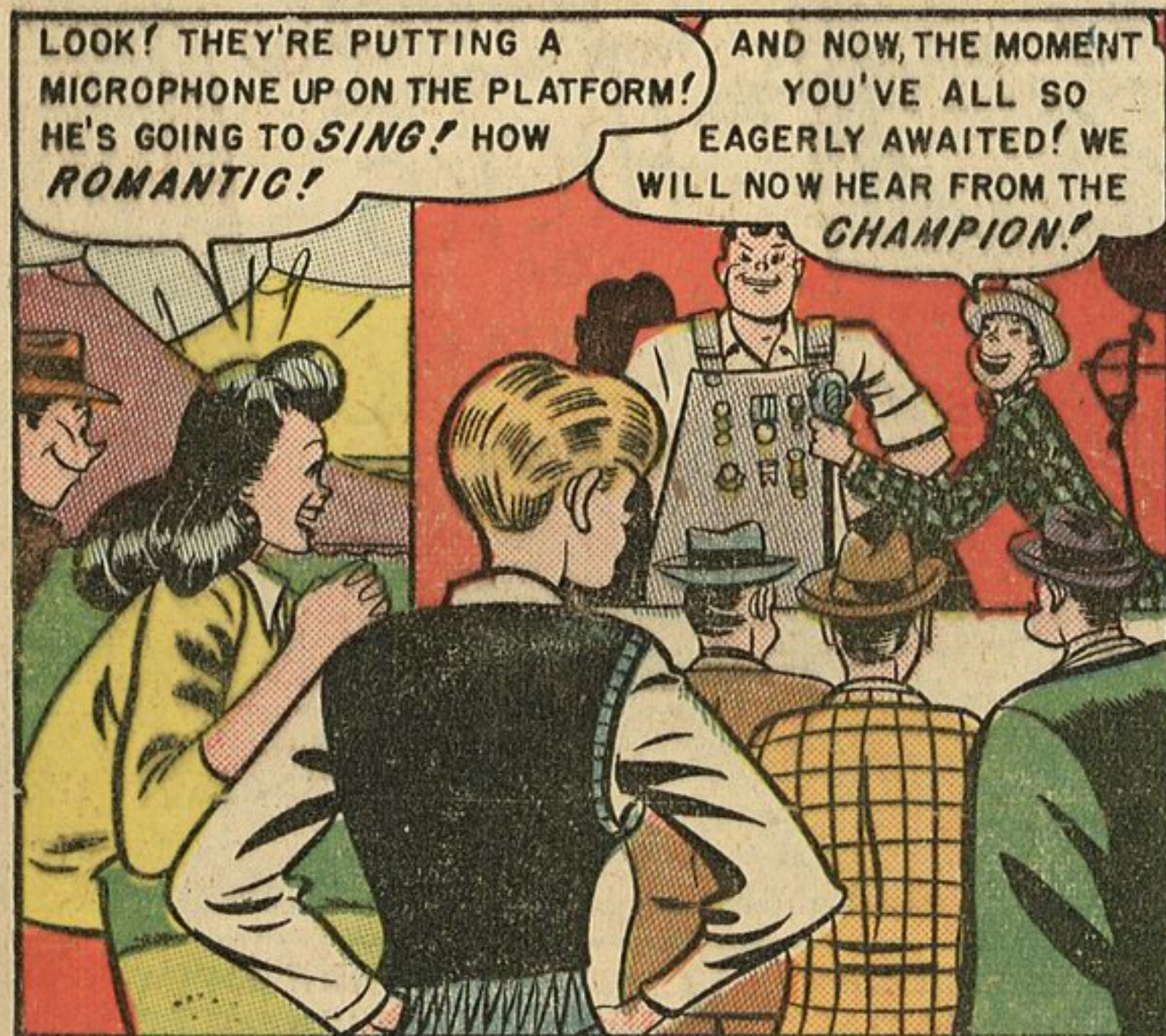
LET ME THROUGH, FOLKS! HE'S CALLING FOR ME!

NO, BEANIE, IT'S FOR HIM!



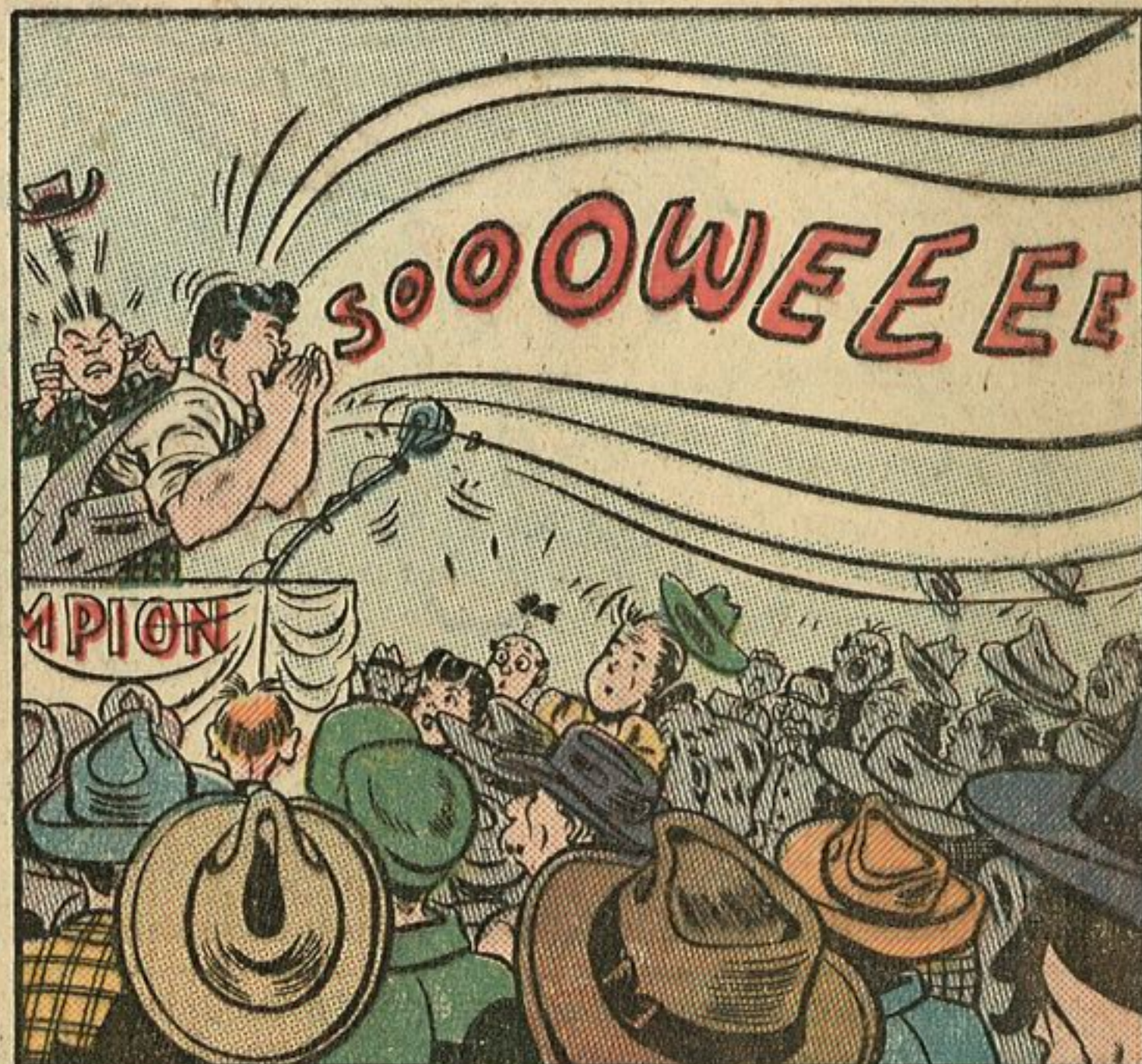
HE'S EVEN HANDSOMER IN REAL LIFE! YOU COULD TELL HE IS **THE CHAMPION!** I NEVER SAW SO MANY MEDALS!

I DID... IN A PAWN SHOP!

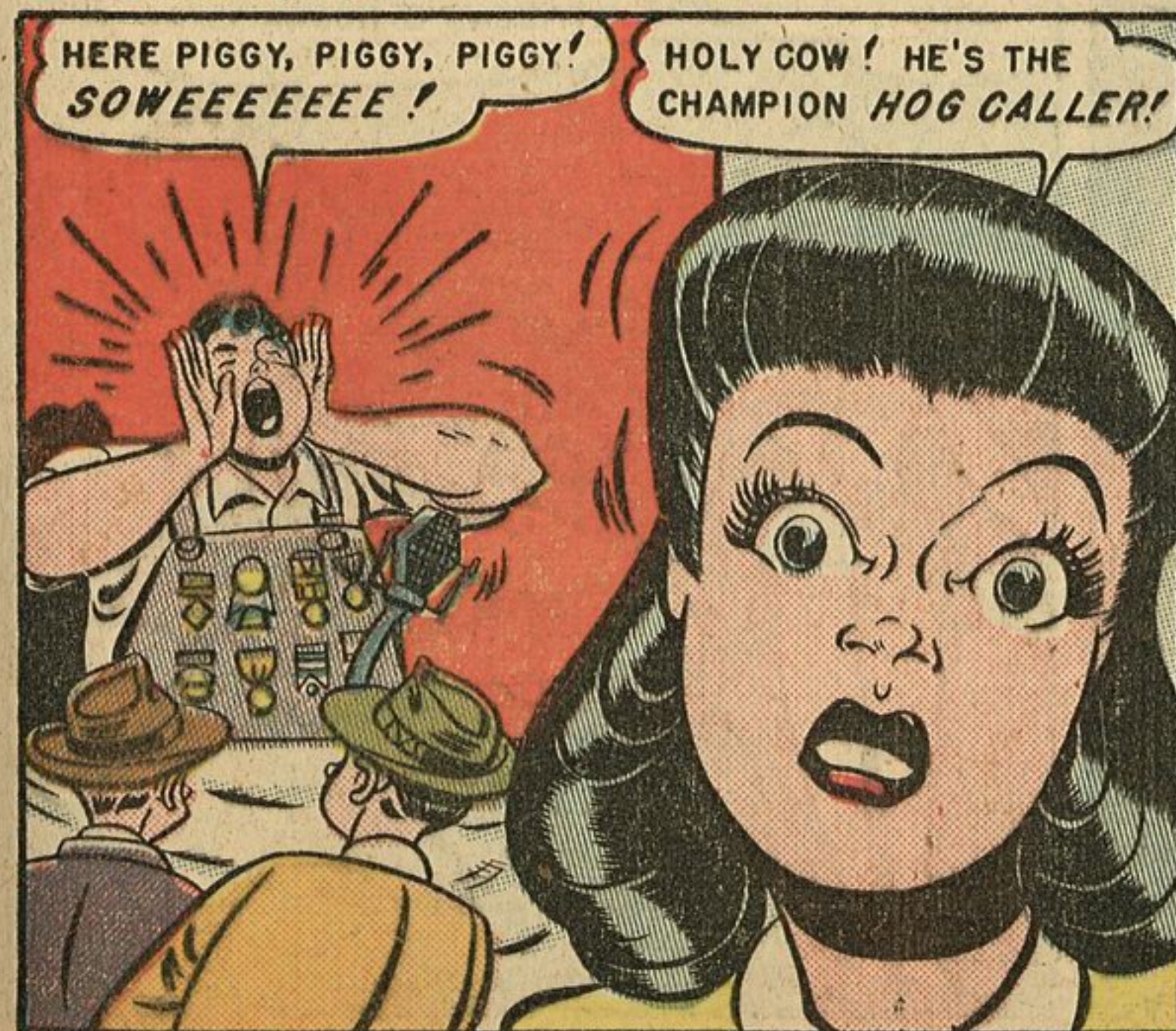


LOOK! THEY'RE PUTTING A MICROPHONE UP ON THE PLATFORM! HE'S GOING TO **SING!** HOW **ROMANTIC!**

AND NOW, THE MOMENT YOU'VE ALL SO EAGERLY AWAITED! WE WILL NOW HEAR FROM **THE CHAMPION!**

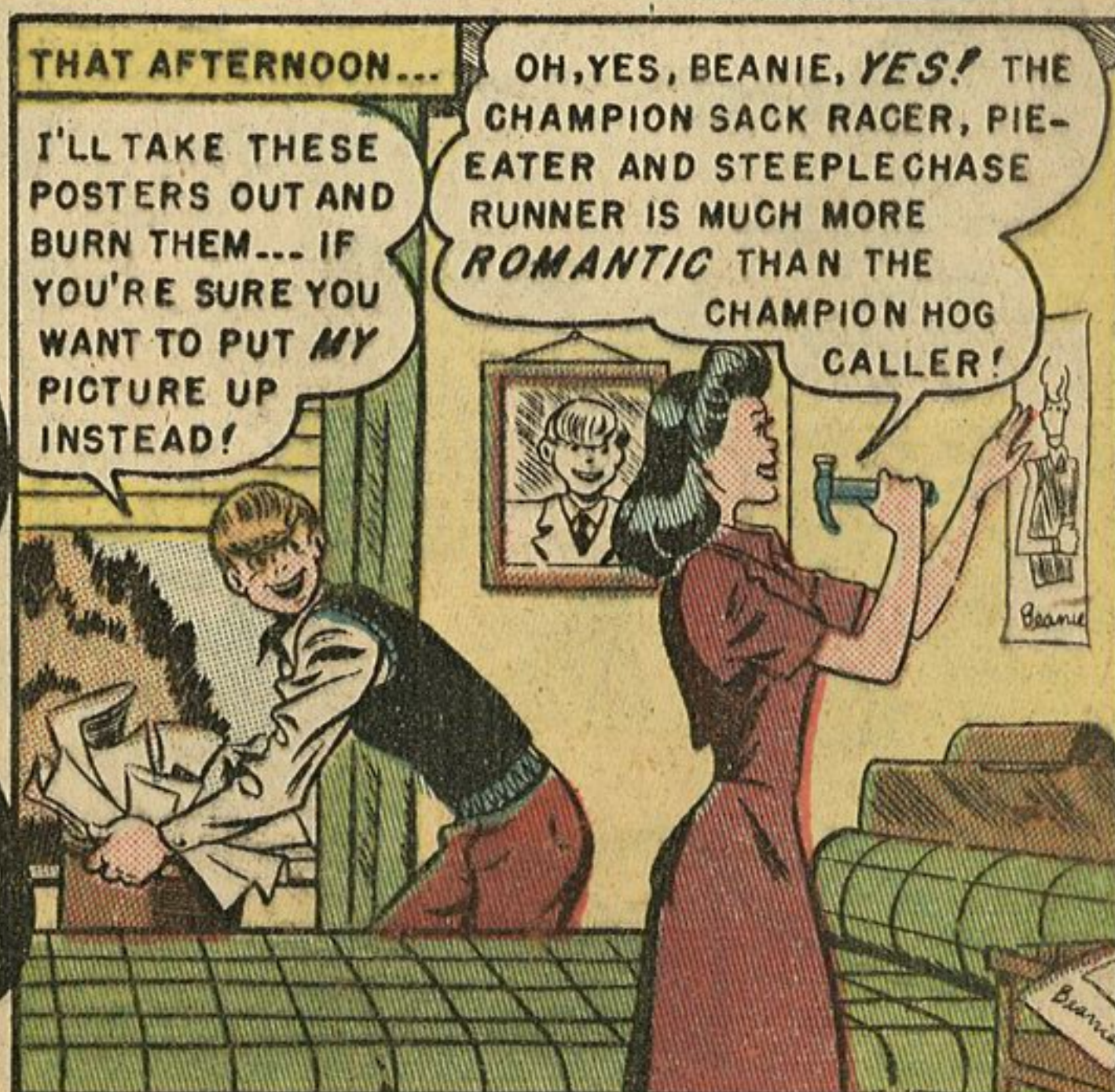


SOOOOWEEEEEE



HERE PIGGY, PIGGY, PIGGY! **SOOWEEEEEE!**

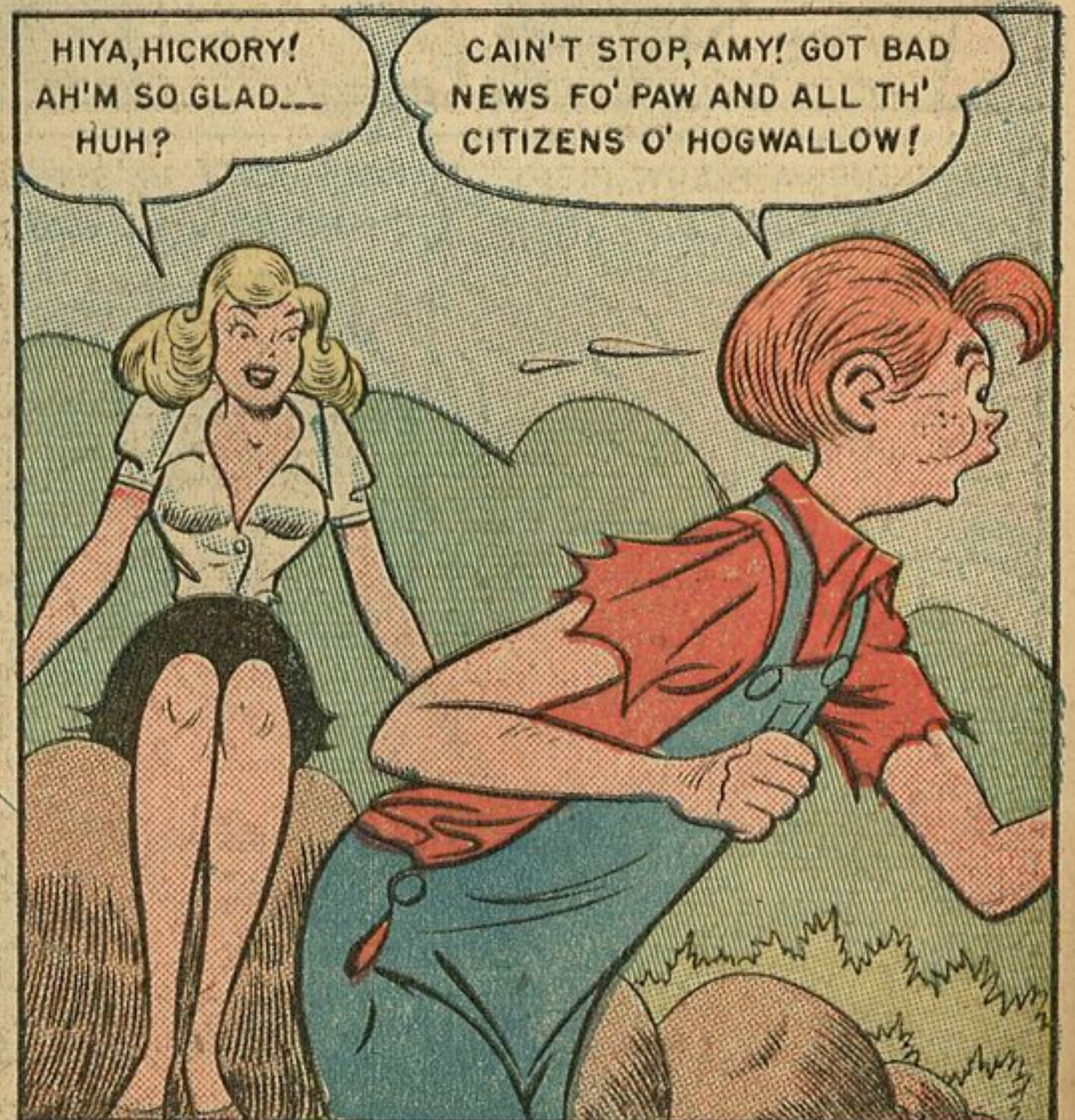
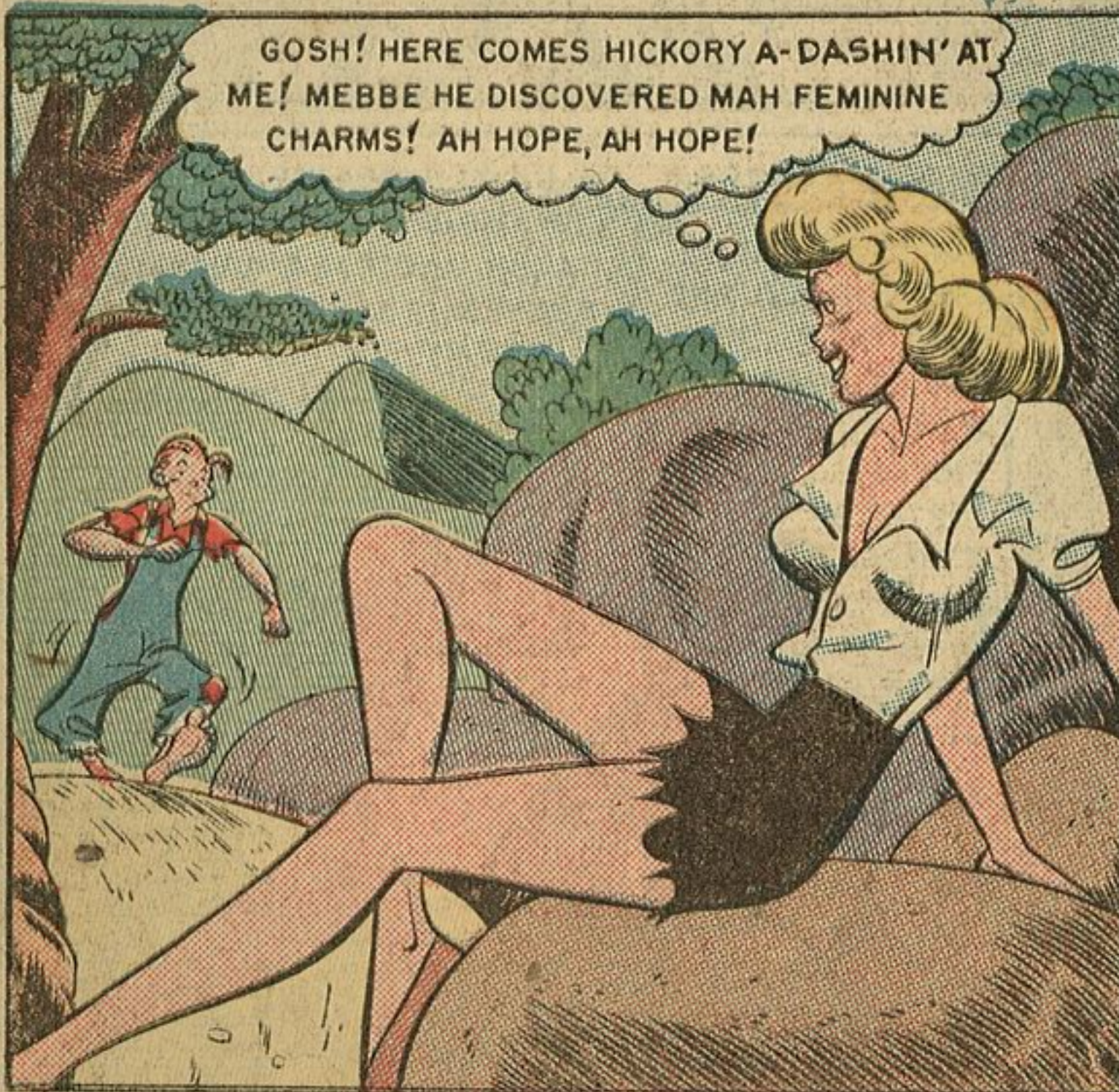
HOLY COW! HE'S THE **CHAMPION HOG CALLER!**



THAT AFTERNOON...

I'LL TAKE THESE POSTERS OUT AND BURN THEM... IF YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT TO PUT **MY** PICTURE UP INSTEAD!

OH, YES, BEANIE, **YES!** THE **CHAMPION** SACK RACER, PIE-EATER AND STEEPLECHASE RUNNER IS MUCH MORE **ROMANTIC** THAN THE **CHAMPION HOG CALLER!**

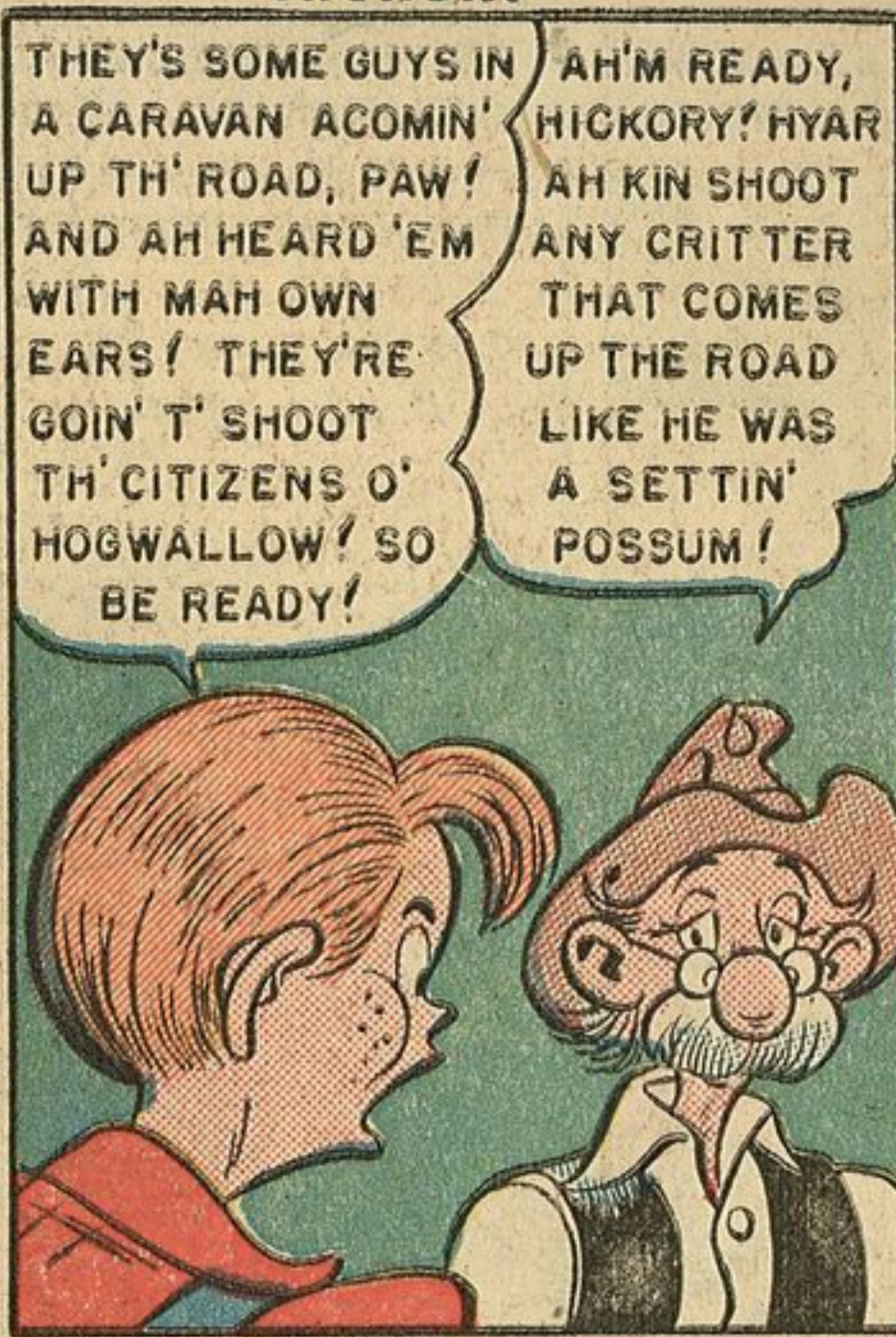


HICKORY



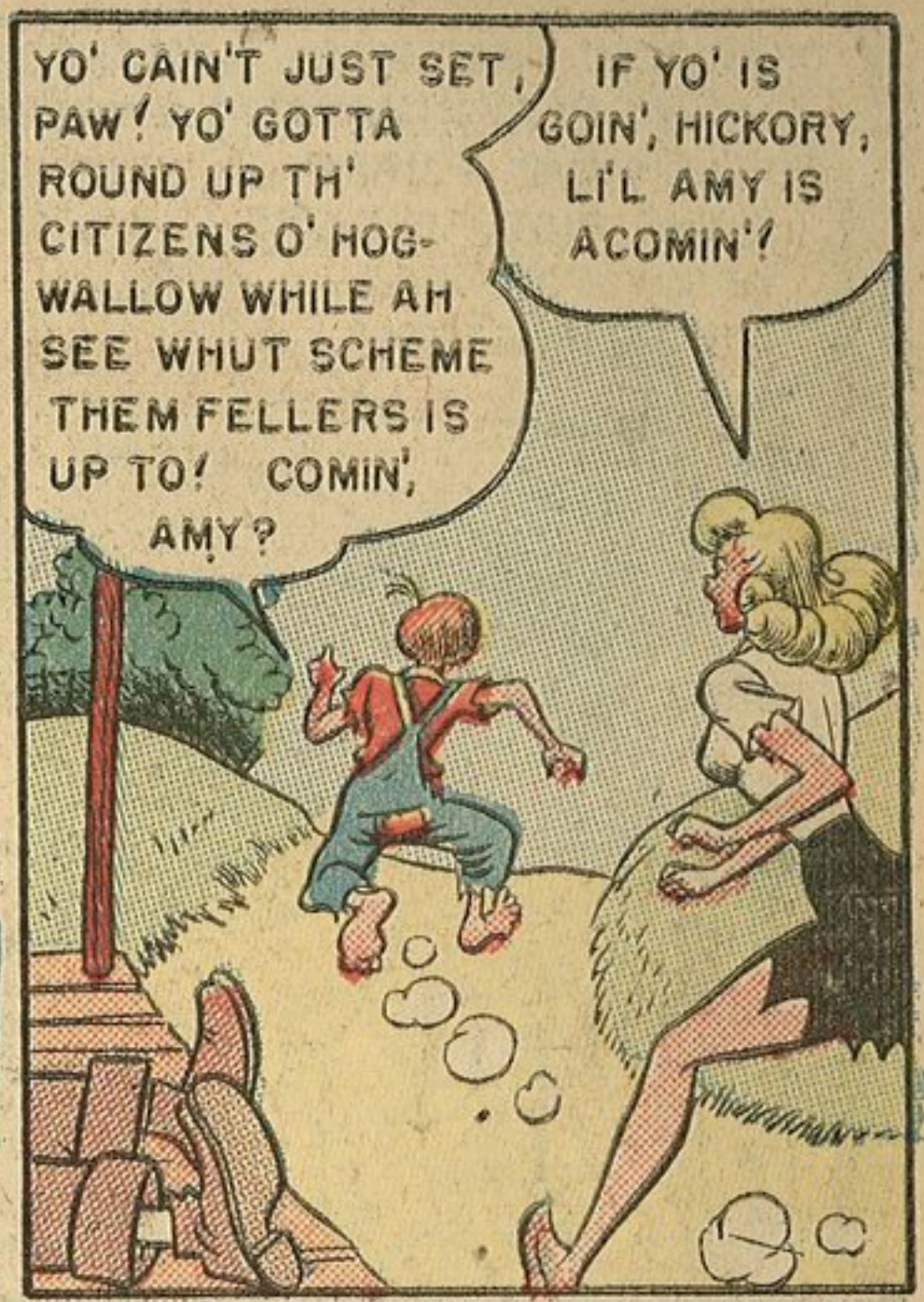
HOPE YO' GOT AMMUNITION IN YO' PIECE, PAW! 'CAUSE YOU'RE GOIN' T' BE NEEDIN' IT!

SHUSH, HICKORY! YO' JUST INTERRUPTED A BEAUTIFUL DREAM...



THEY'S SOME GUYS IN A CARAVAN ACOMIN' UP TH' ROAD, PAW! AND AH HEARD 'EM WITH MAH OWN EARS! THEY'RE GOIN' T' SHOOT TH' CITIZENS O' HOGWALLOW! SO BE READY!

AH'M READY, HICKORY! HYAR AH KIN SHOOT ANY CRITTER THAT COMES UP THE ROAD LIKE HE WAS A SETTIN' POSSUM!



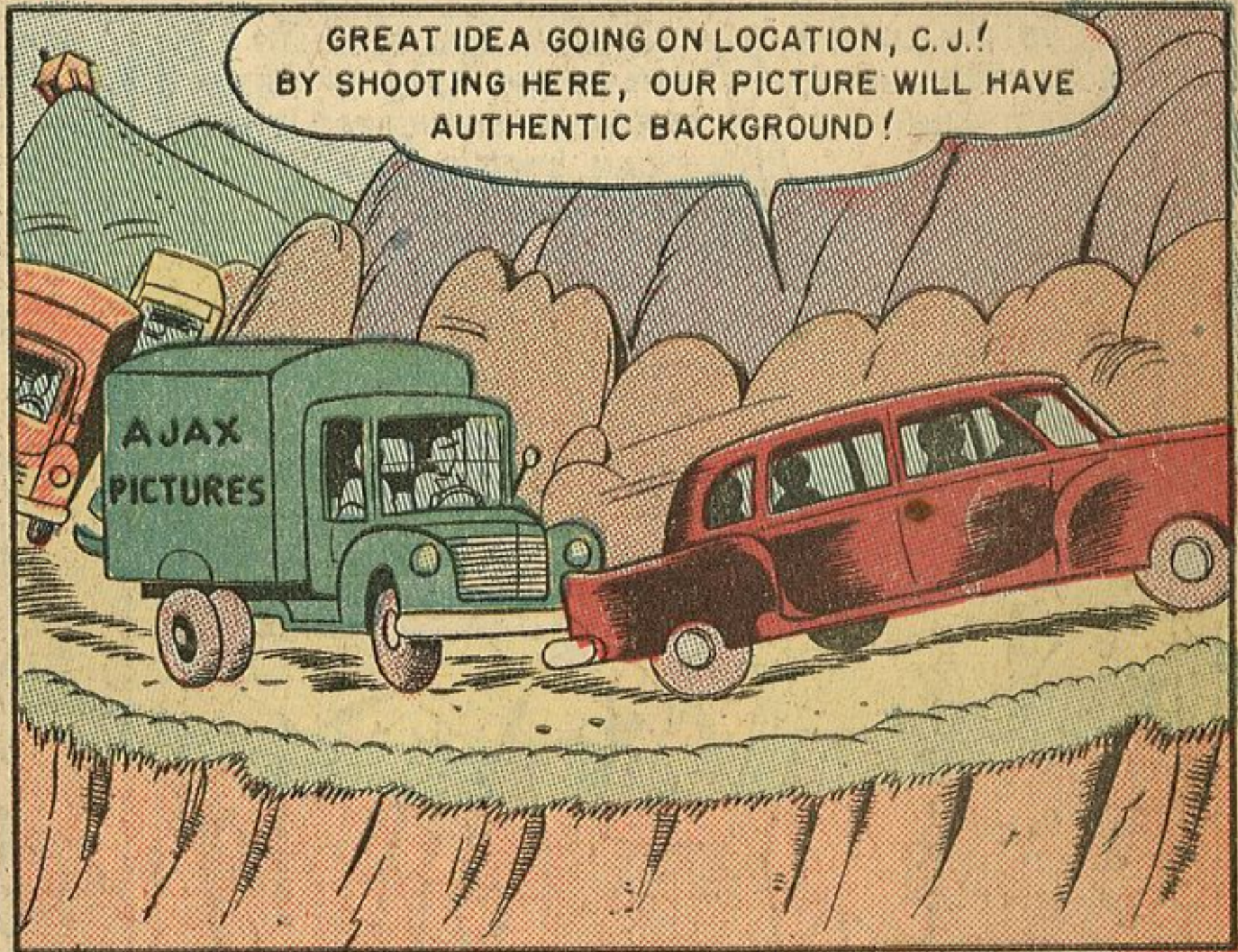
YO' CAIN'T JUST SET, PAW! YO' GOTTA ROUND UP TH' CITIZENS O' HOGWALLOW WHILE AH SEE WHUT SCHEME THEM FELLERS IS UP TO! COMIN', AMY?

IF YO' IS GOIN', HICKORY, LI'L AMY IS ACOMIN'!

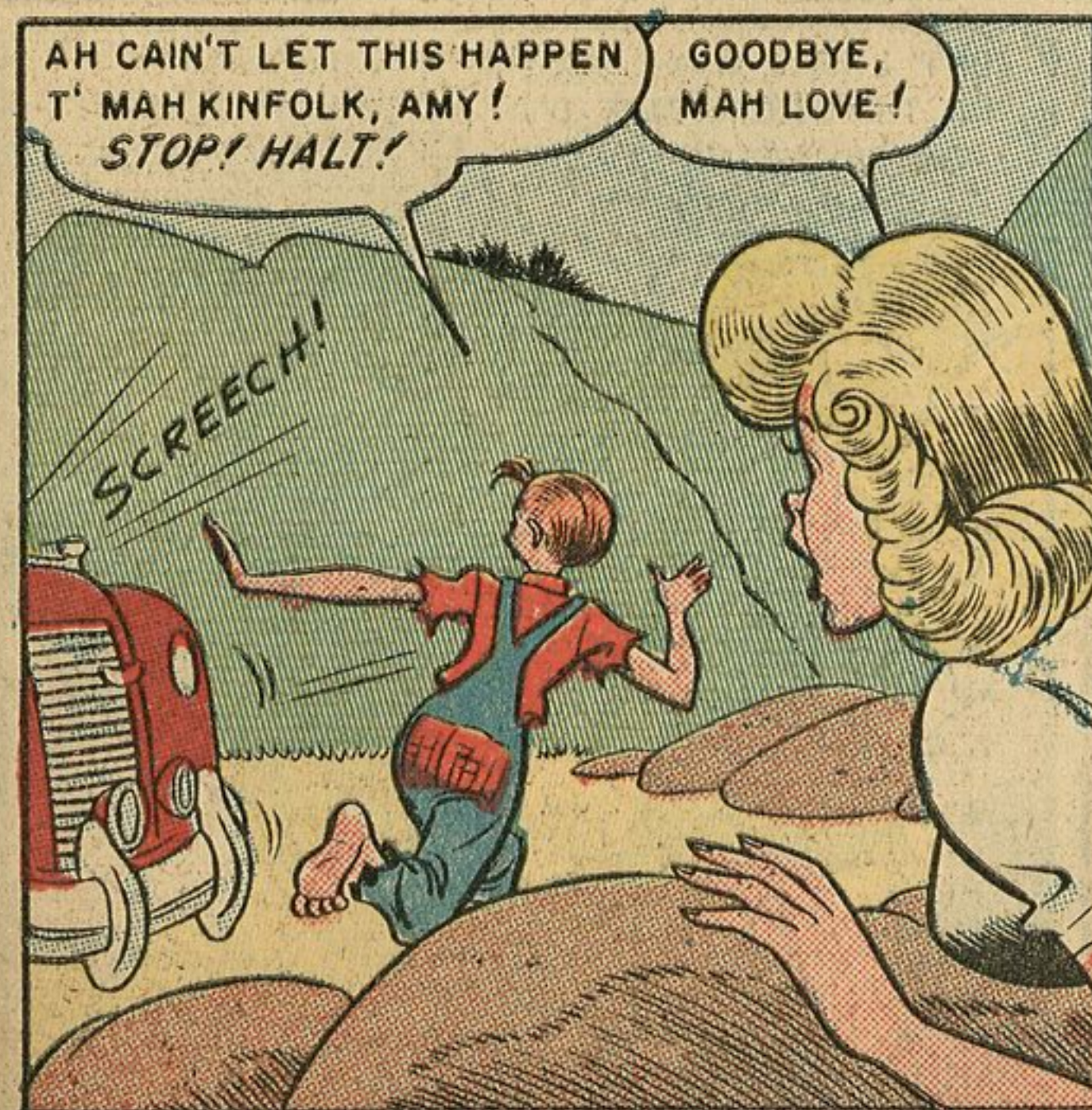


HERE THEY COME, AMY! IT SURE IS A SHAME, 'CAUSE AH HATE BLOODSHED!

THEN WHY DON'T YO' STOP MAH BLEEDIN' HEART, HICKORY?

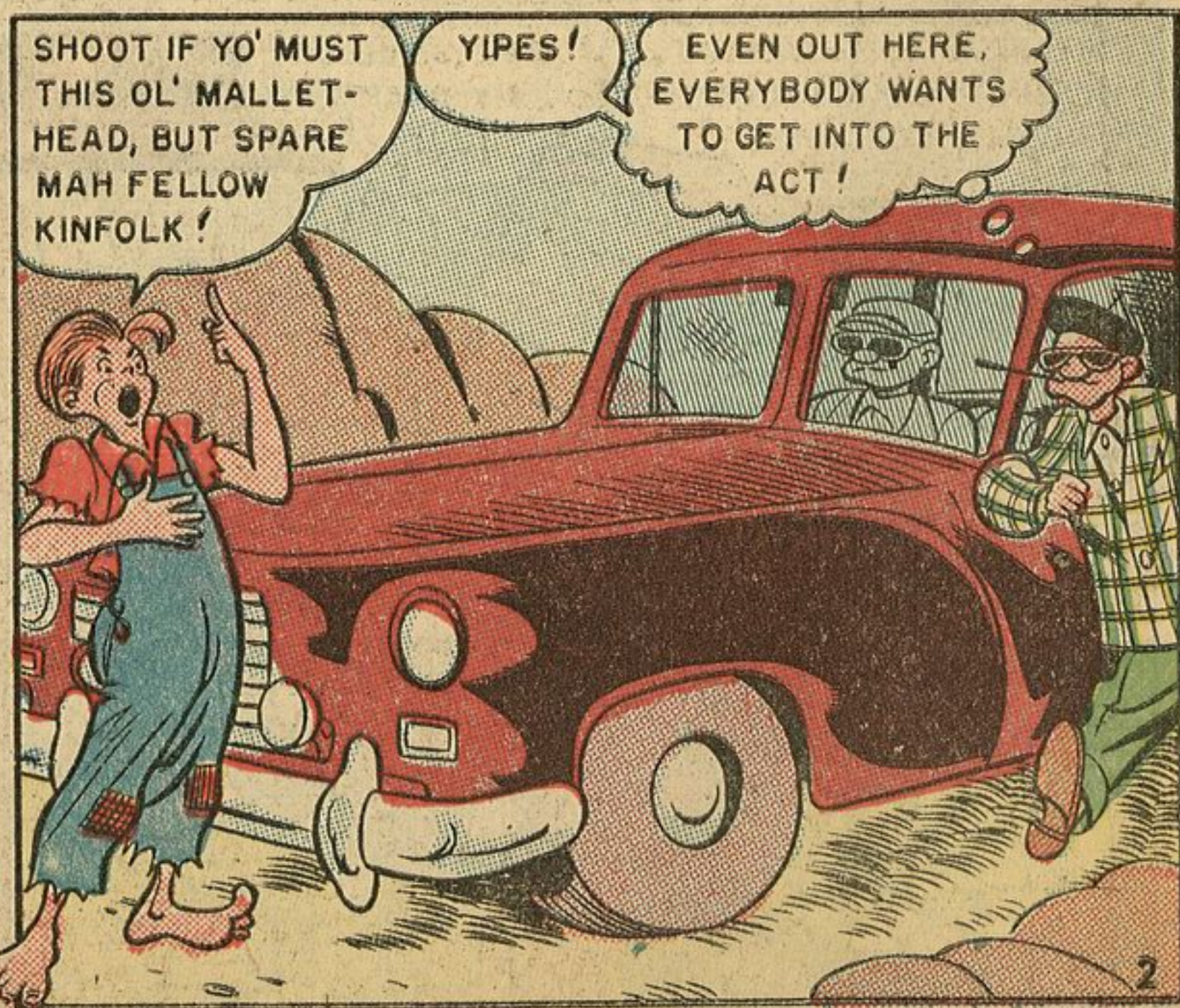


GREAT IDEA GOING ON LOCATION, C.J.! BY SHOOTING HERE, OUR PICTURE WILL HAVE AUTHENTIC BACKGROUND!



AH CAIN'T LET THIS HAPPEN T' MAH KINFOLK, AMY! STOP! HALT!

GOODBYE, MAH LOVE!

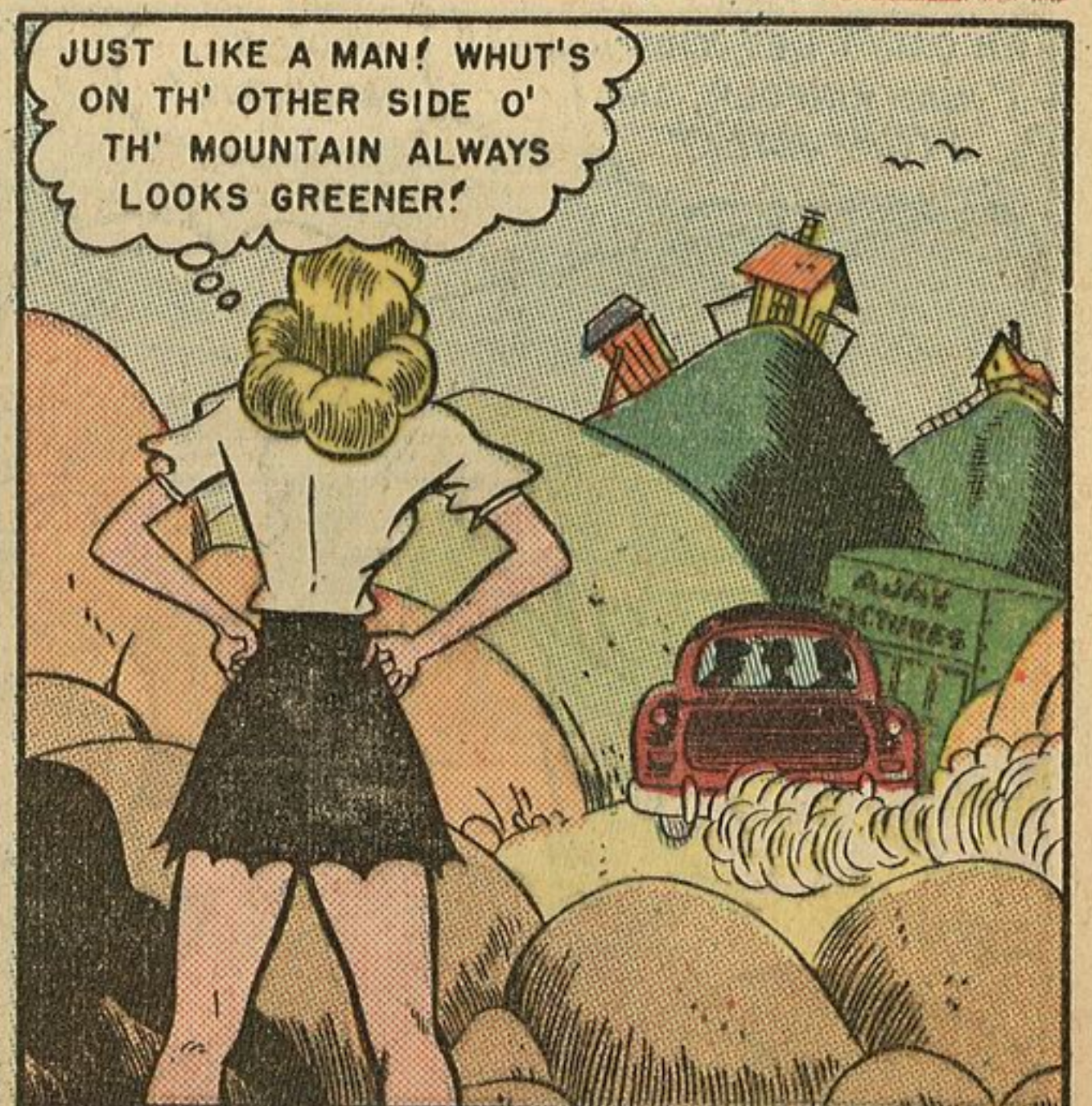
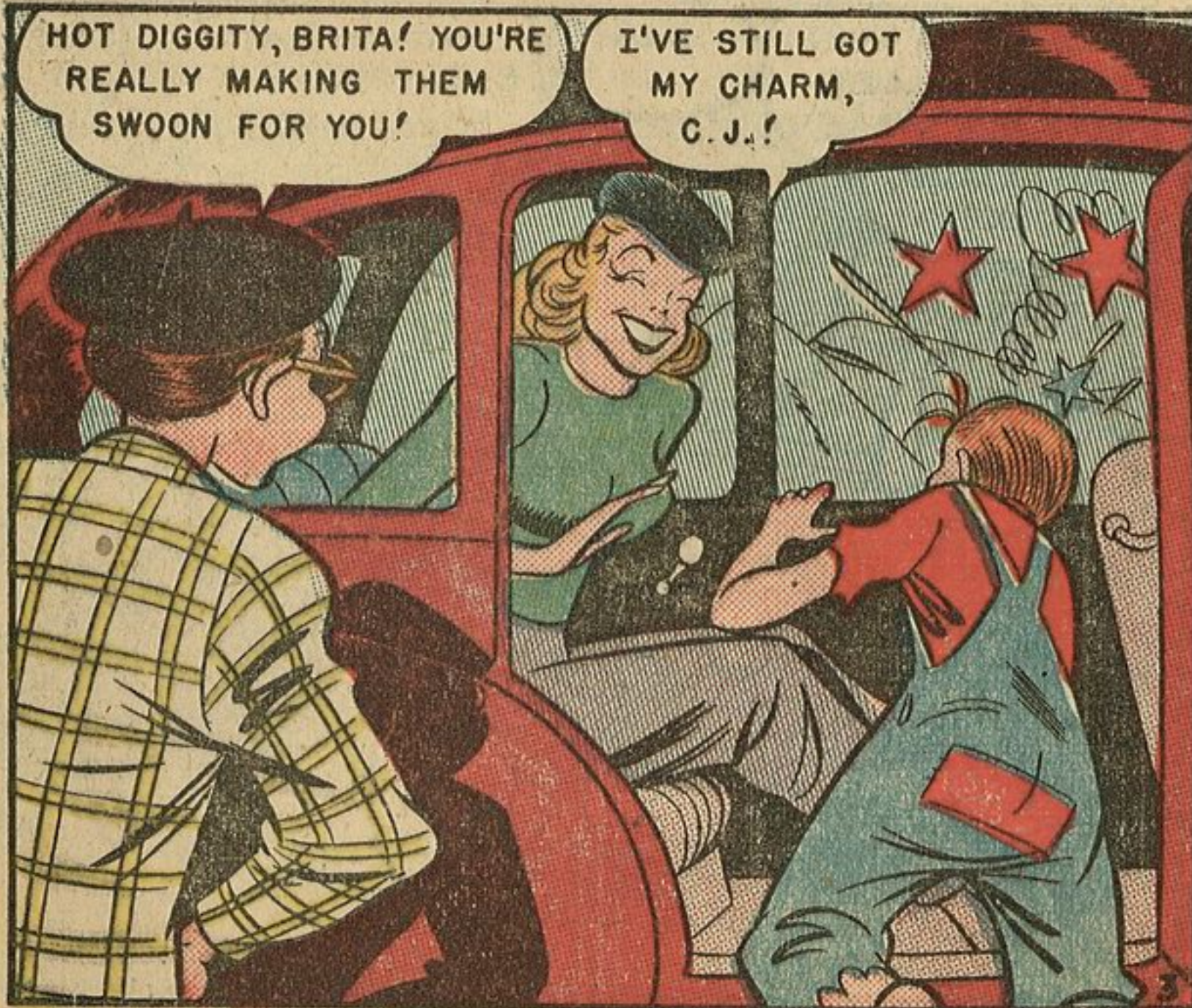
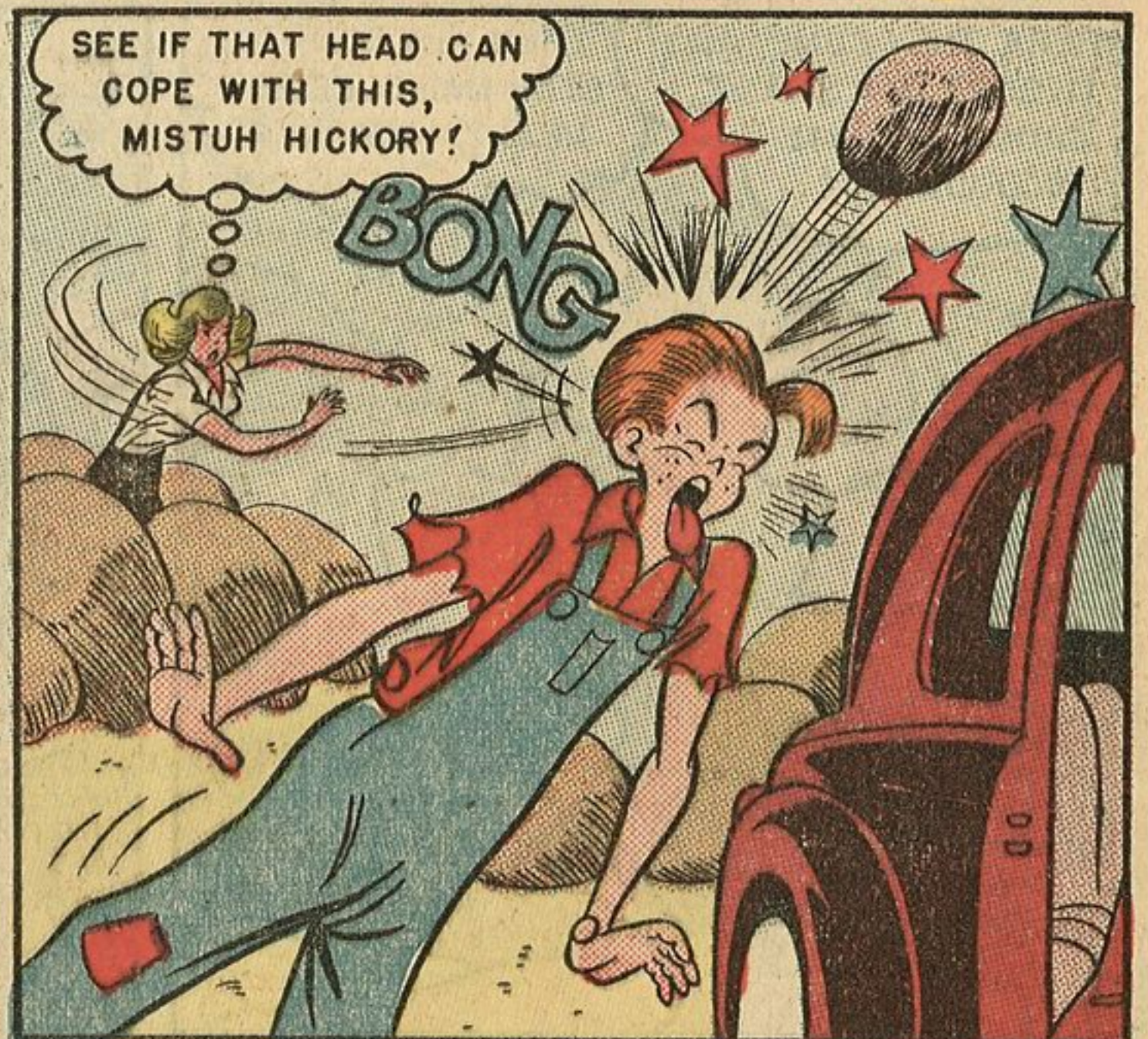
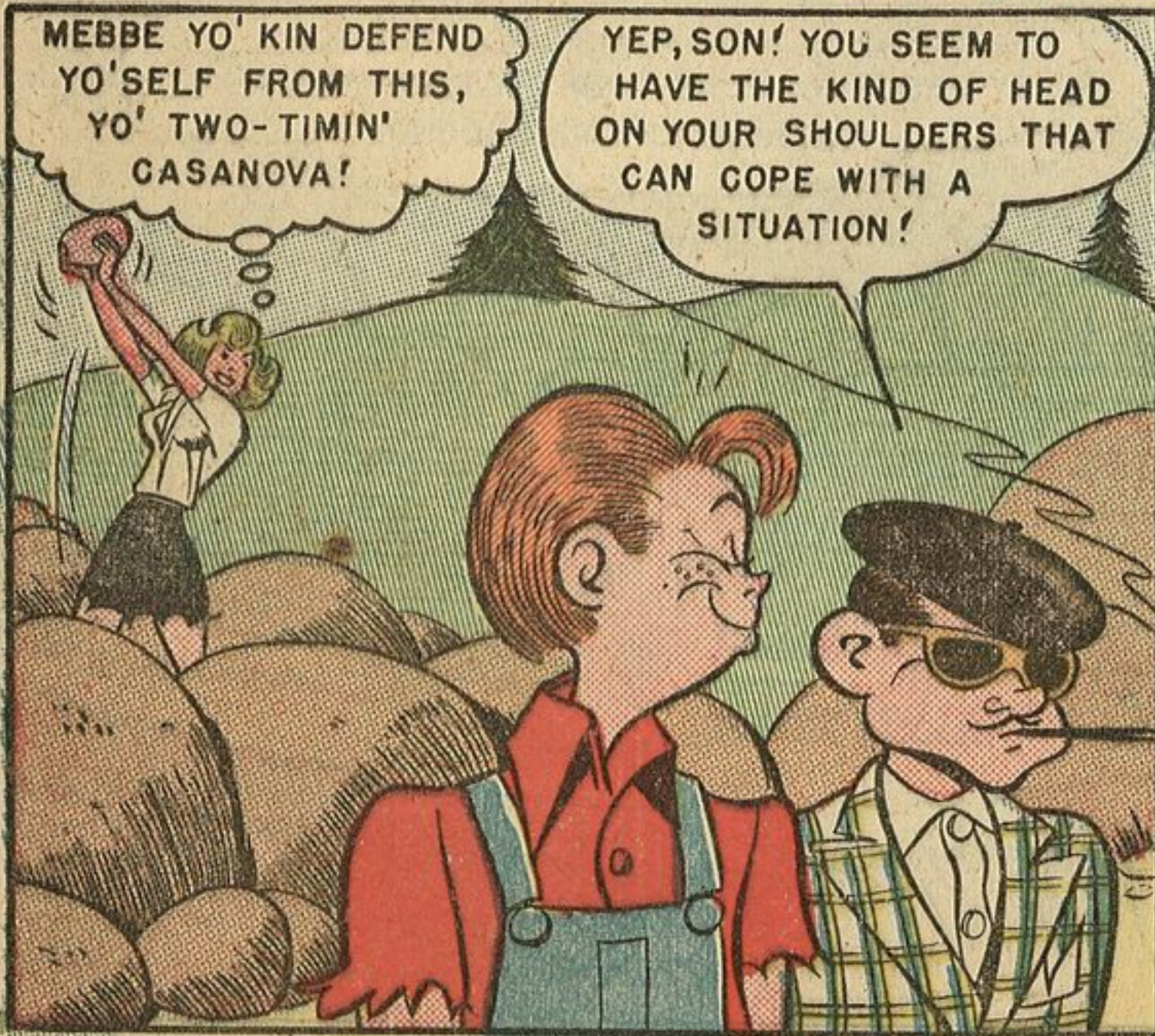
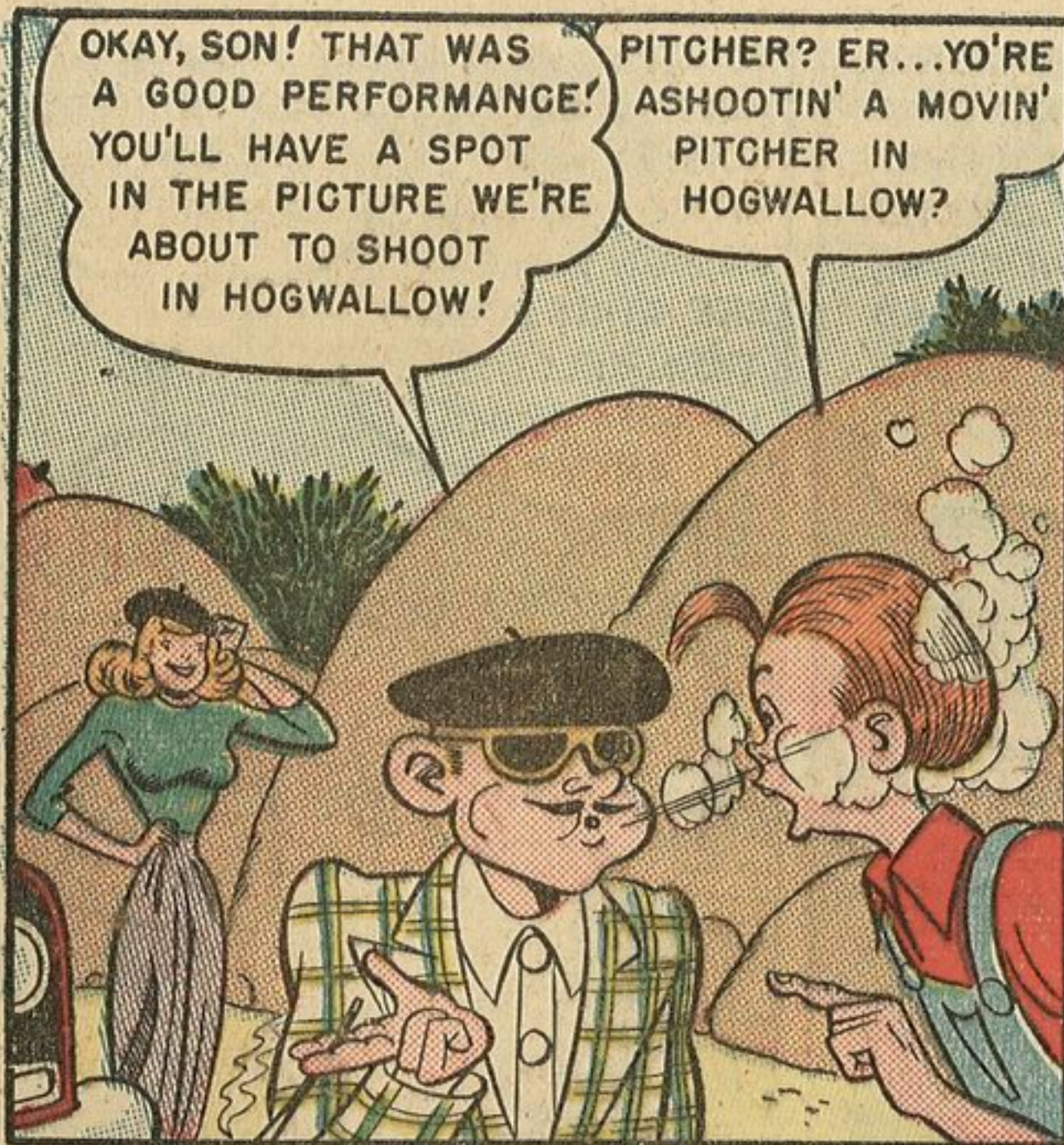


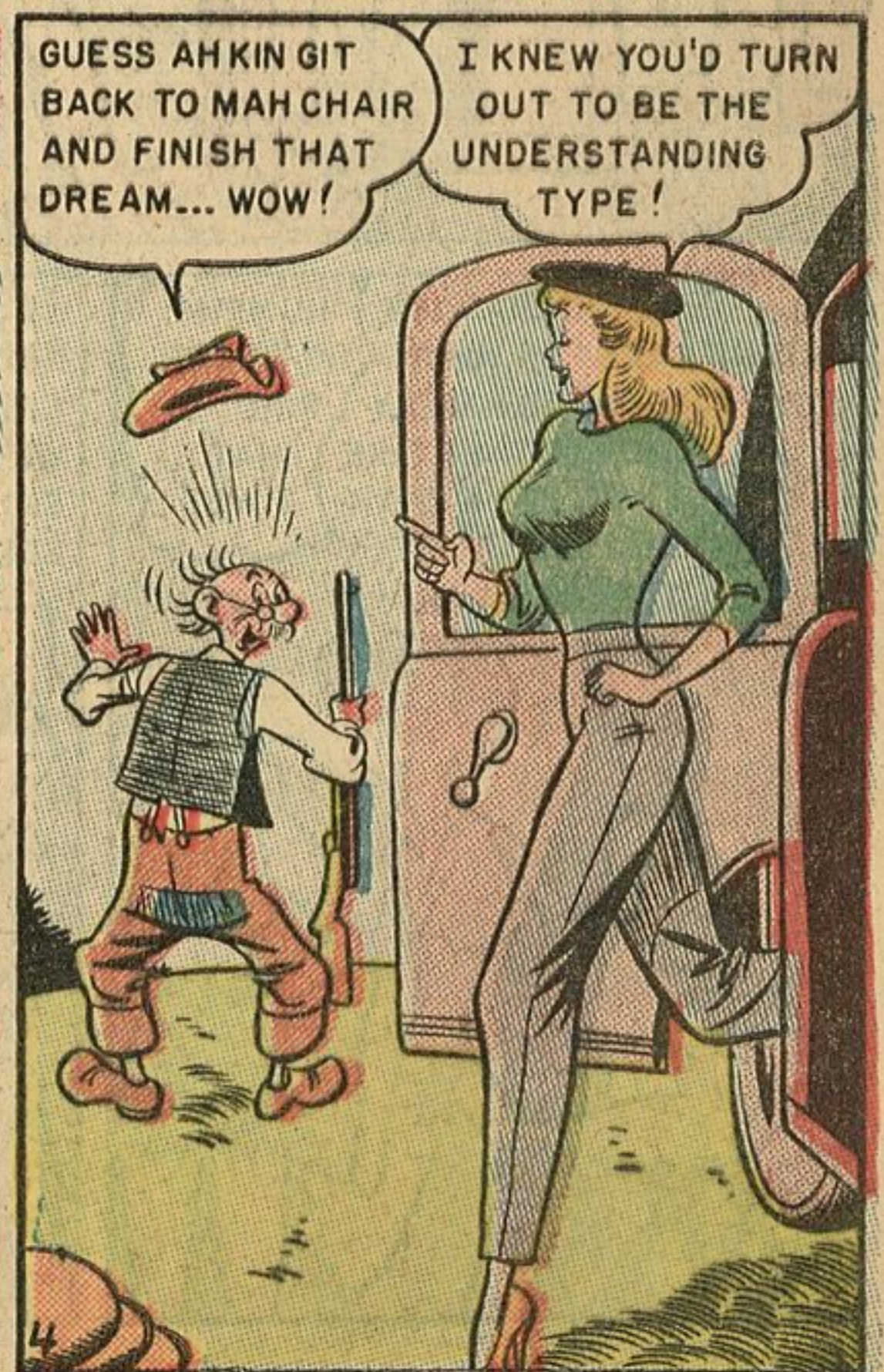
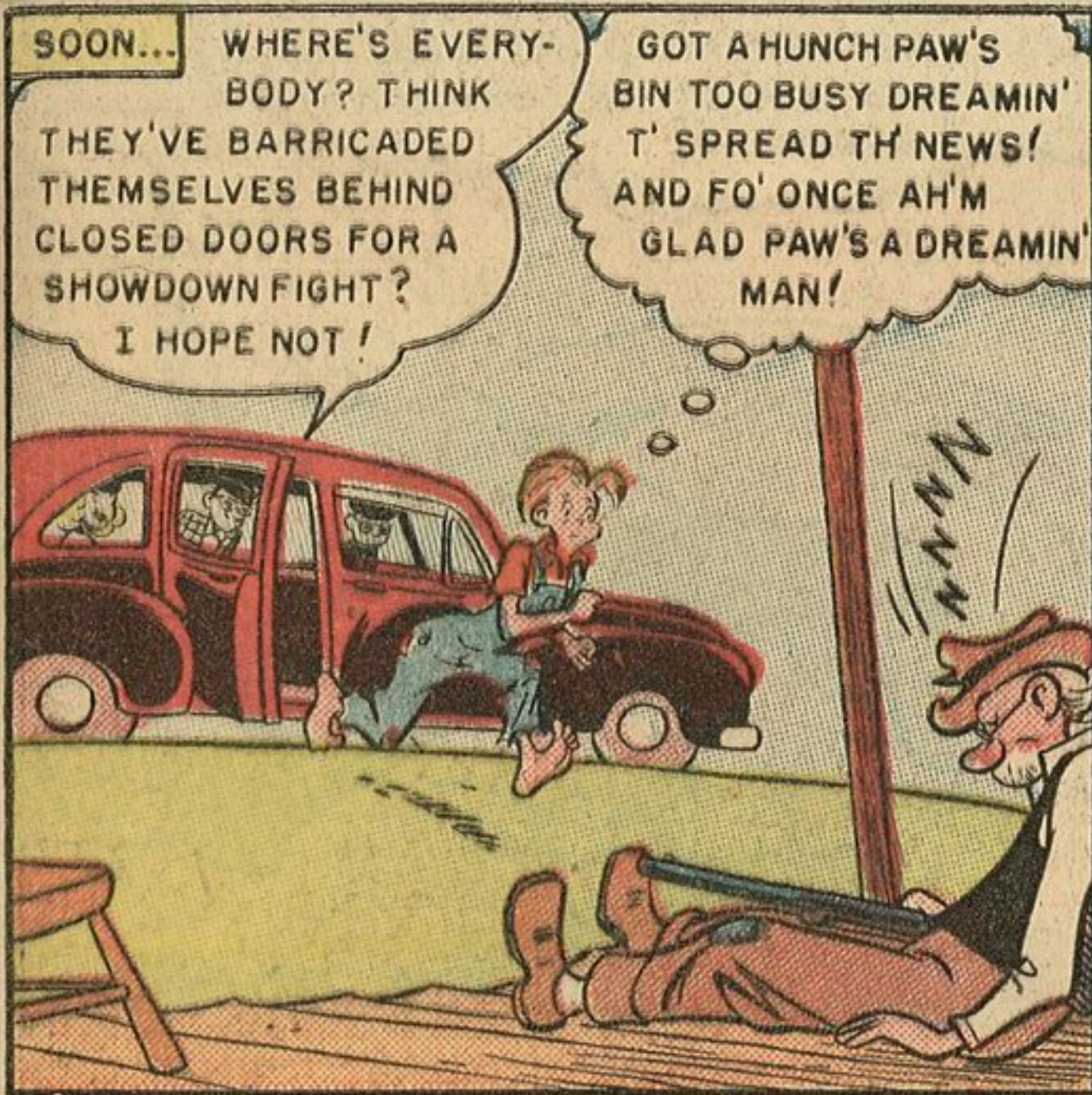
SHOOT IF YO' MUST THIS OL' MALLETT-HEAD, BUT SPARE MAH FELLOW KINFOLK!

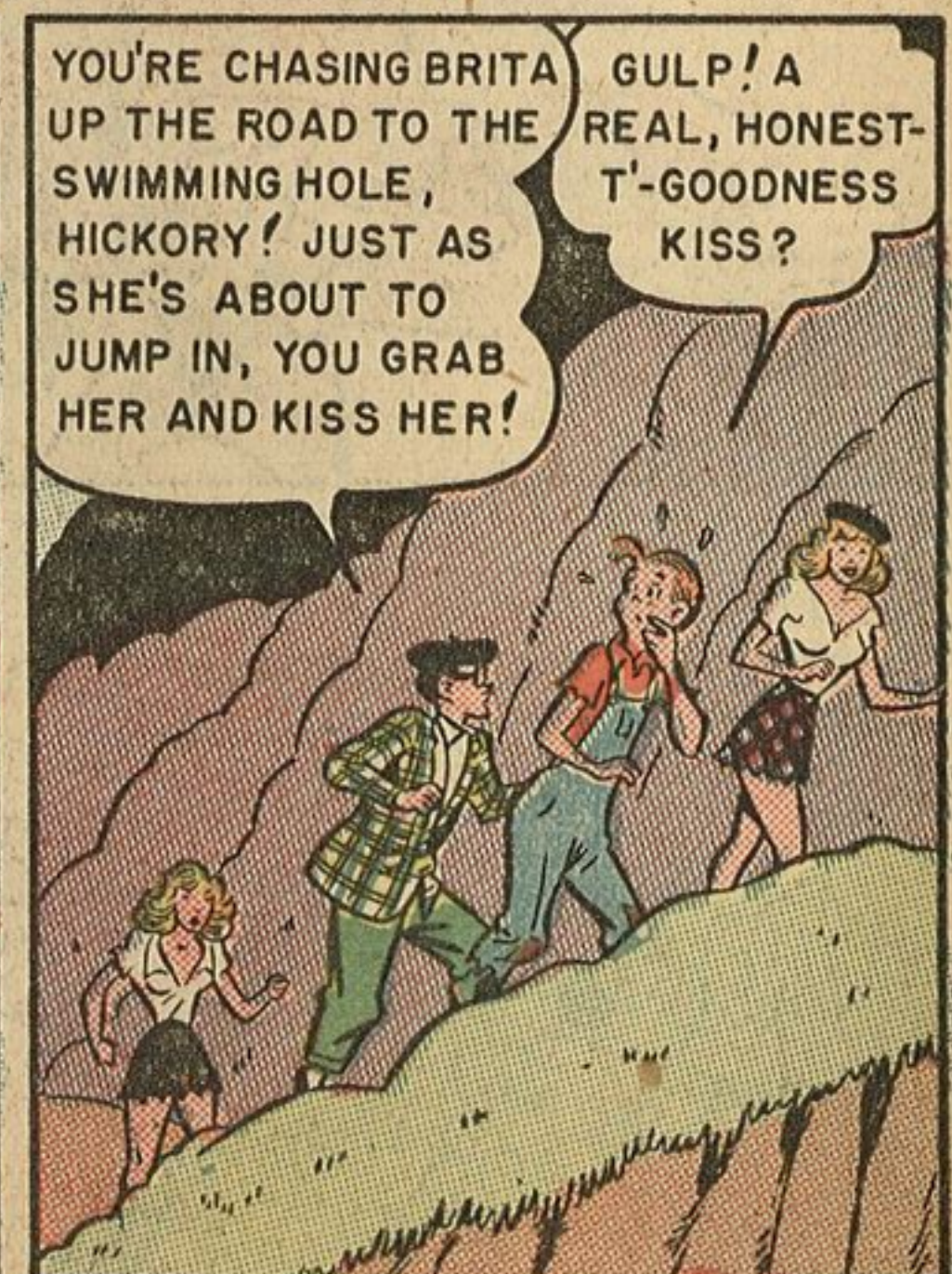
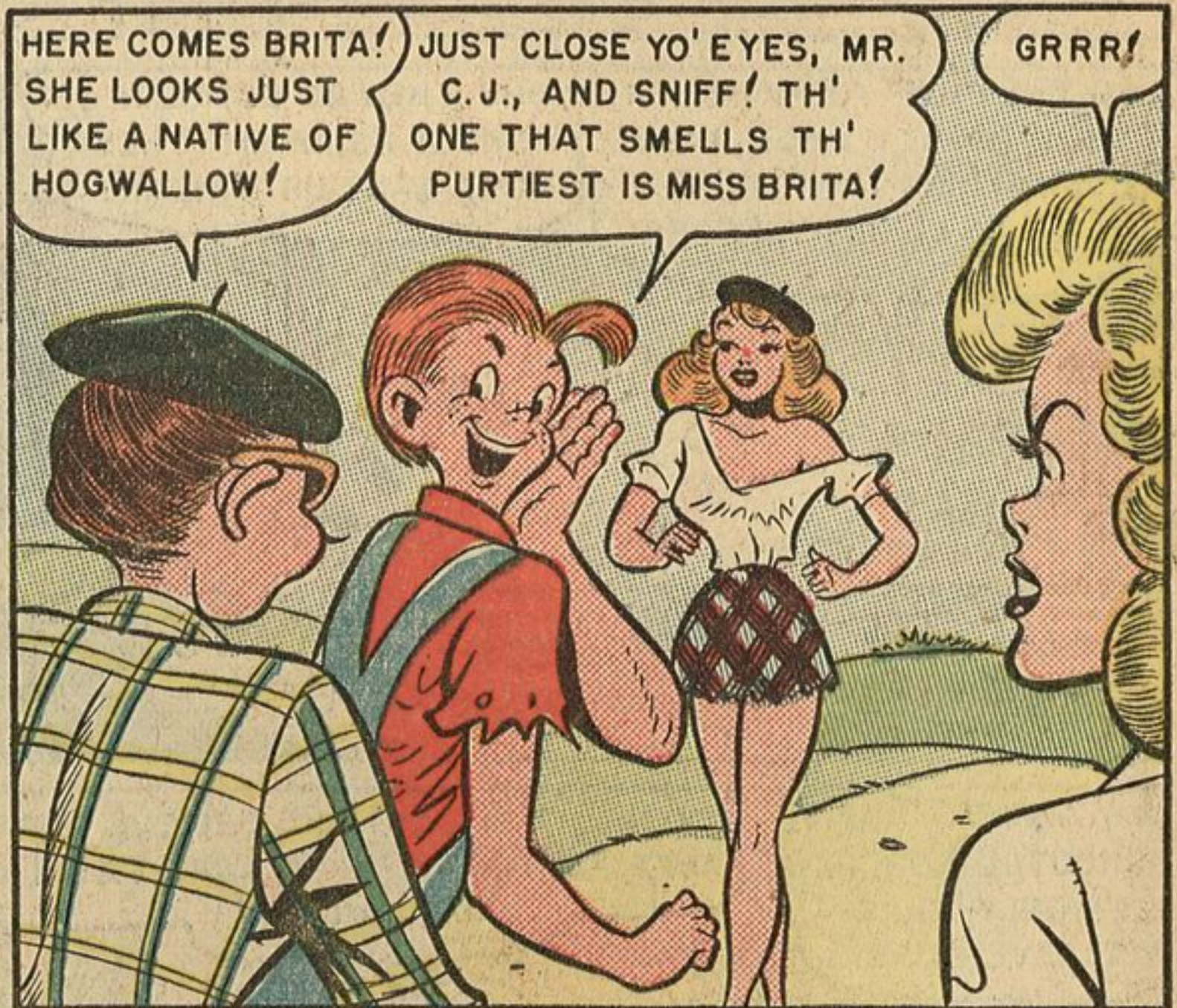
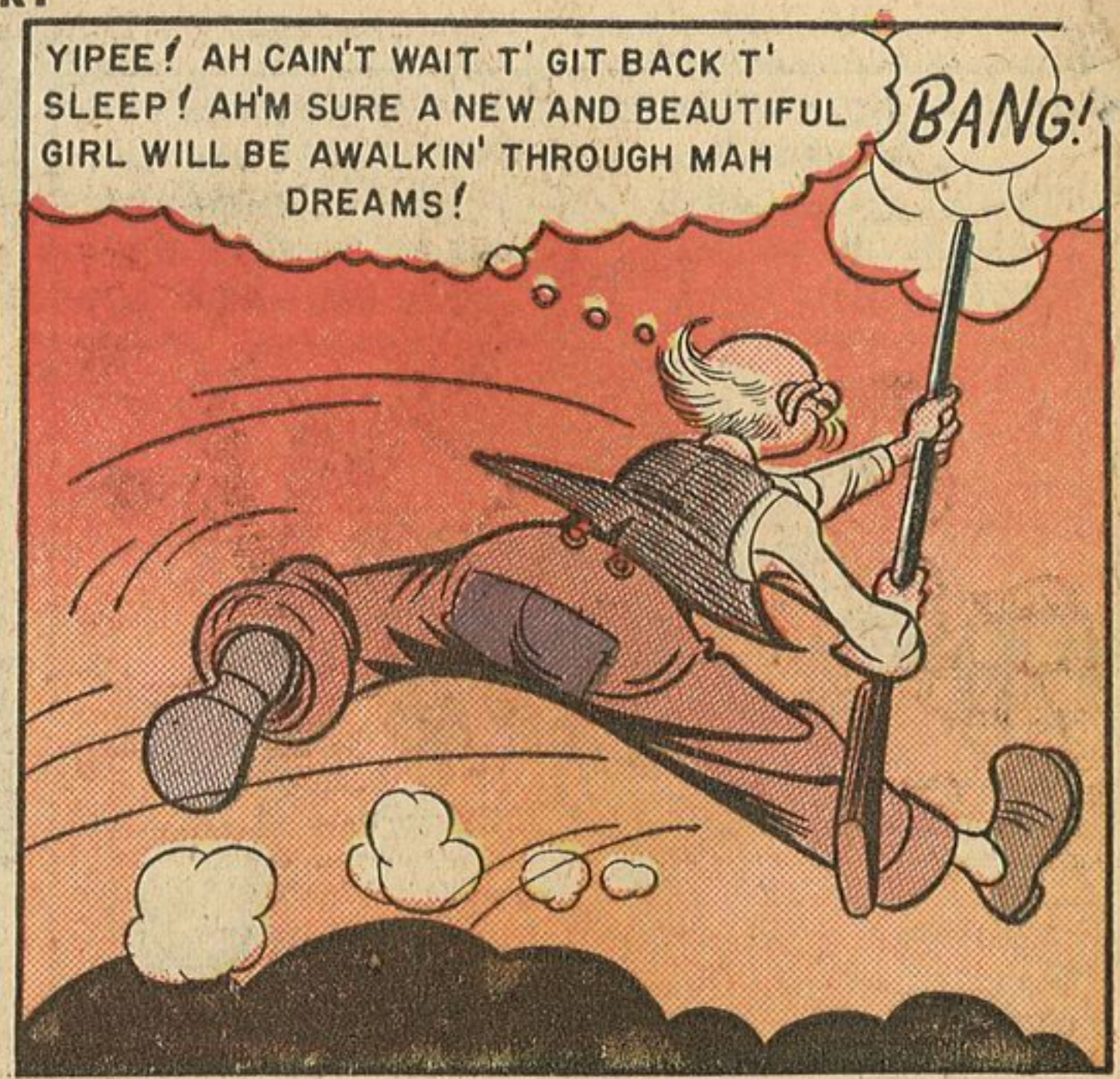
YIPES!

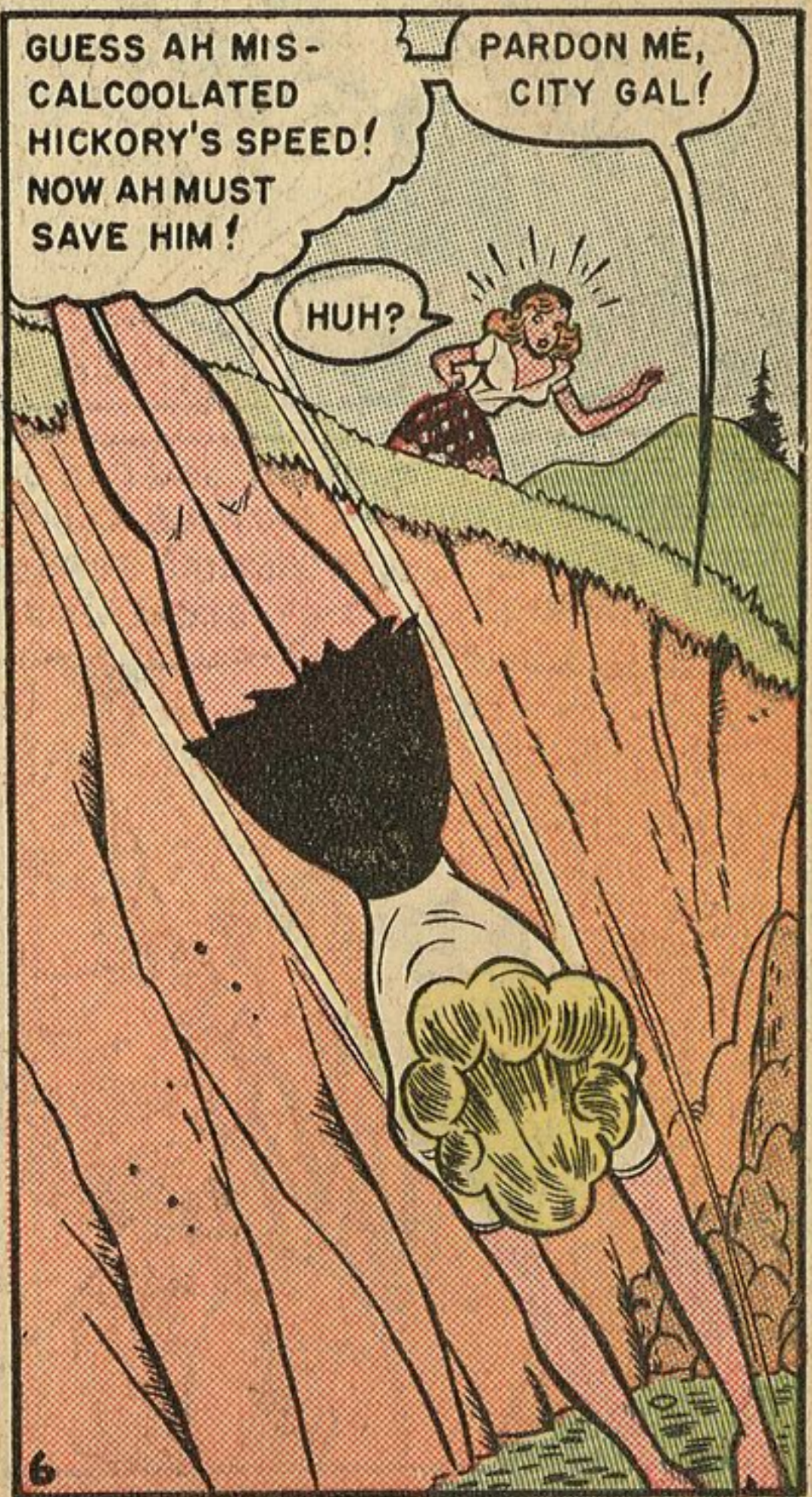
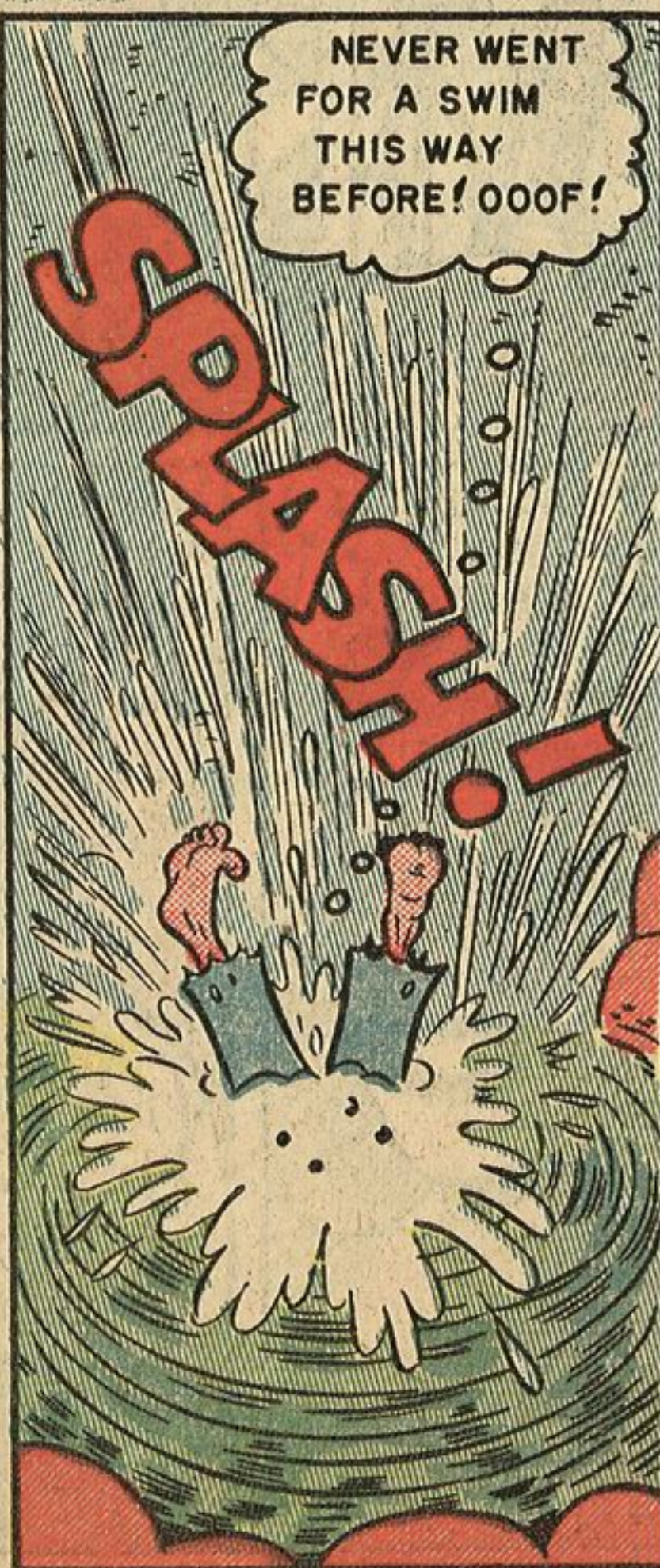
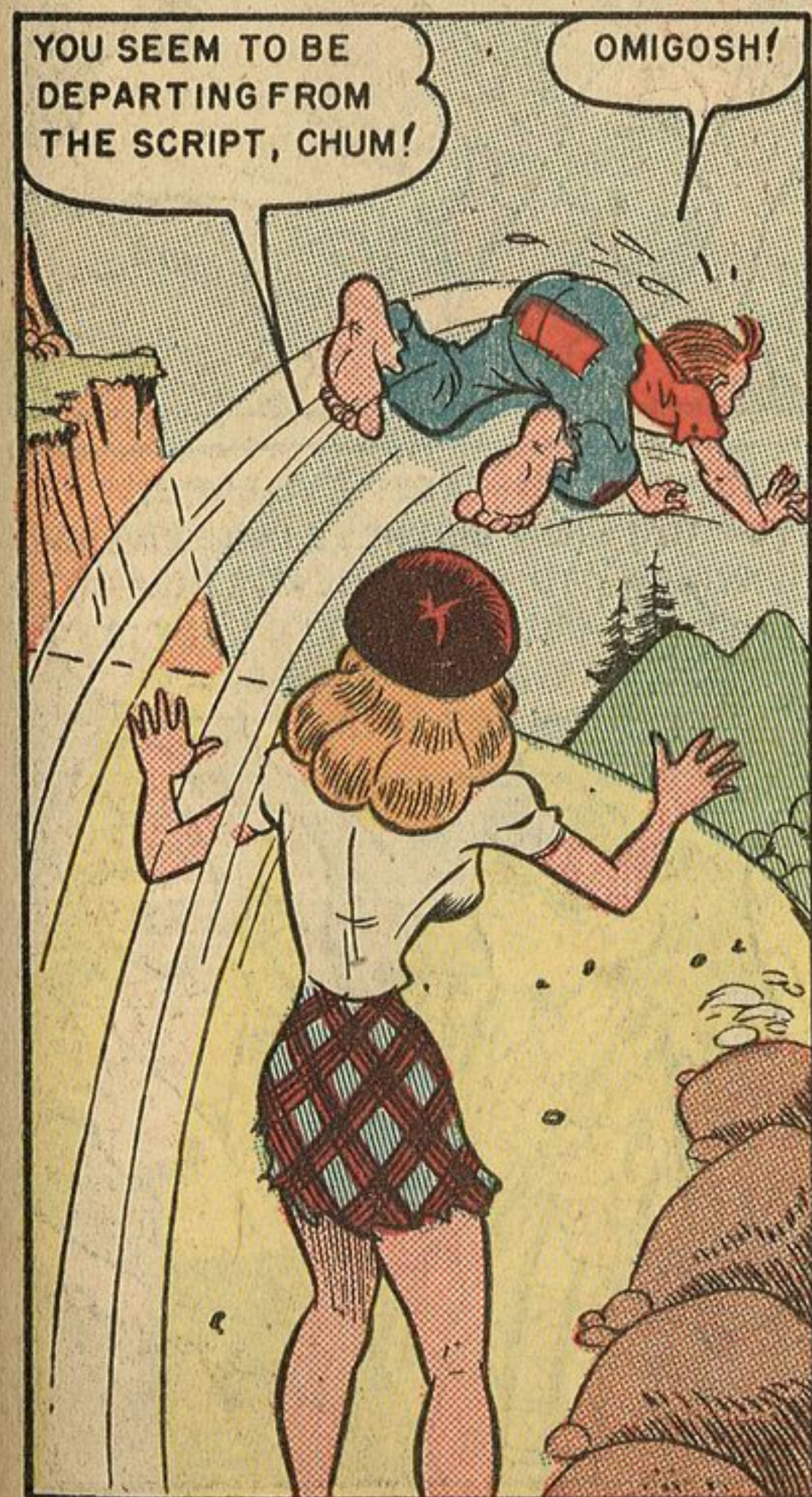
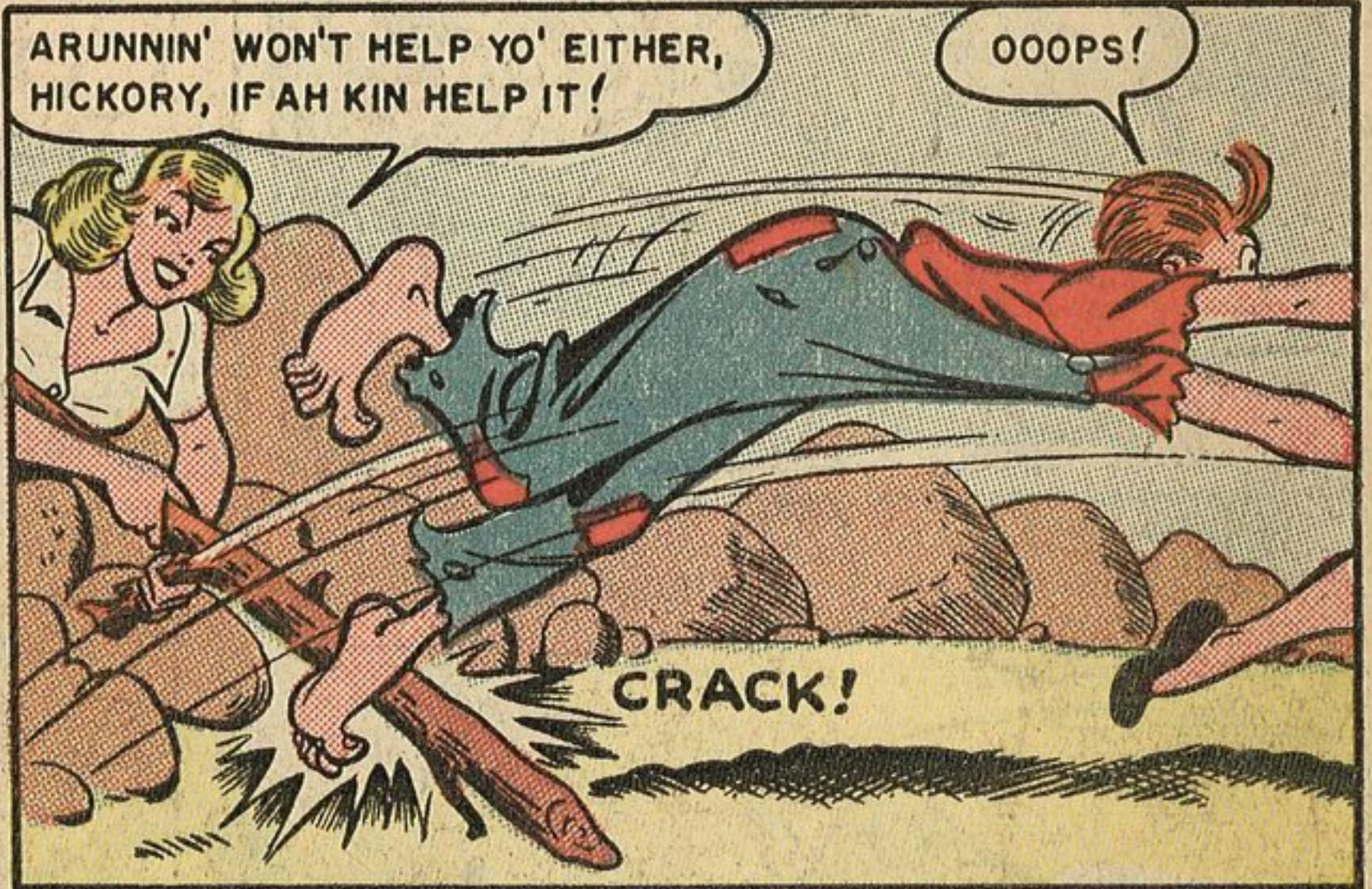
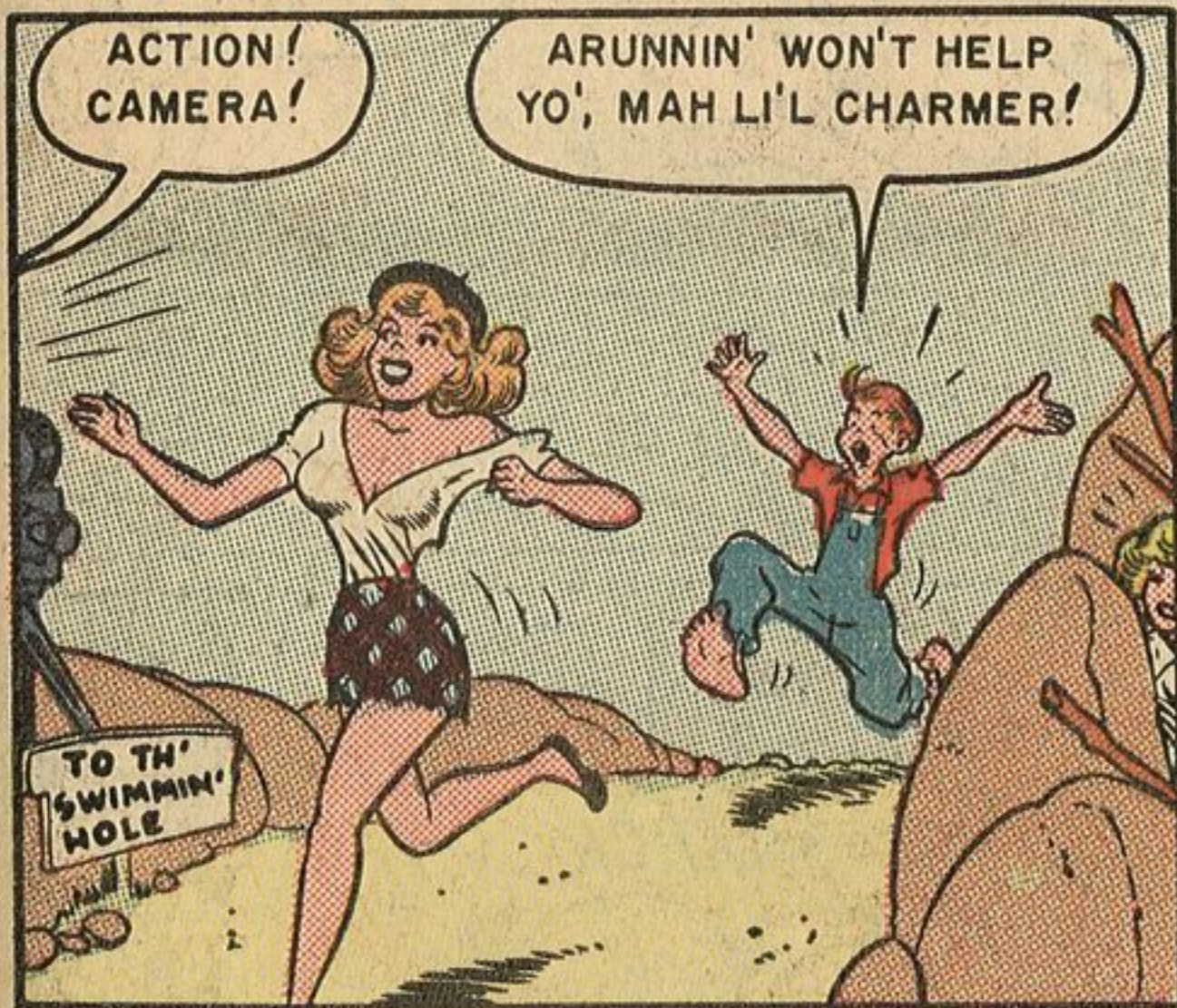
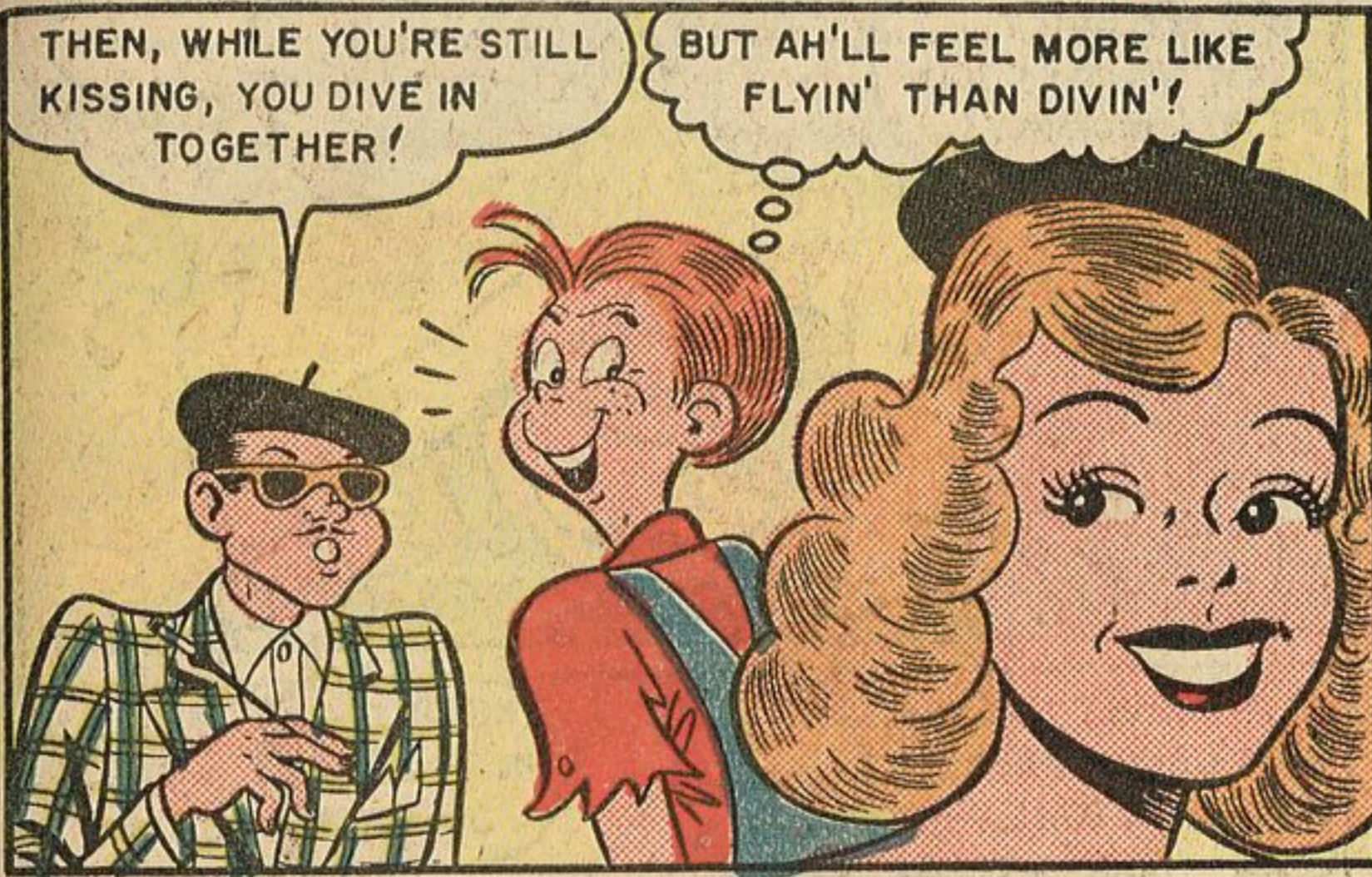
EVEN OUT HERE, EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

HICKORY

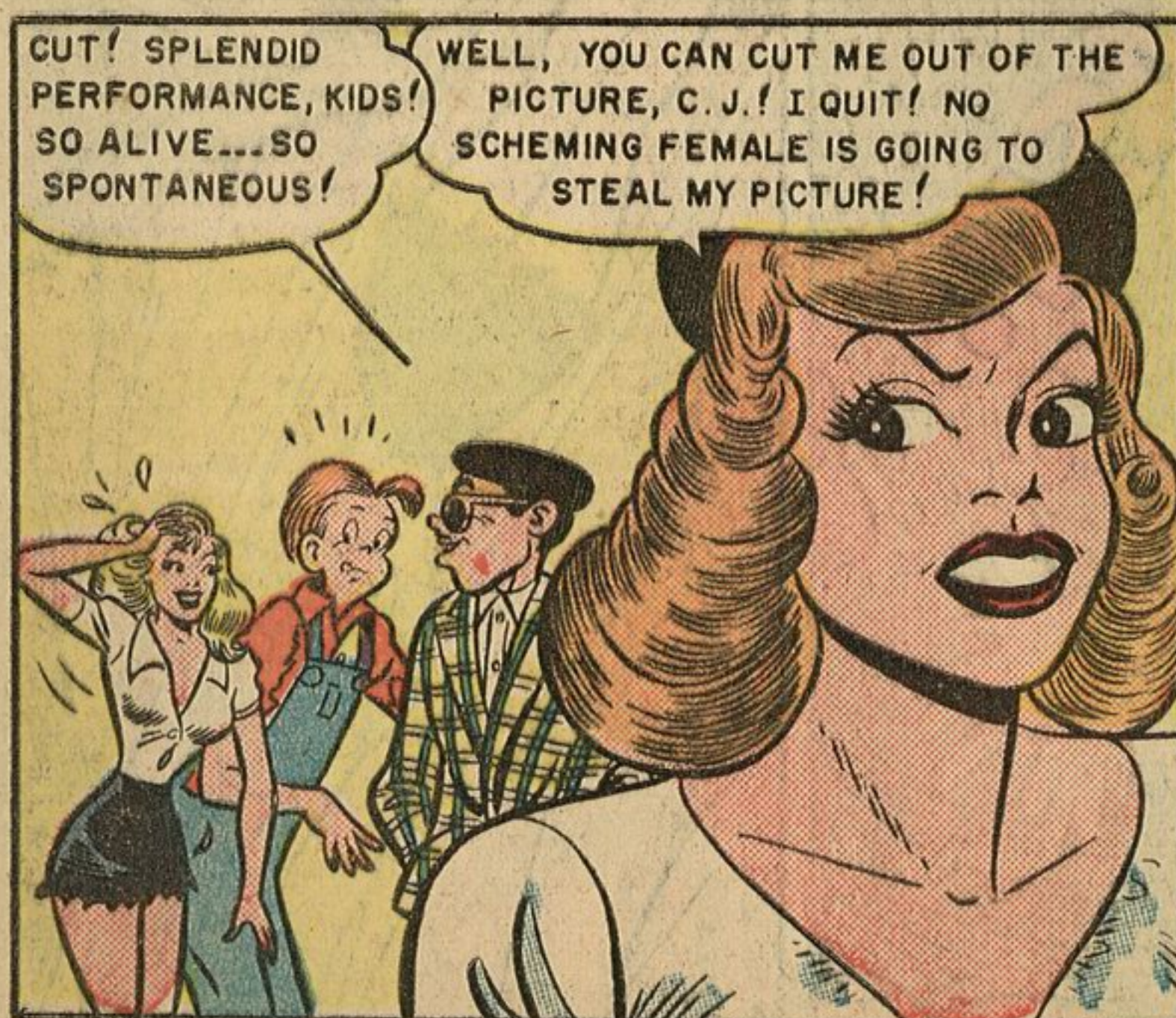
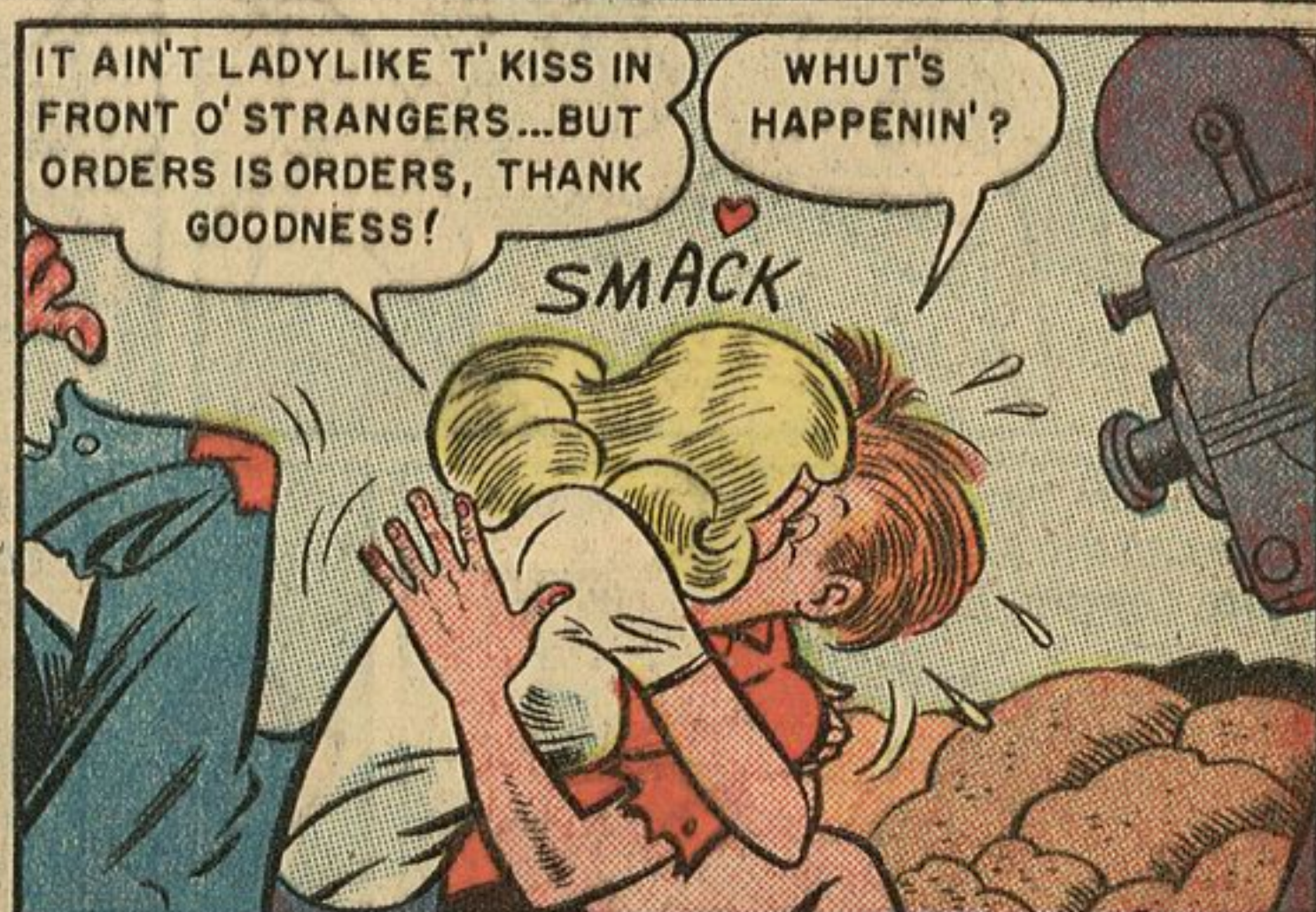
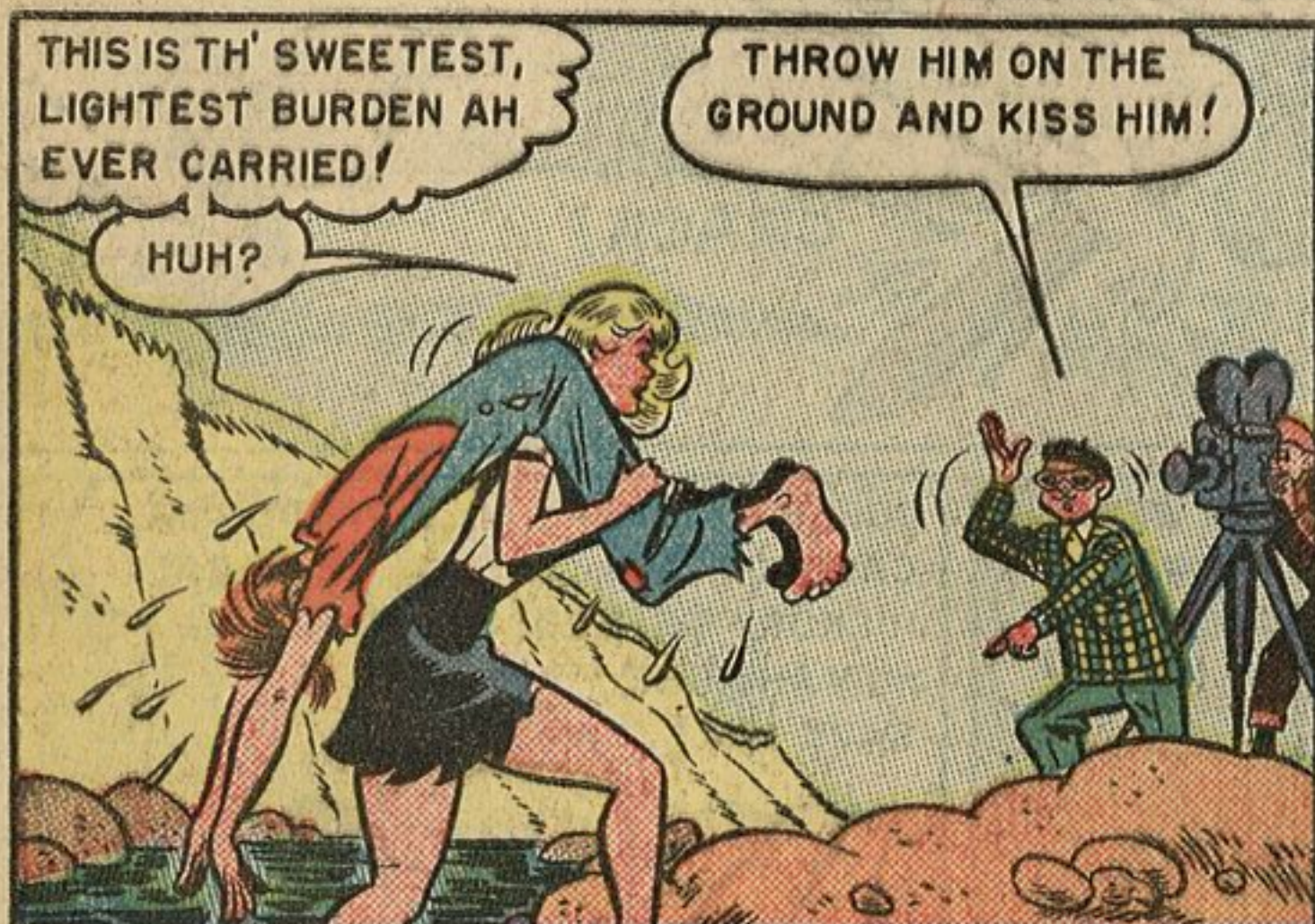
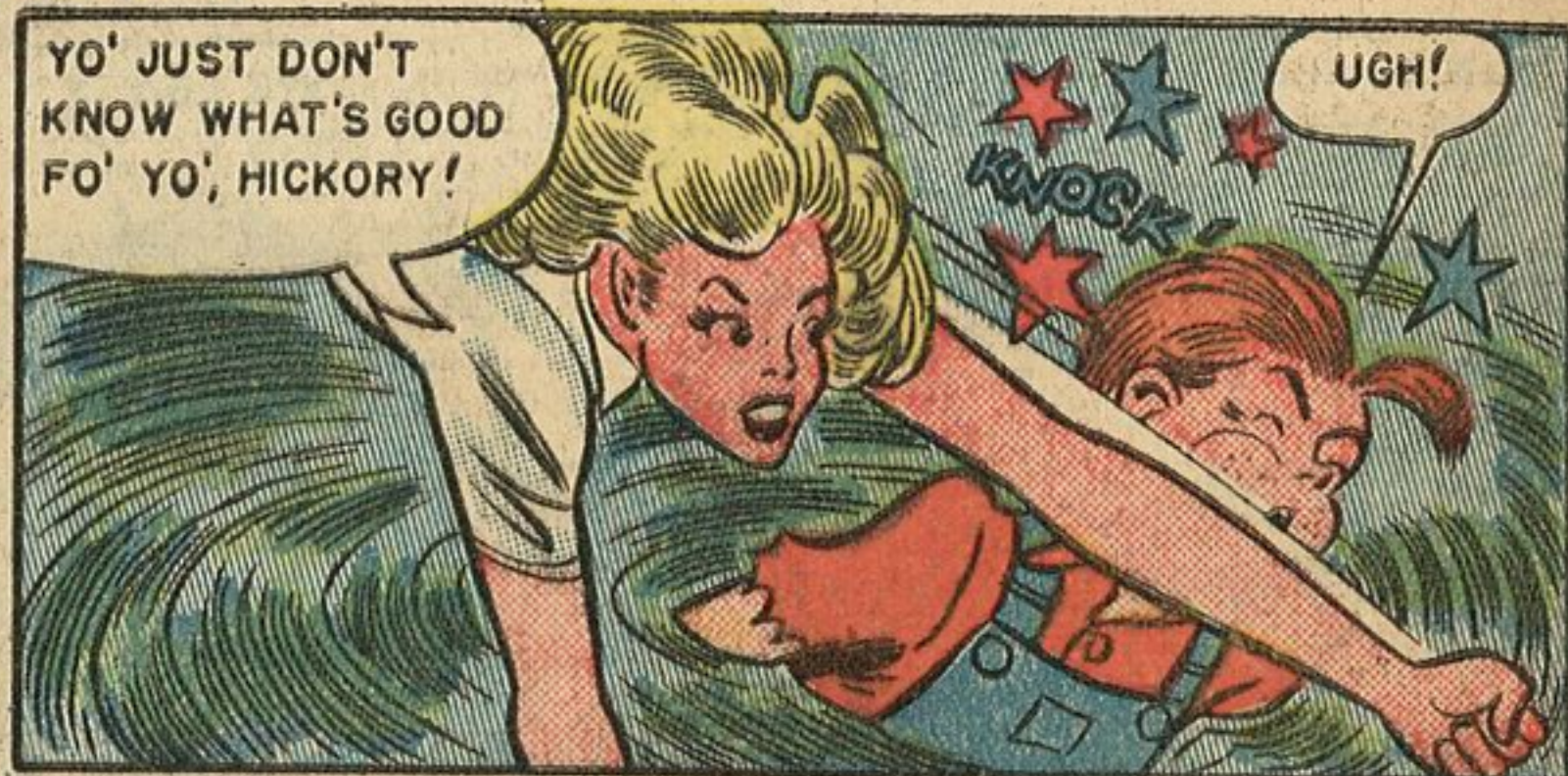
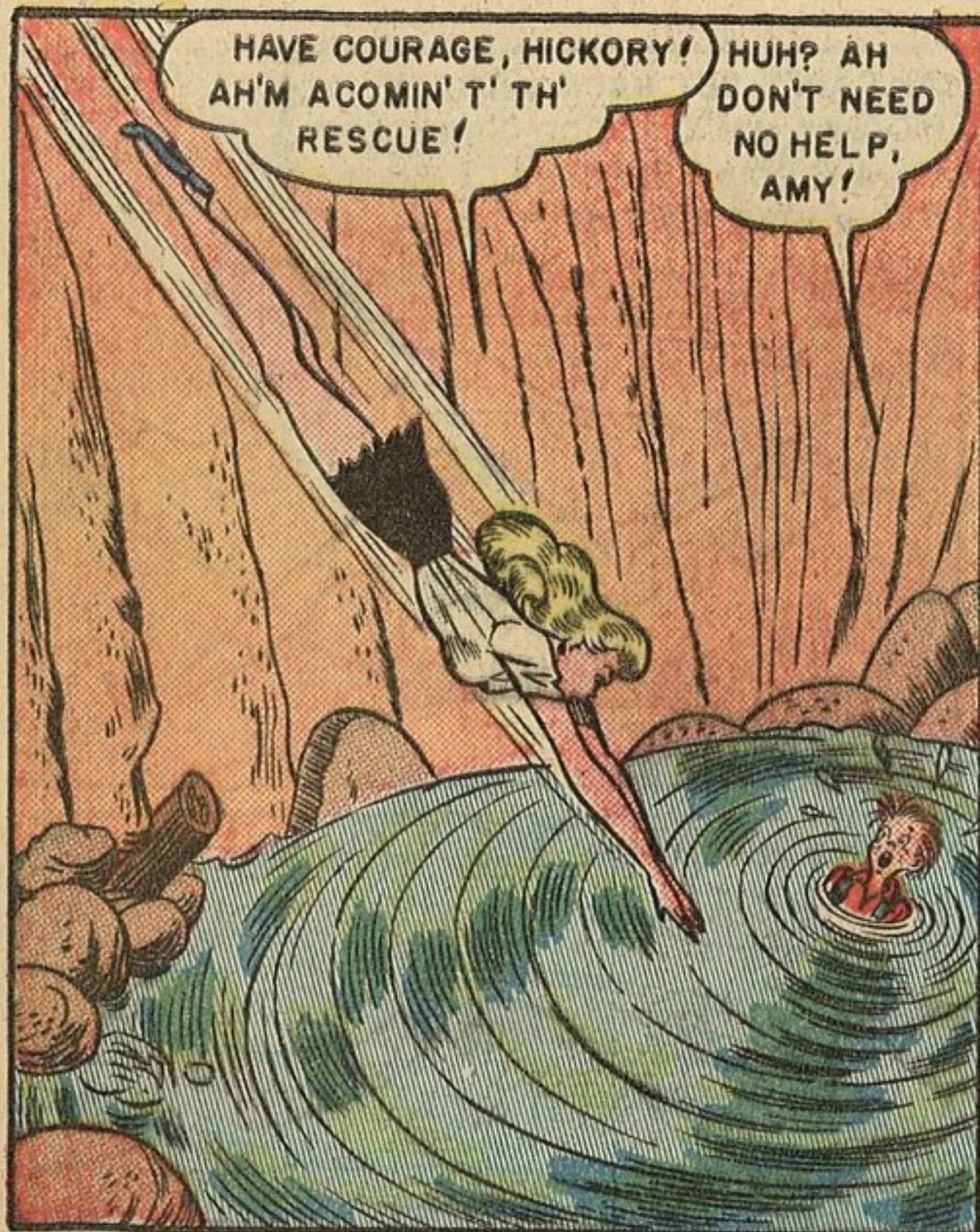




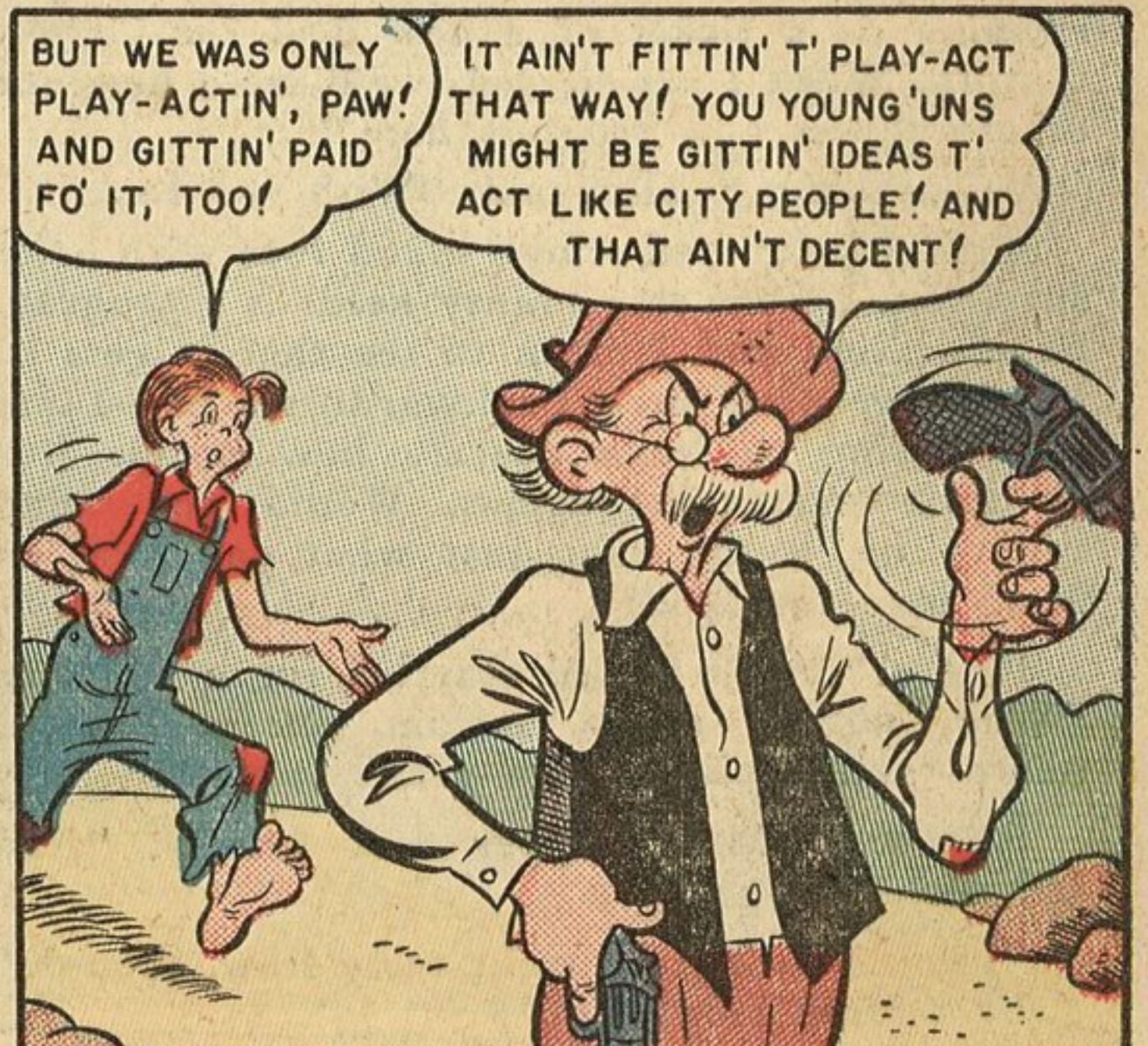
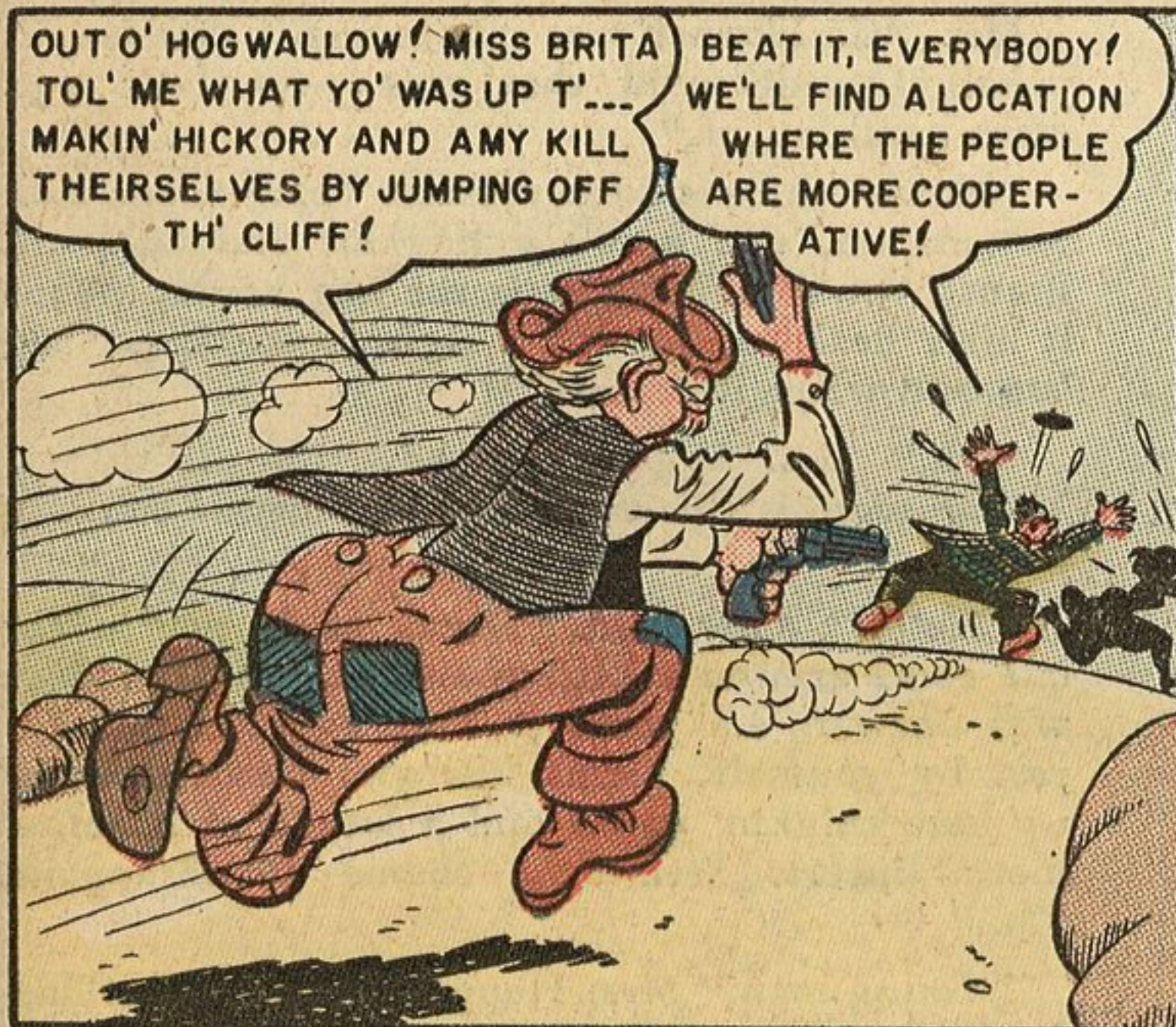
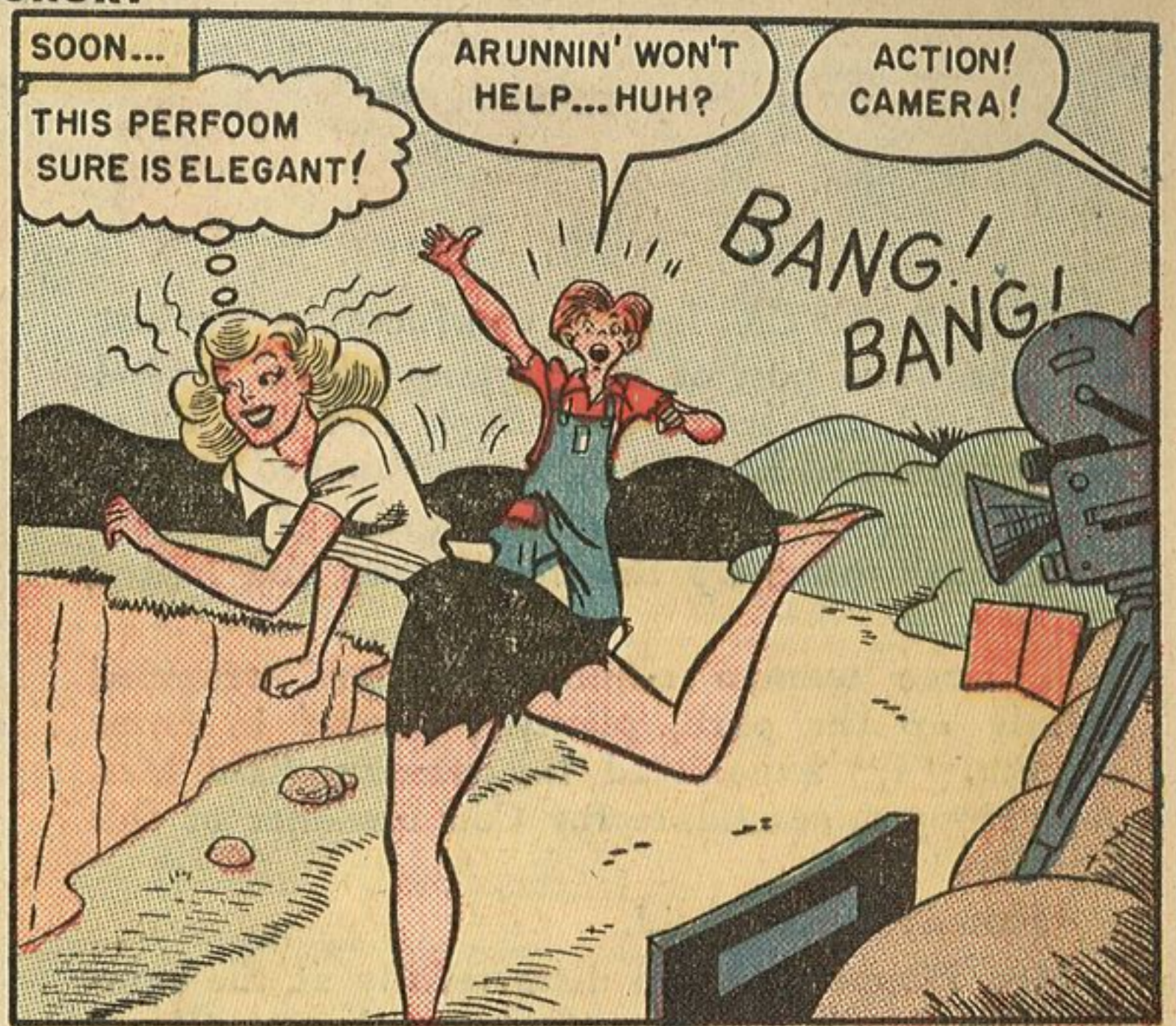
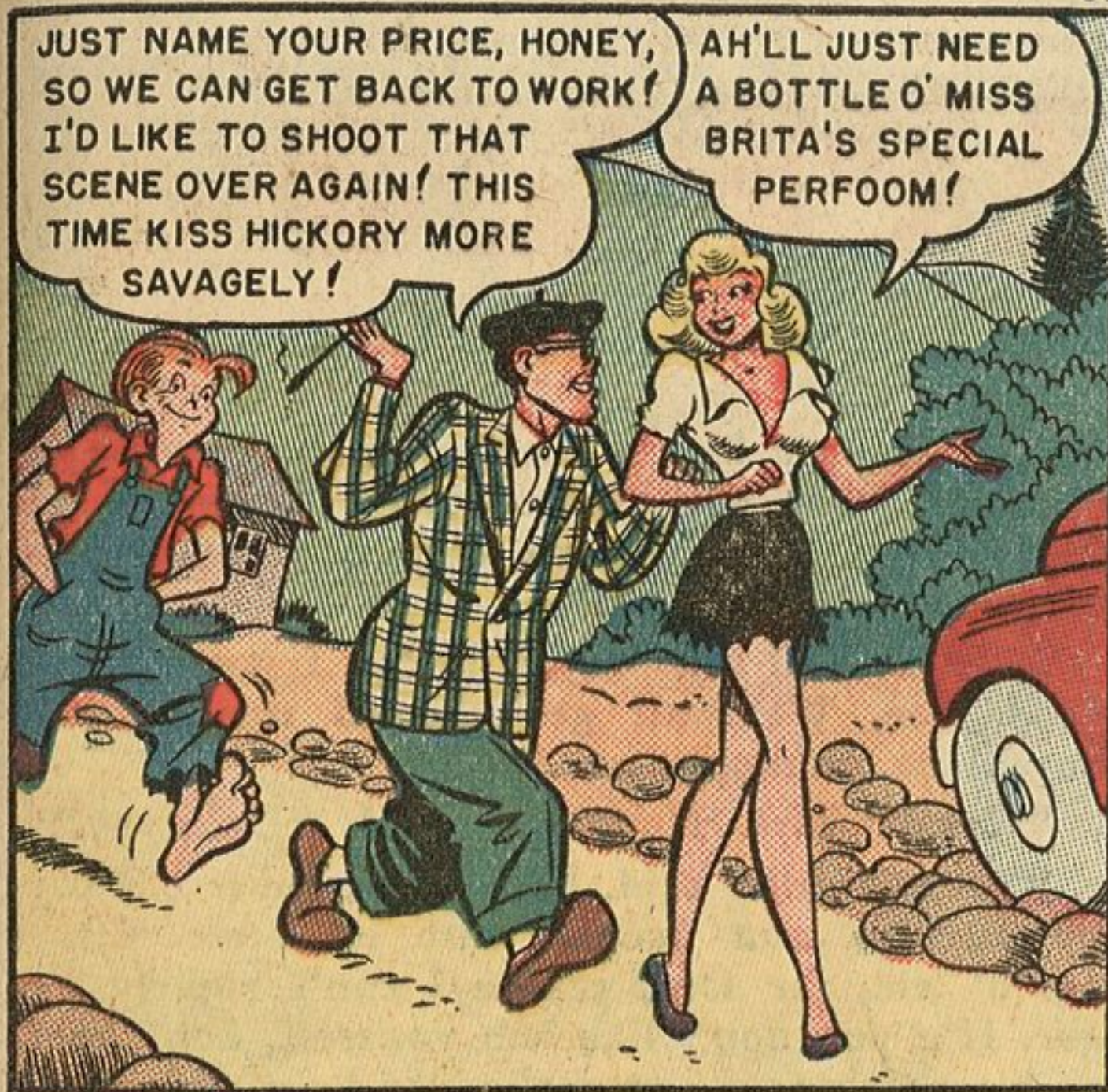




HICKORY



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ALBY'S APPLES

ALBY BAXTER leaned comfortably against the worn post of the sagging porch. Behind the dilapidated board pen, Susie and her litter of pigs grunted happily as they crunched acorns.

Alby's eyes followed the progress of a shiny sedan that toiled up the dusty road and halted below him.

A large woman climbed out and tramped grimly up the path, planting herself in front of him. "I," announced the woman, "am Mrs. Ada Hopper, candidate for Commissioner of this County."

"Howdy," Alby said.

Mrs. Hopper glanced distastefully at the ramshackle pigpen, the tumble-down shanty. "I am running on a ticket of a new deal for Carson County. When I am elected, we'll see a new era of cleanliness and progress here."

"That's nice," Alby said. "Wish you luck."

Mrs. Hopper eyed Alby's bland face with brief suspicion. "What this county needs is a program of education and I mean to see that it gets it. I've never seen such backwardness. Er—I am endeavoring to learn exactly how people live in these mountain regions. Would you mind telling me, young man, just what you have on hand here for food?"

"Here?" Alby looked startled for a moment. "Why, nothin' much, ma'am, exceptin' some acorns and a pile of last year's turnips."

"Acorns," Mrs. Hopper said faintly. "And old turnips. Ugh!"

"I could cook up a right tasty stew, though," Alby offered helpfully.

"Heaven forbid," Mrs. Hopper said hastily. "I'm not interested for myself." Her eyes fell upon a thin, scrubby tree set apart in the clearing. It bore a few, tired-looking leaves and a patch of darker earth around its base showed evidence of recent watering. She pointed. "What is that—that sprig?"

"That?" Alby answered. "Why, that's a fruit tree, ma'am."

"Just look at that poor stick," Mrs. Hopper said. "It's diseased. Don't you know a fruit tree needs spraying?"

"Oh," Alby said, "I sprayed it, but it seemed like a waste of water, to me."

"Water?" Mrs. Hopper hooted. "Don't you know water won't kill anything?"

"Killed my cousin," Alby said. "He drowned

in it. But I wasn't aimin' to kill nothing. I jest sprayed."

Mrs. Hopper had a choking spell. She turned on Alby. "Can you comprehend . . . er—understand what it will mean if you vote me into office?"

Alby nodded solemnly. "Yes'm. I got a purty good idee. We'll all get cleaned up and our hogs'll be unhappy. . . ."

"Hogs?" Mrs. Hopper choked. "Unhappy?"

"Yes'm," Alby said. "Hogs jest loves old soggy turnips and acorns, but it seems you're again' 'em, fer some reason I can't rightly figger. If'n you don't like 'em yourself, don't seem to me that's cause to make our hogs unhappy."

Mrs. Ada Hopper was sputtering. "You stupid yokel! I understood that was *your* food you were speaking of."

"No'm," Alby said earnestly. "Hog food. Yuh see, ma'am, this here's a hog lot and thet old shanty you're sniffing at is the hog house. Mebbe it ain't healthy, but it's a sight better'n leaving 'em out when it storms."

"Oh," Mrs. Hopper gasped. "Of all things! Young man, is this your idea of a crude country joke?"

"No'm," Alby said. "Seems as if you're the one come around askin' questions and all I done was answer 'em correct. You figgered out the rest by yourself. Seems like you come stormin' up here thinkin' you'd find a bunch of barefoot mountaineers. Seemed a shame to disappoint you."

"Young man," Mrs. Hopper screamed furiously. "What is your name?"

"Why, it's Alby Baxter, ma'am," Alby said.

"Baxter?" Mrs. Hopper shrieked. "You . . . you . . . why, you're the present Commissioner, the man who's running for reelection against me."

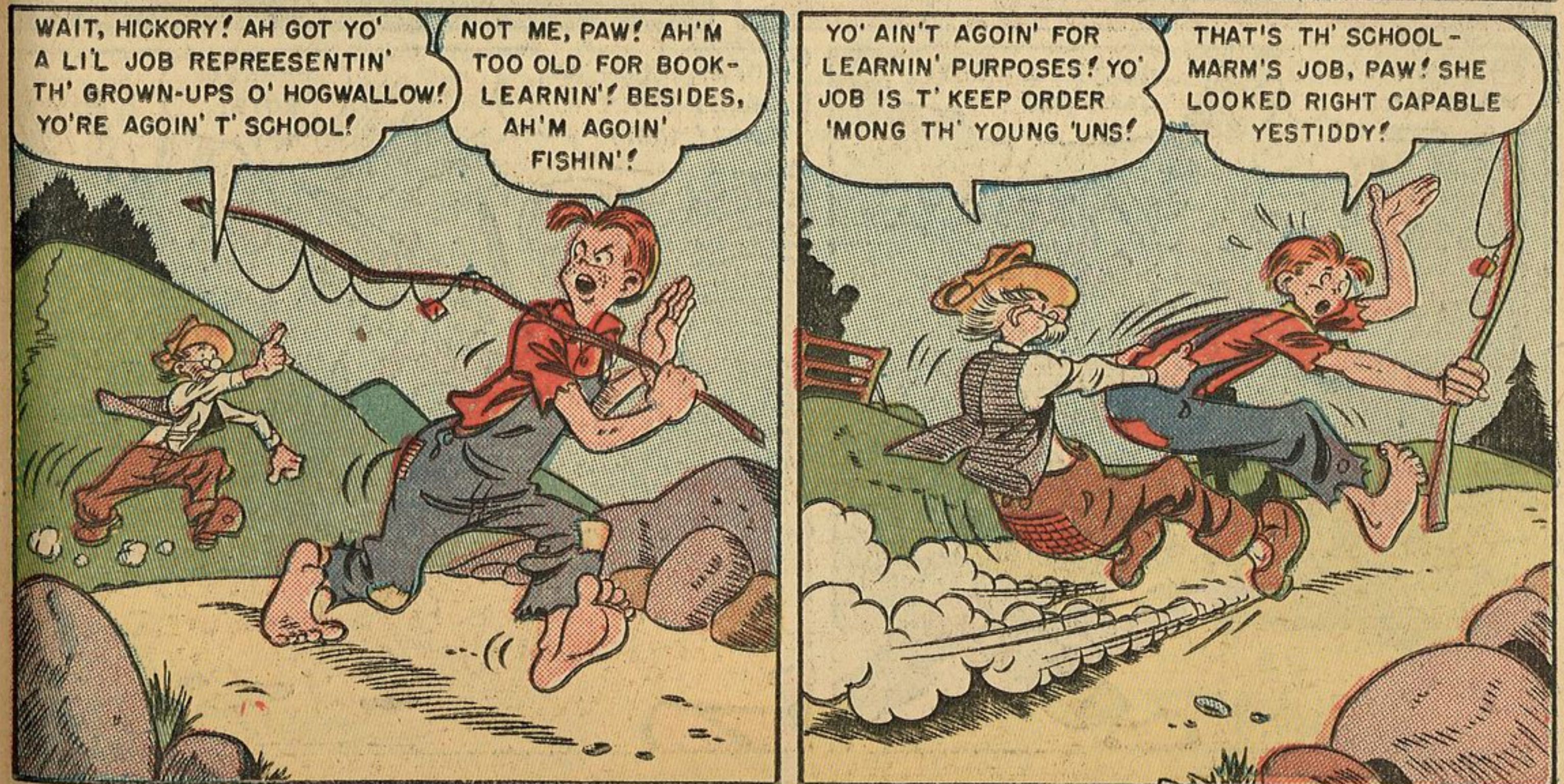
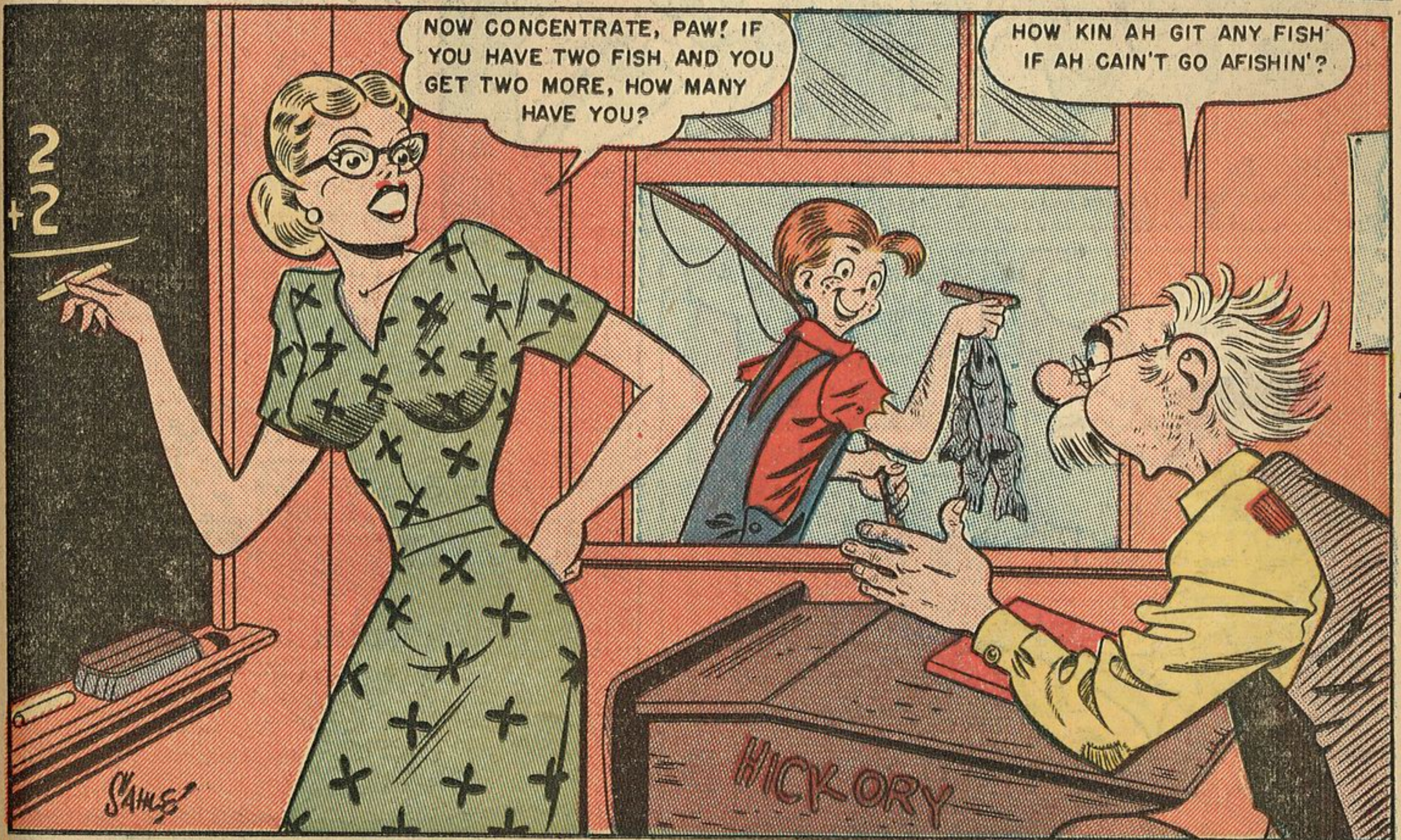
"Yes'm," Alby admitted modestly.

Alby watched the vast and ponderous figure of Ada Hopper march indignantly to the car.

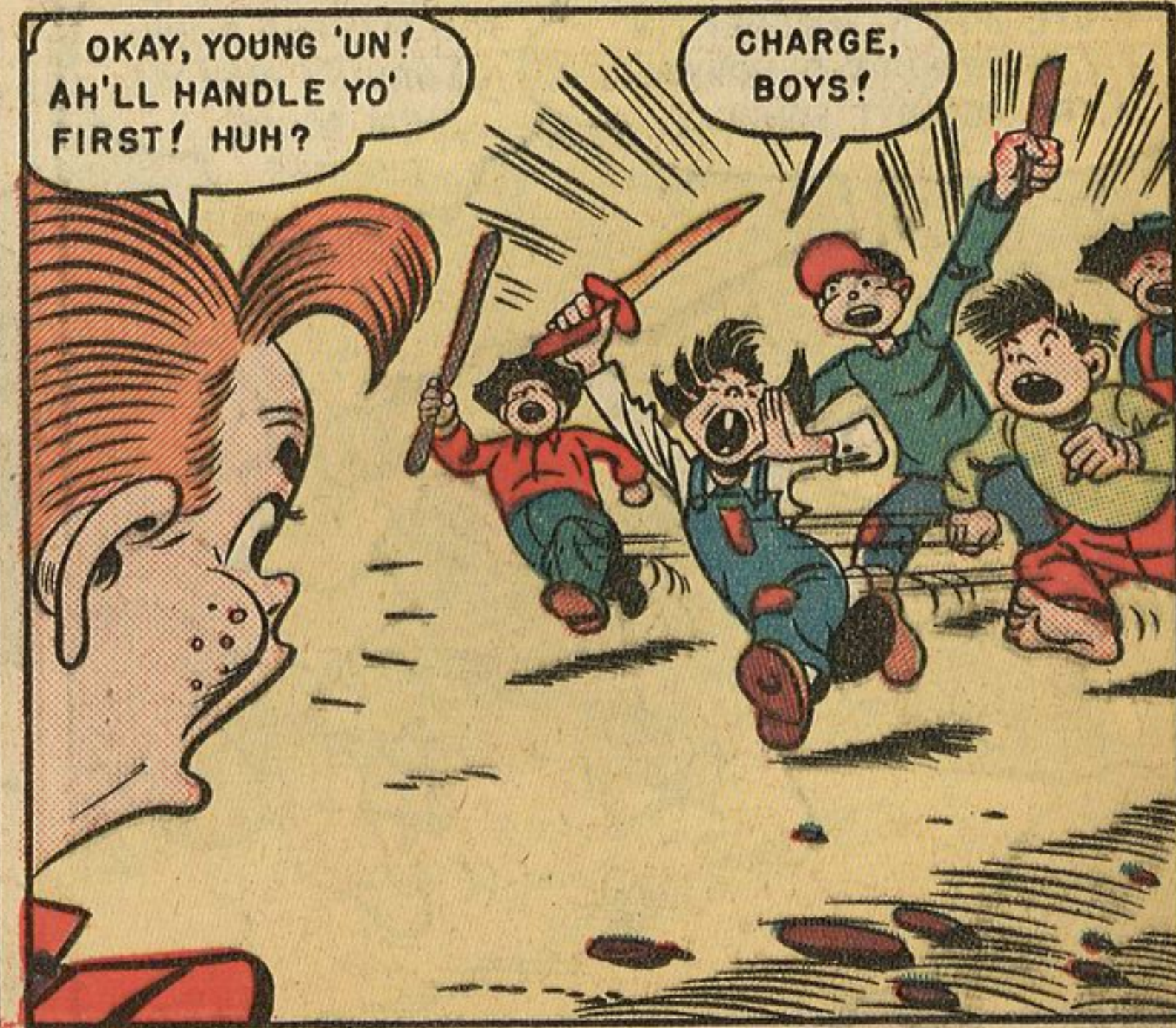
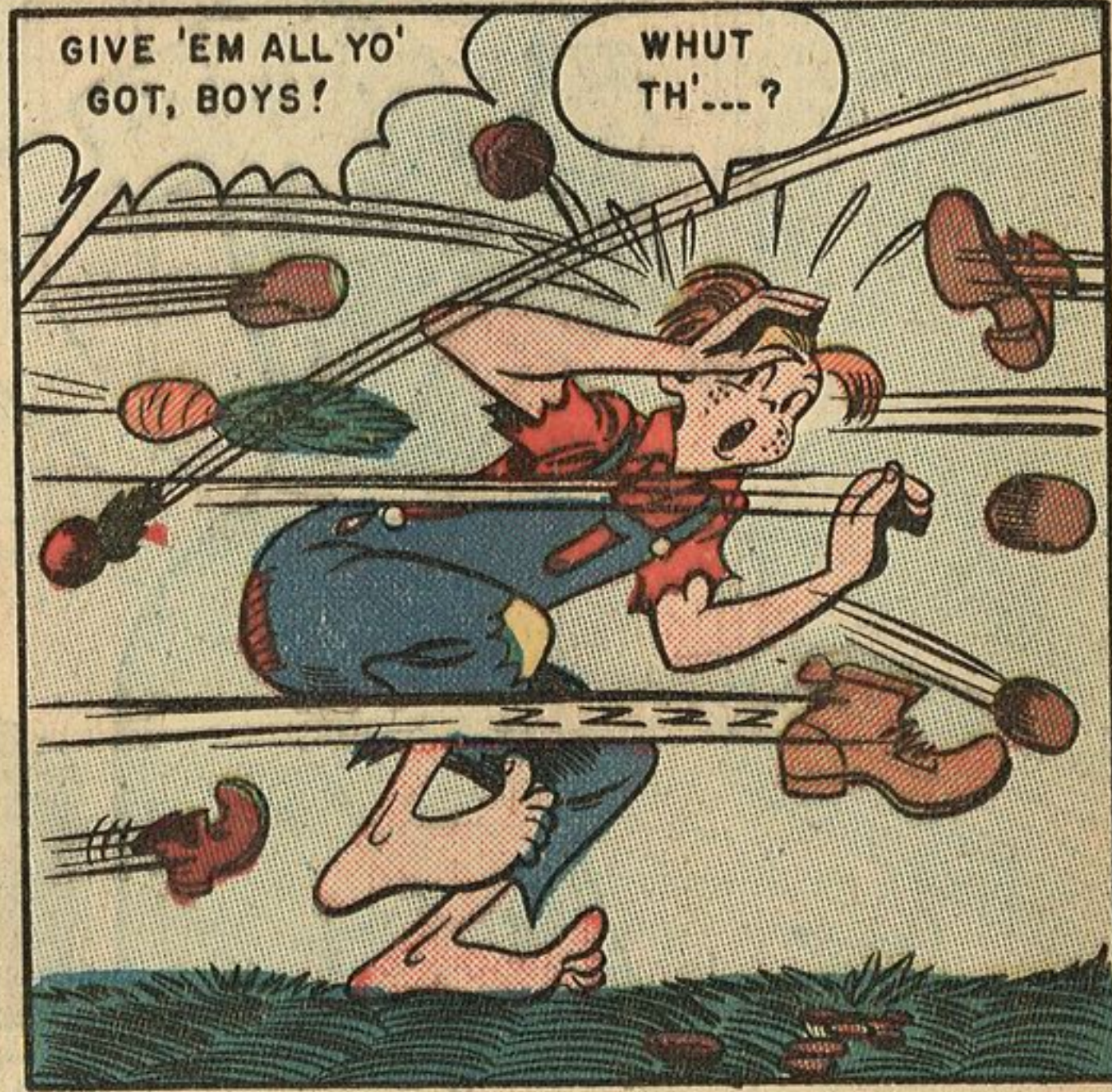
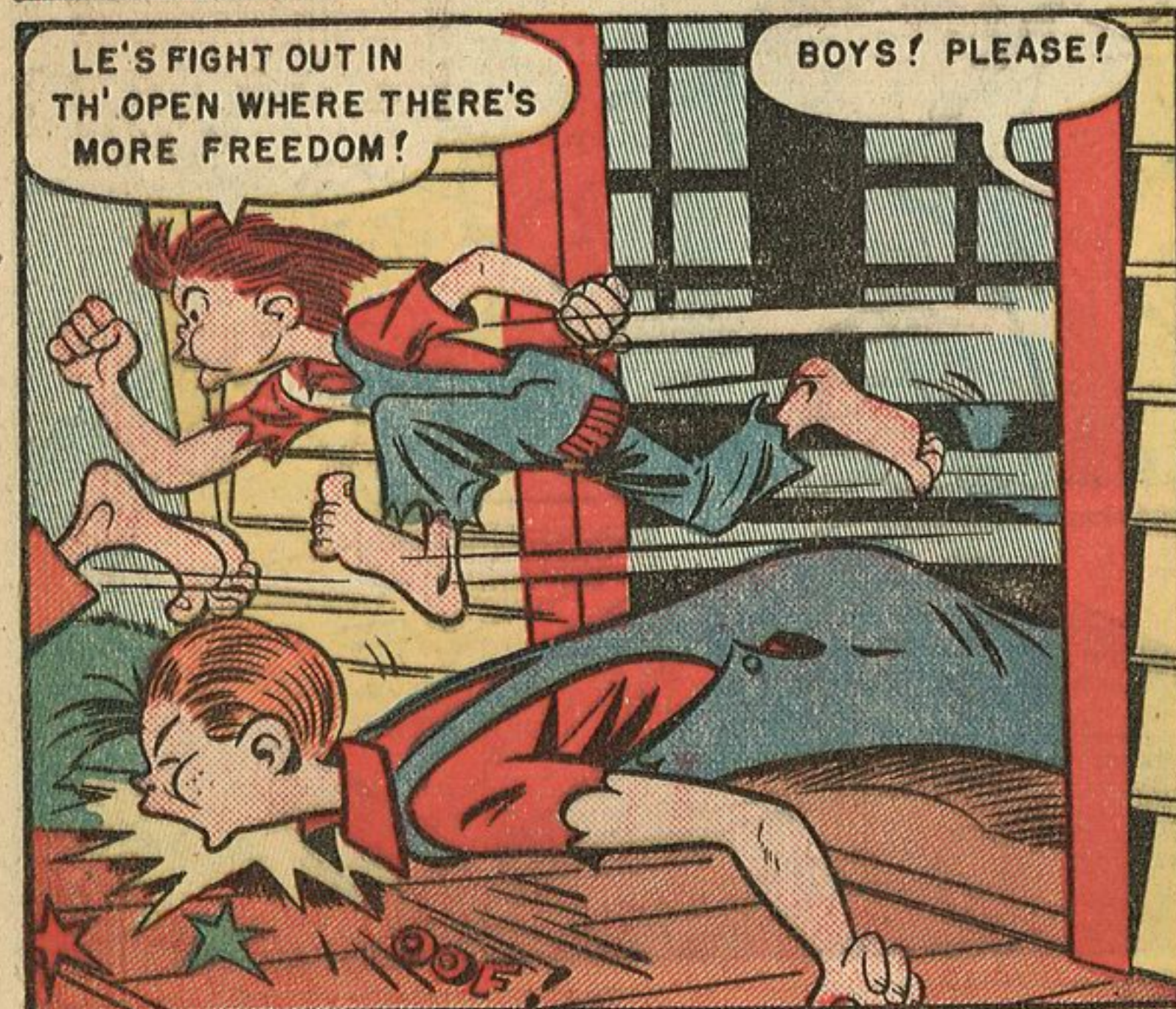
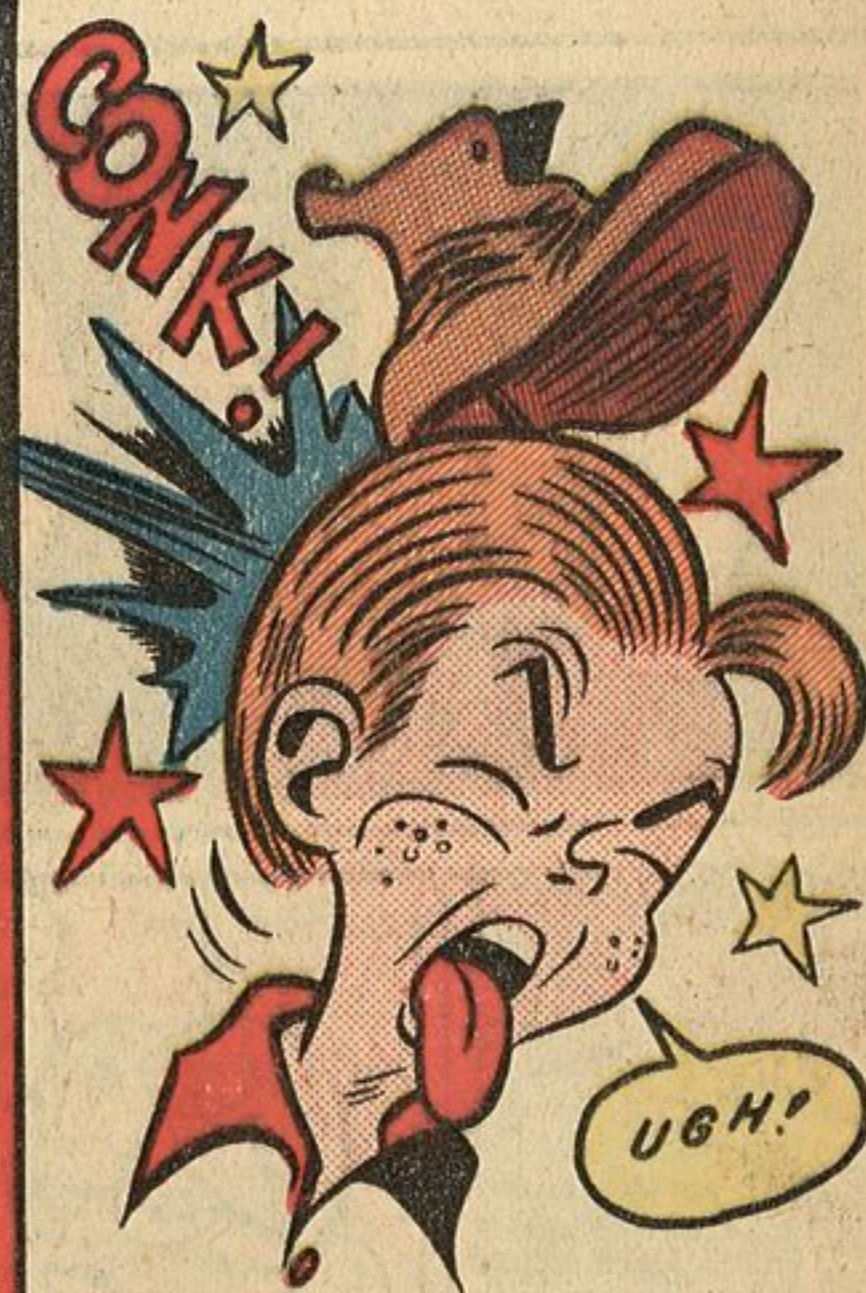
She turned furiously to the young man up the hill, and said, "Just the same, young man, for all your smartness you're not much of a farmer. That poor, silly little tree up there. Why, I'll be surprised if you get one apple from it."

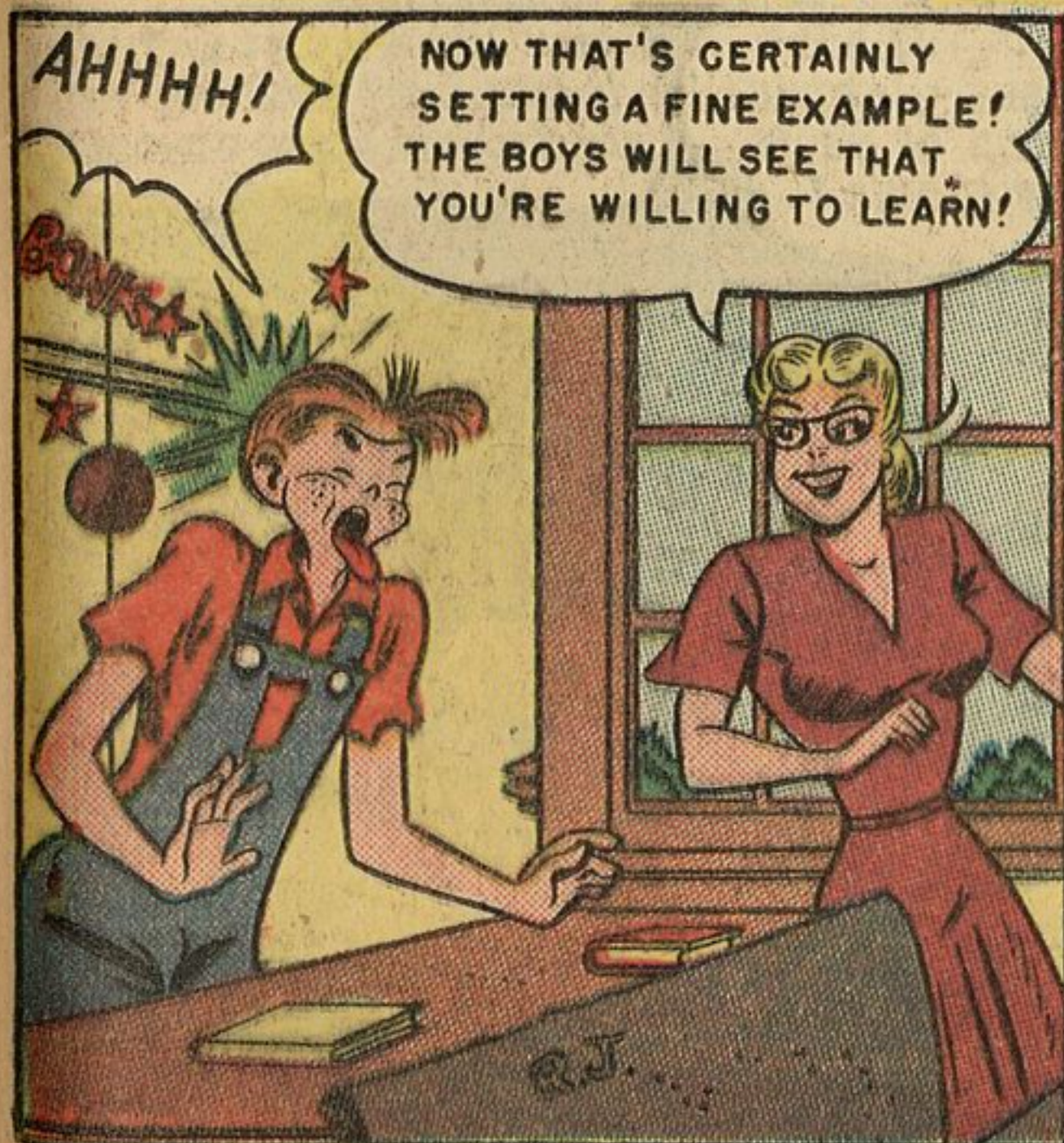
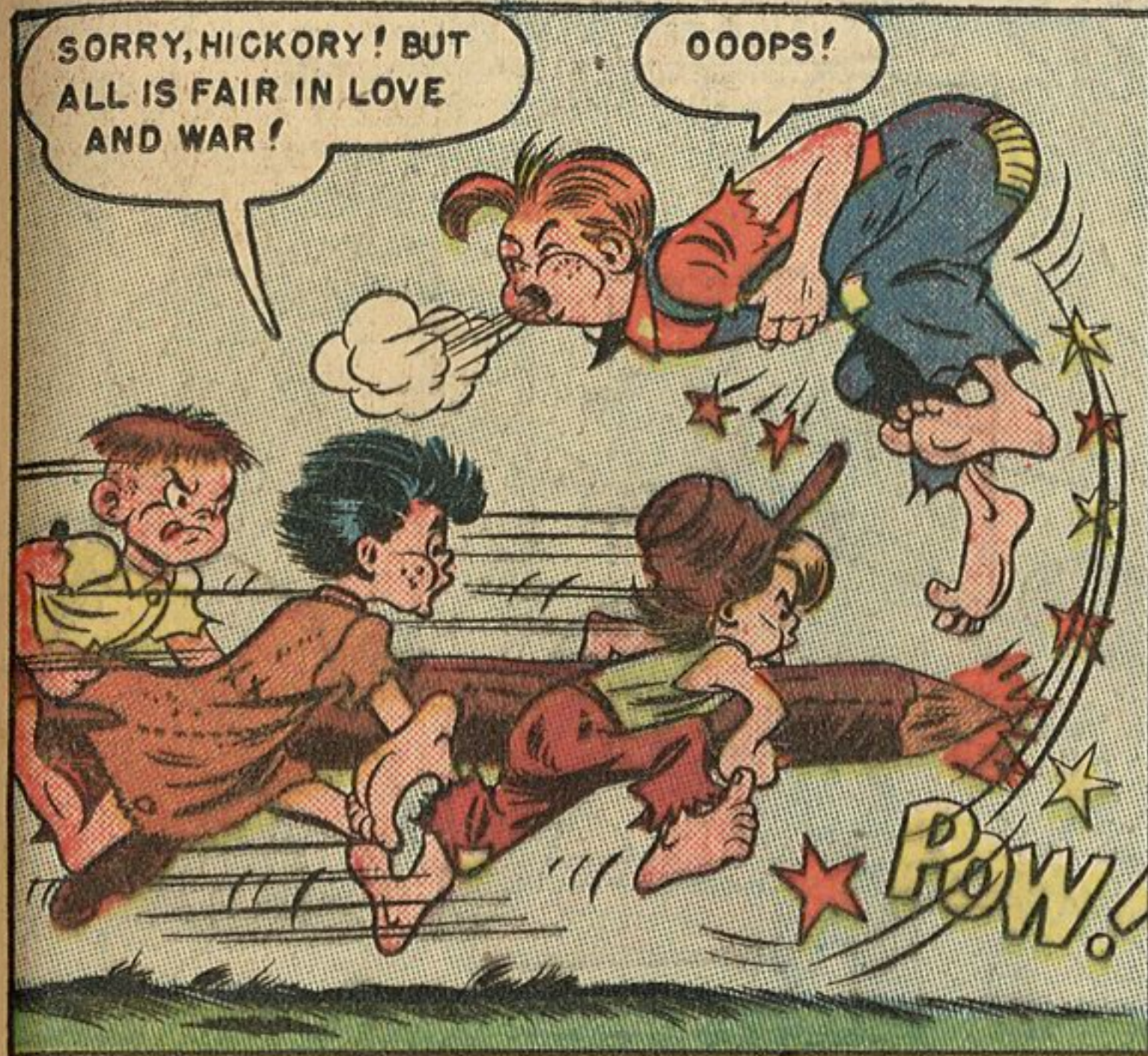
"Ma'am," Alby called back politely. "You won't be a dang bit more surprised than I'll be. That there is a peach tree."

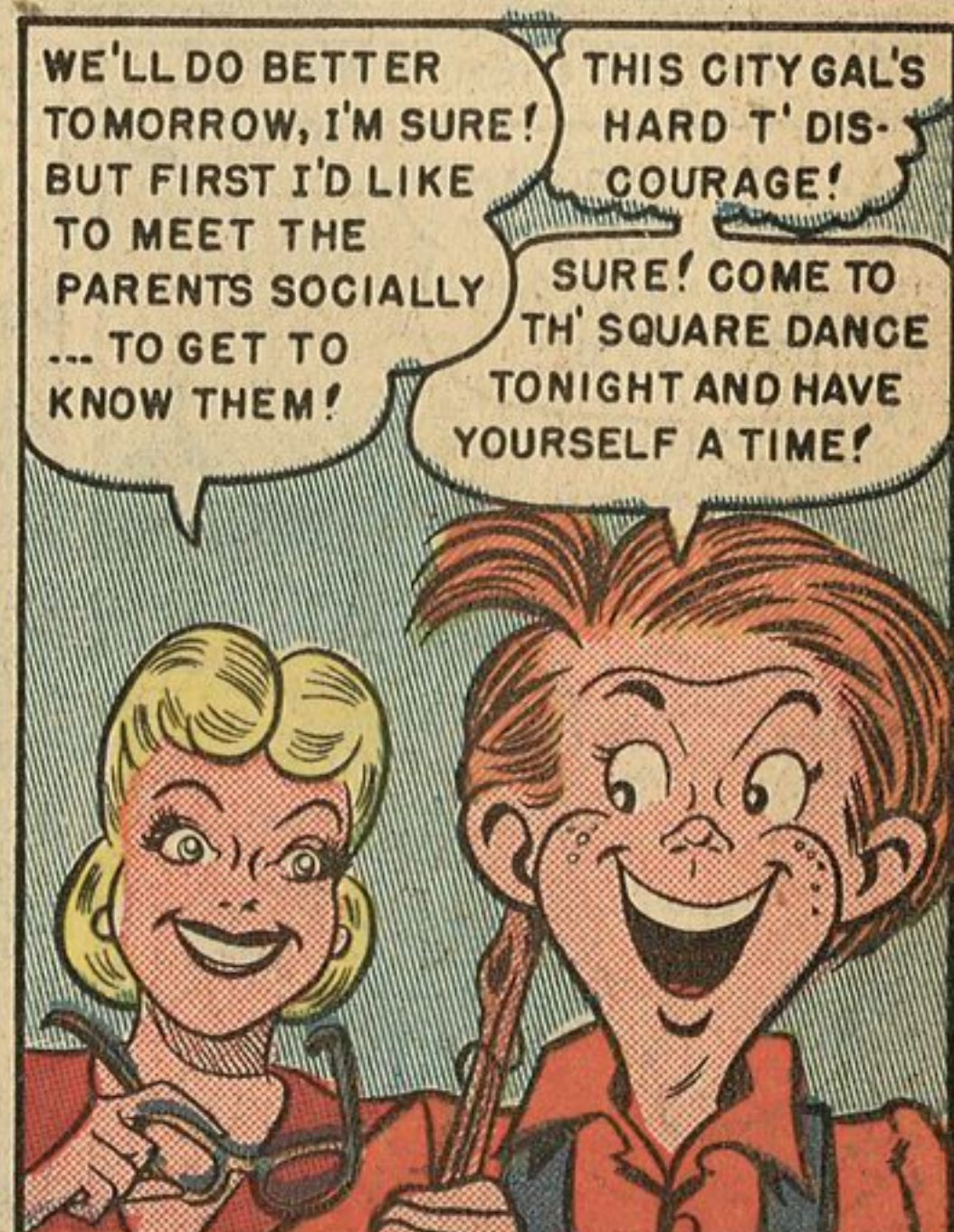
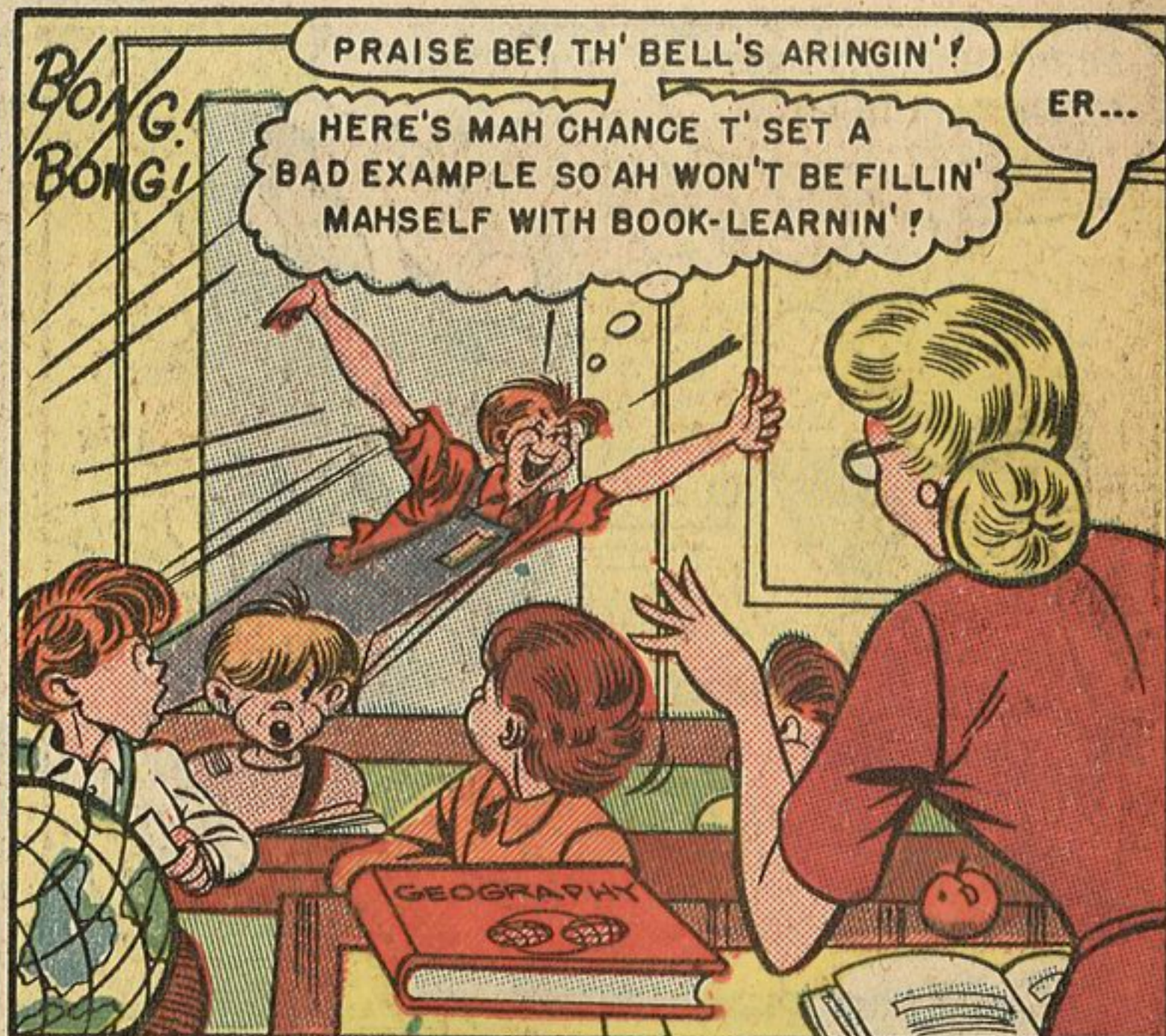
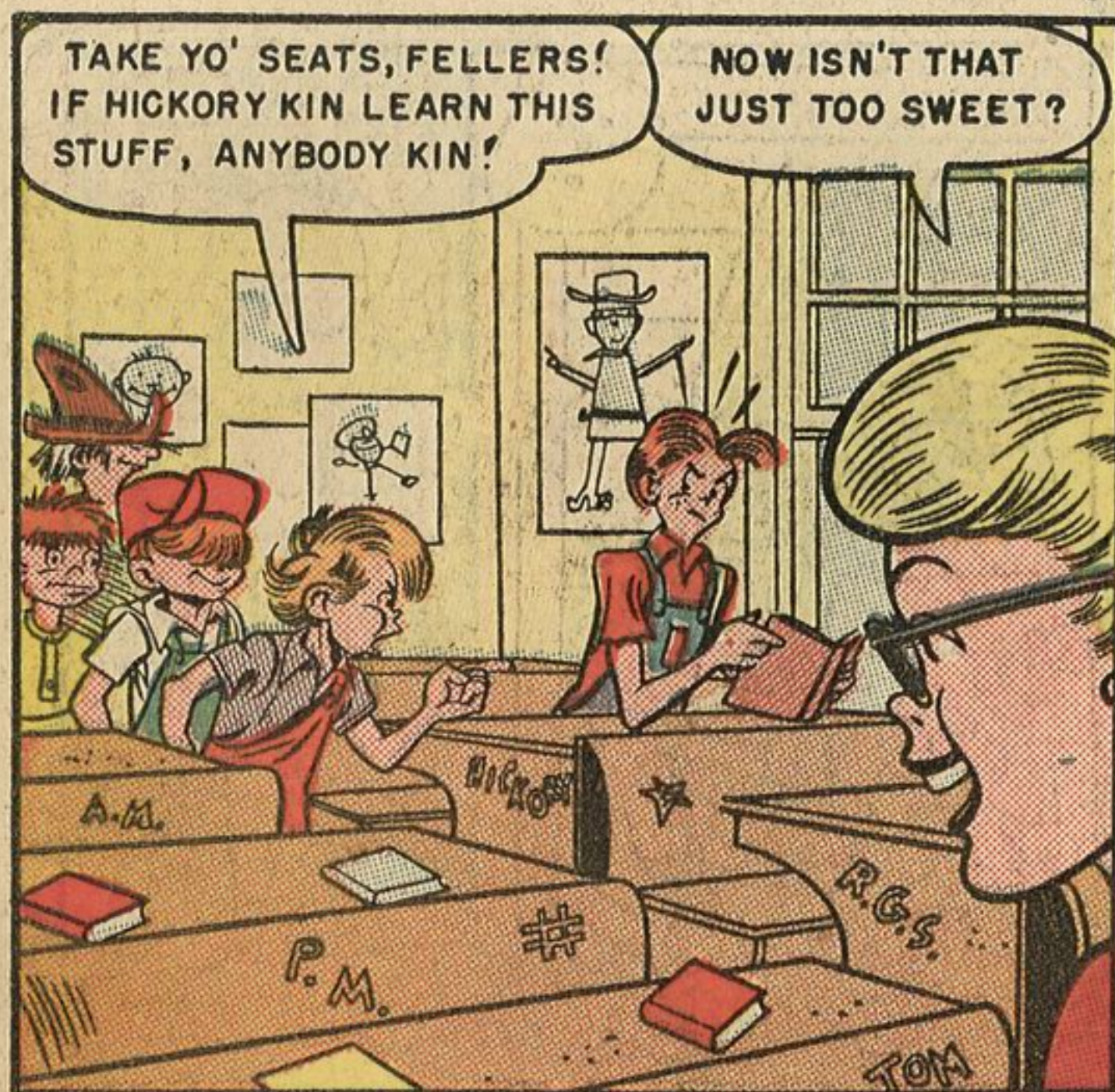
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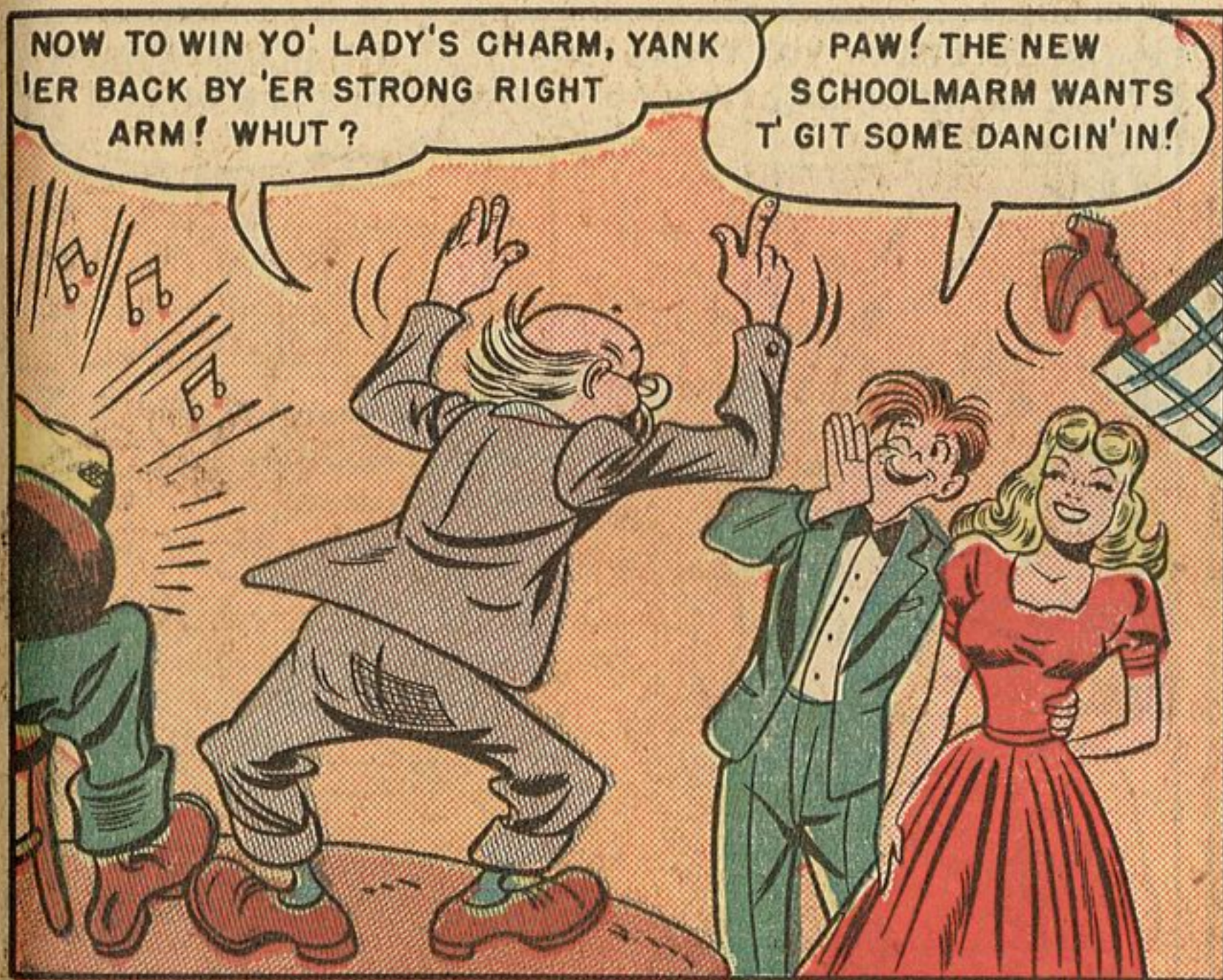


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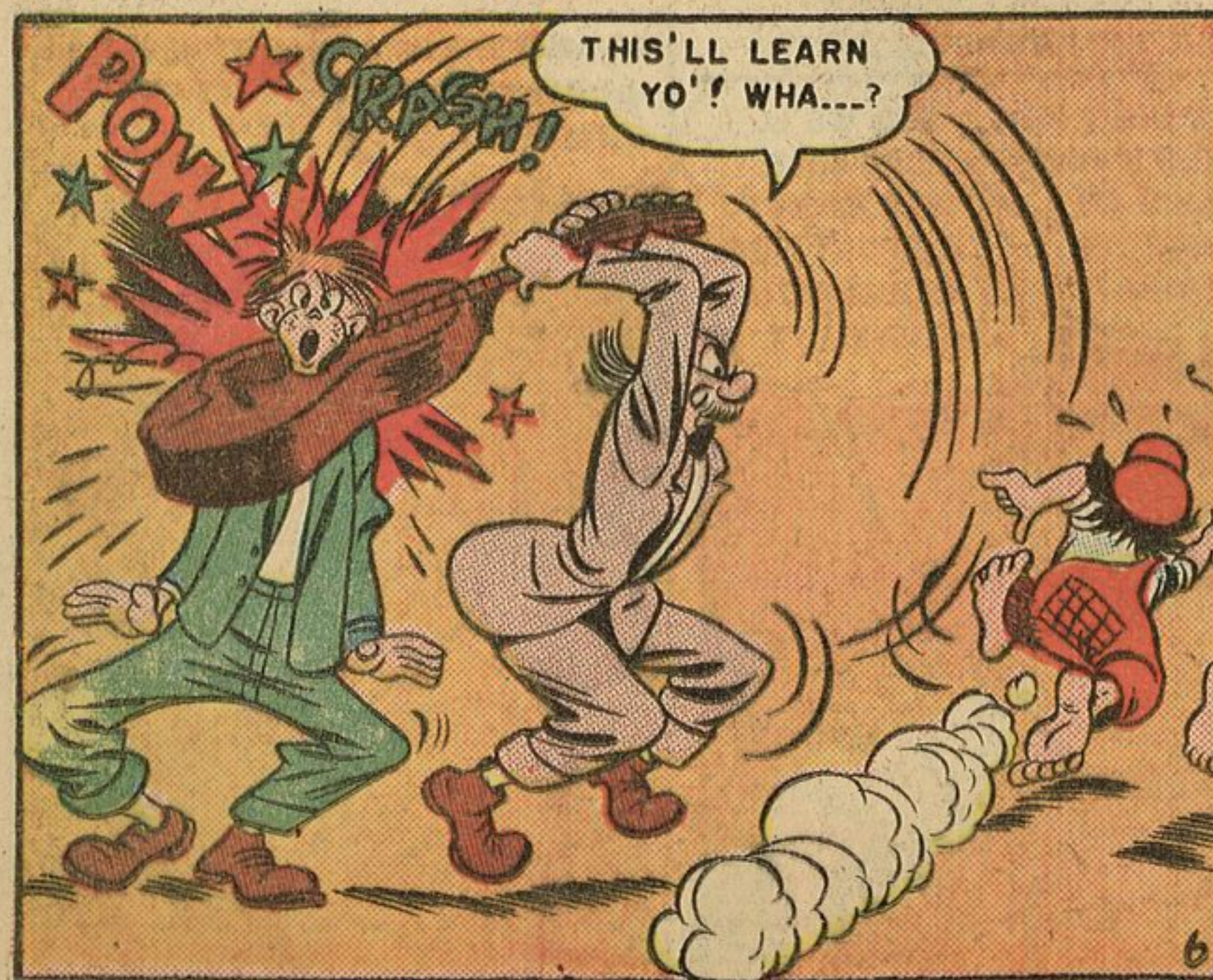
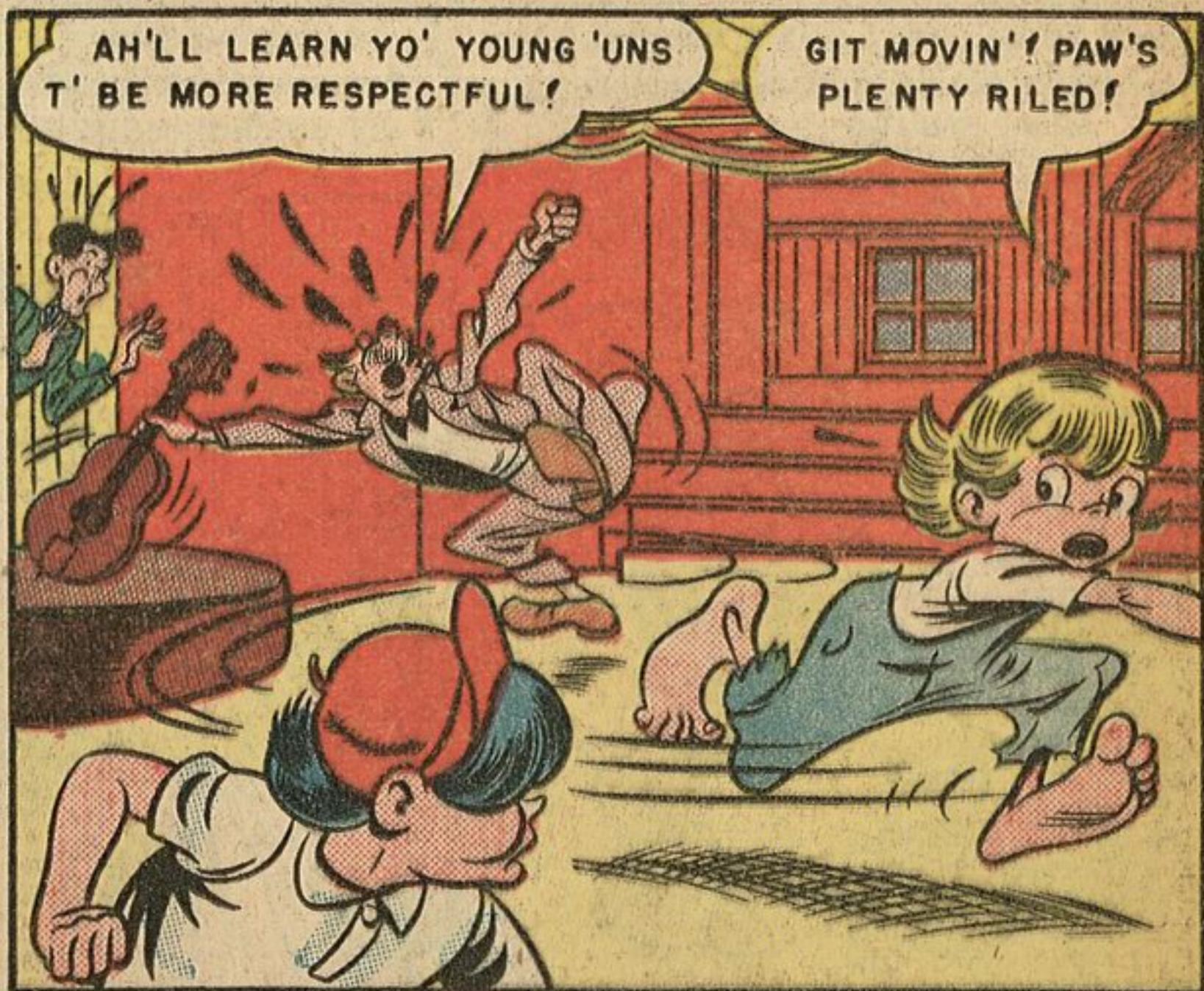
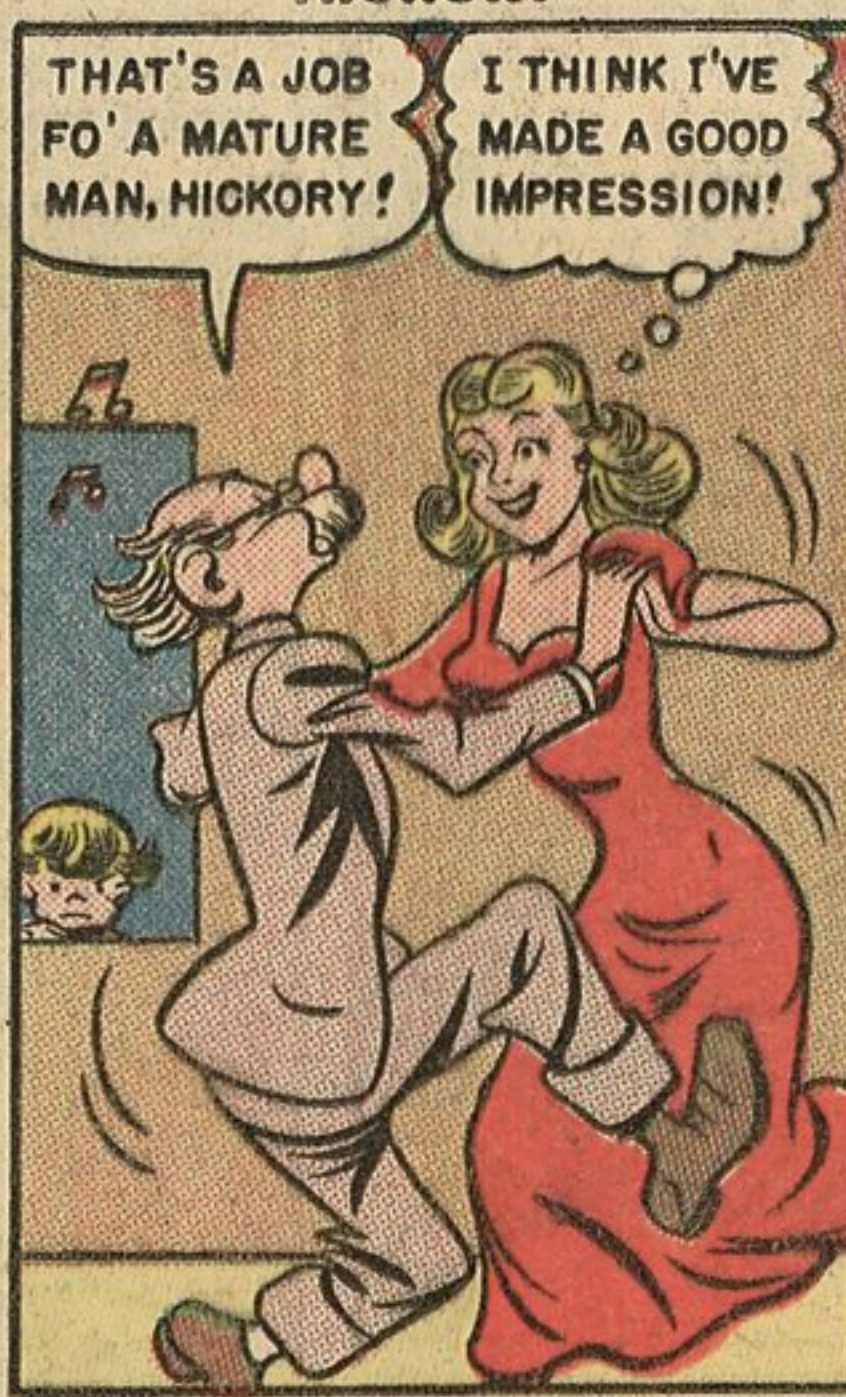




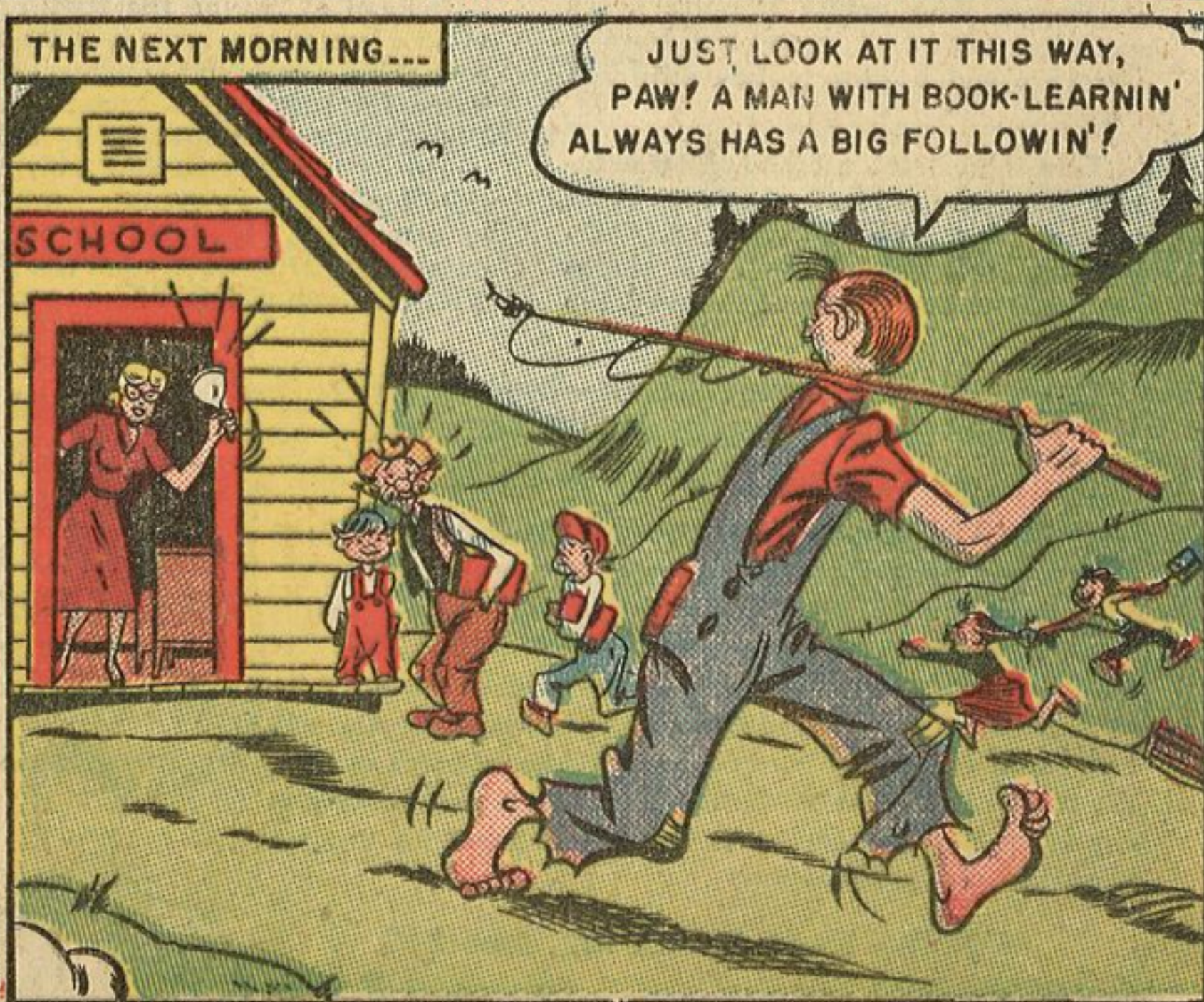
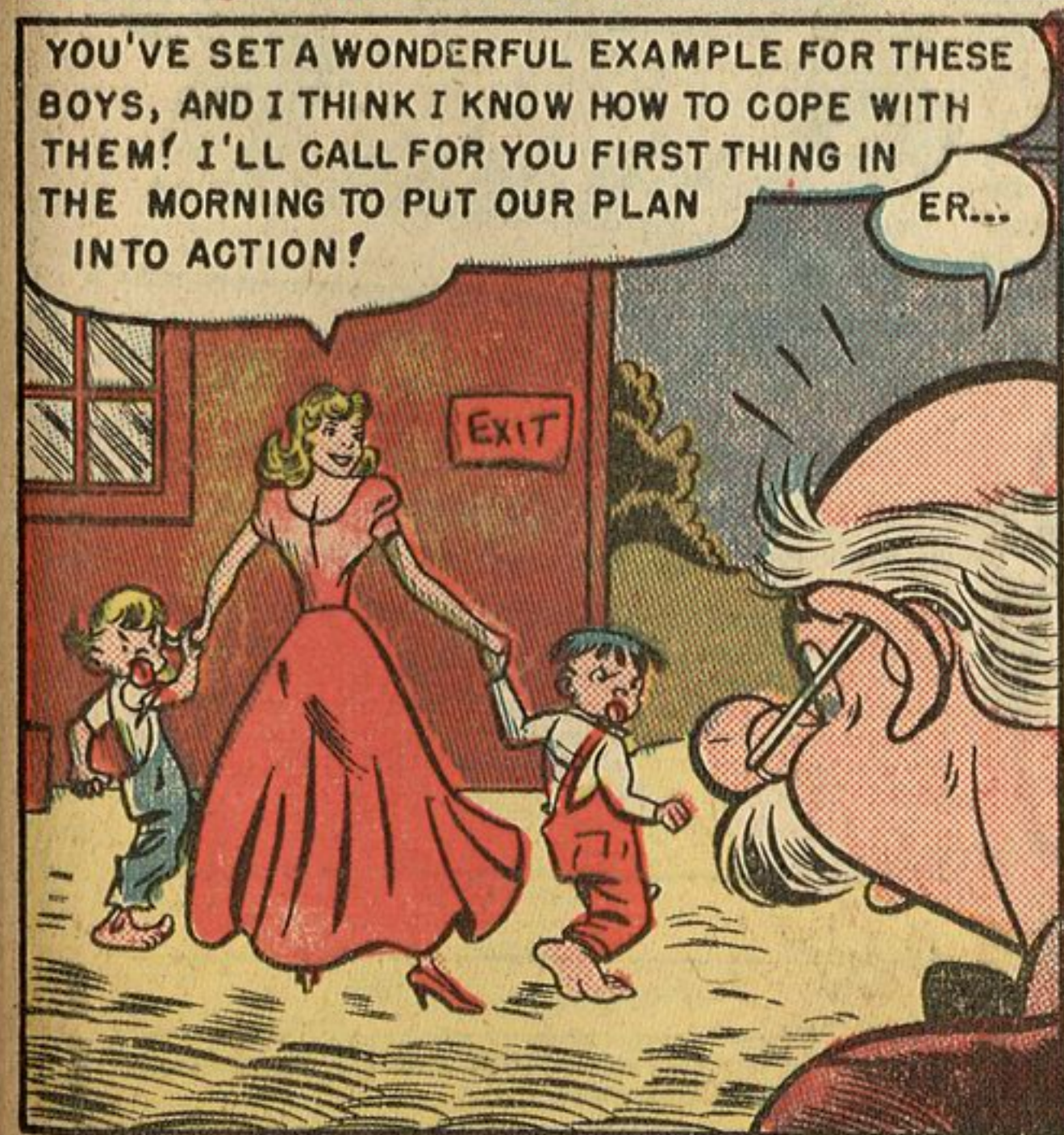
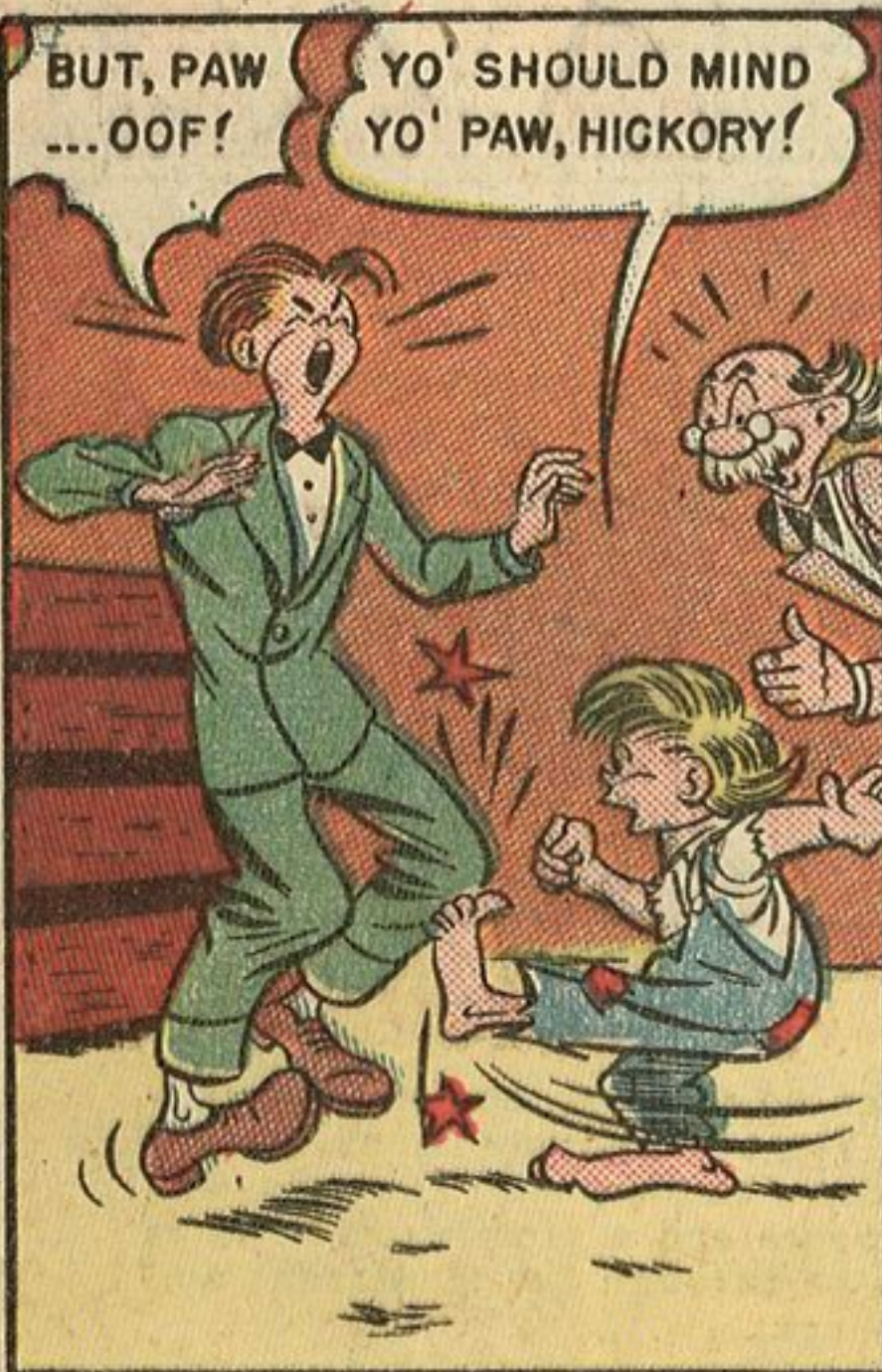
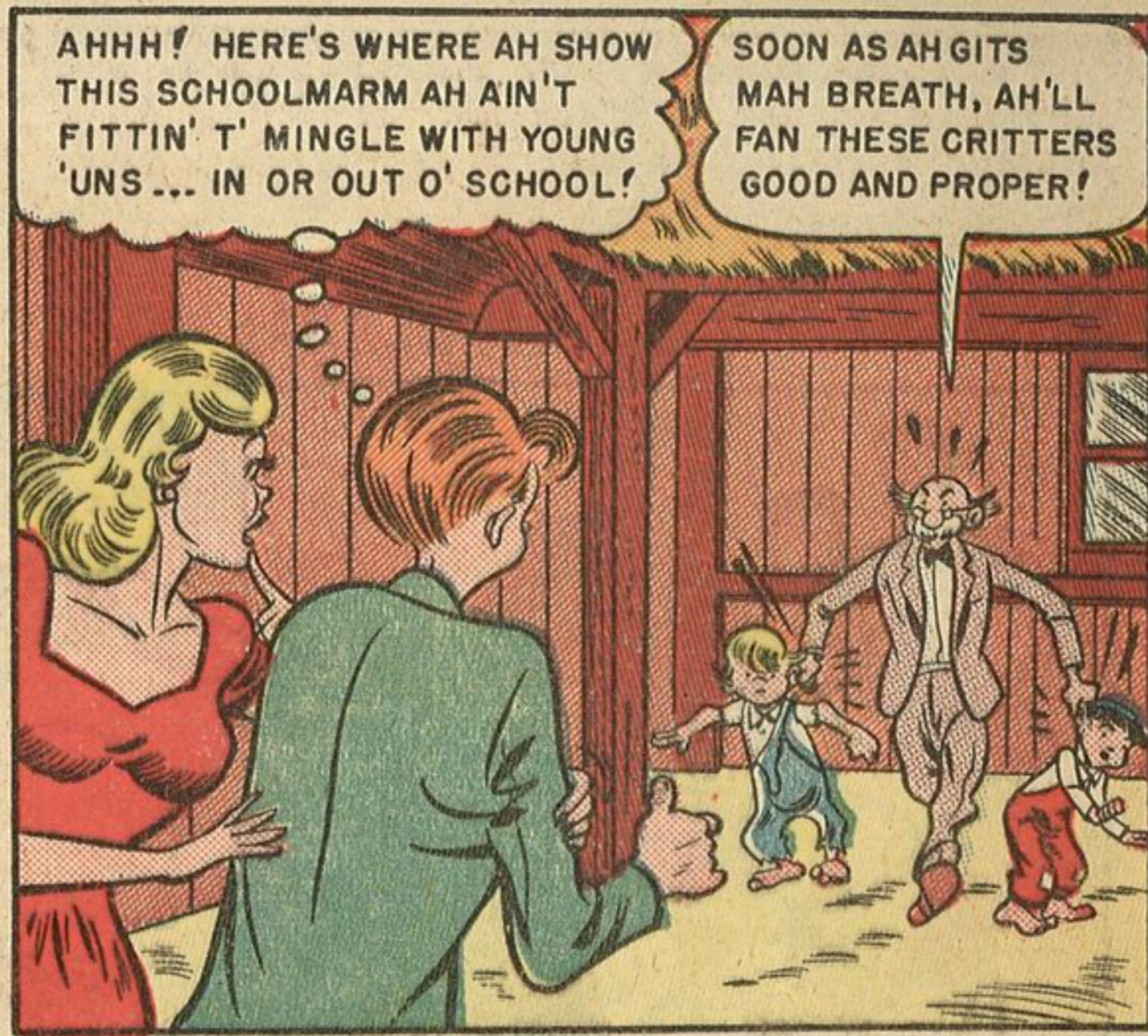
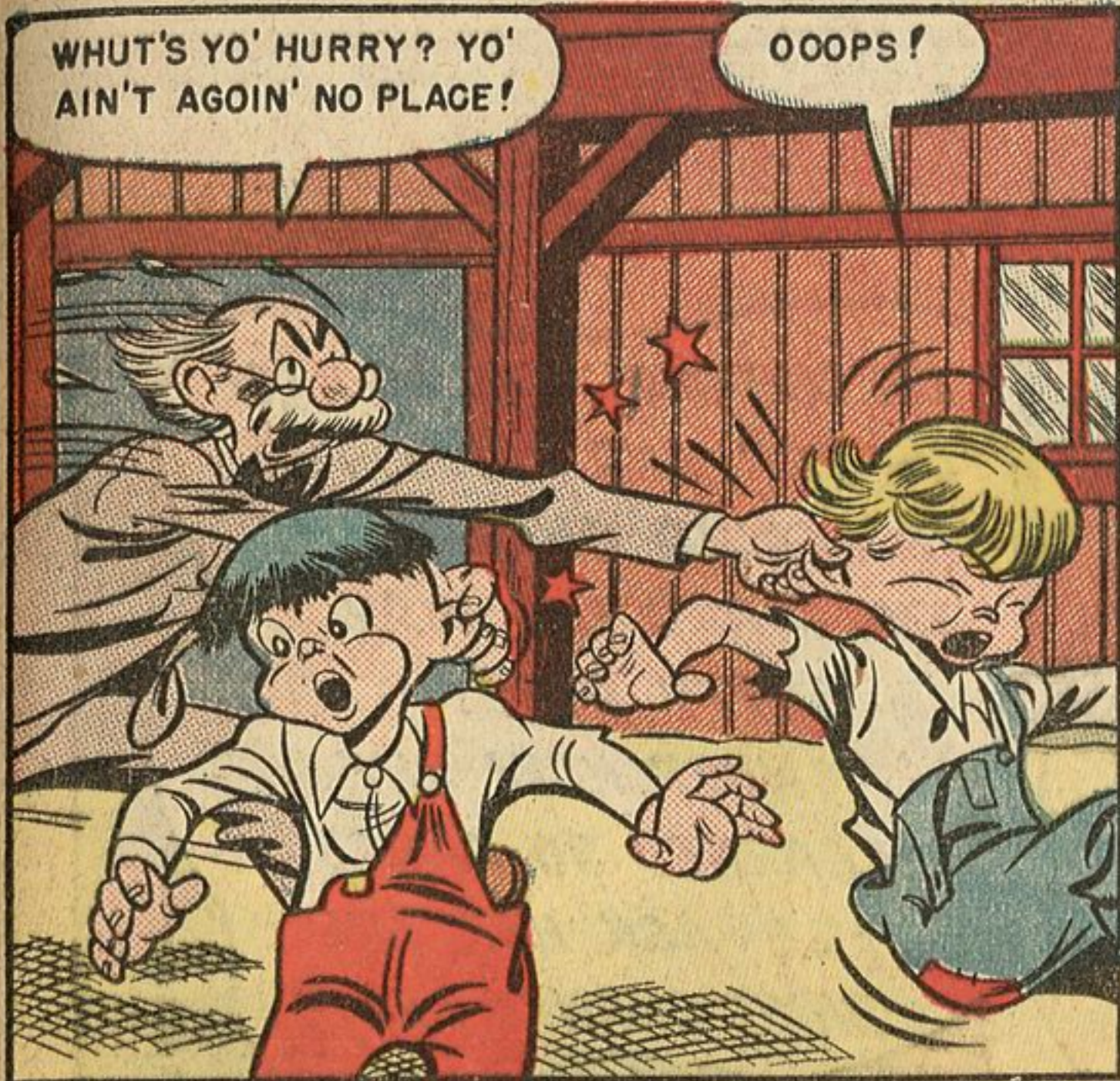




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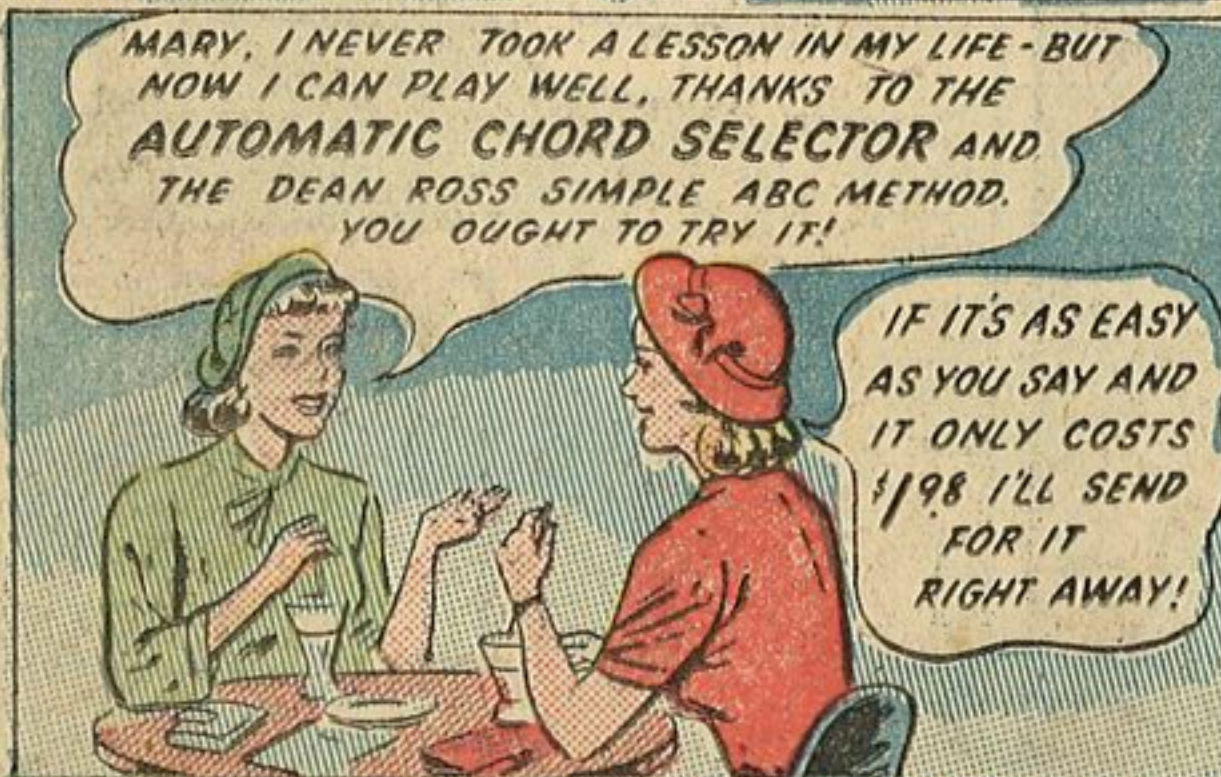
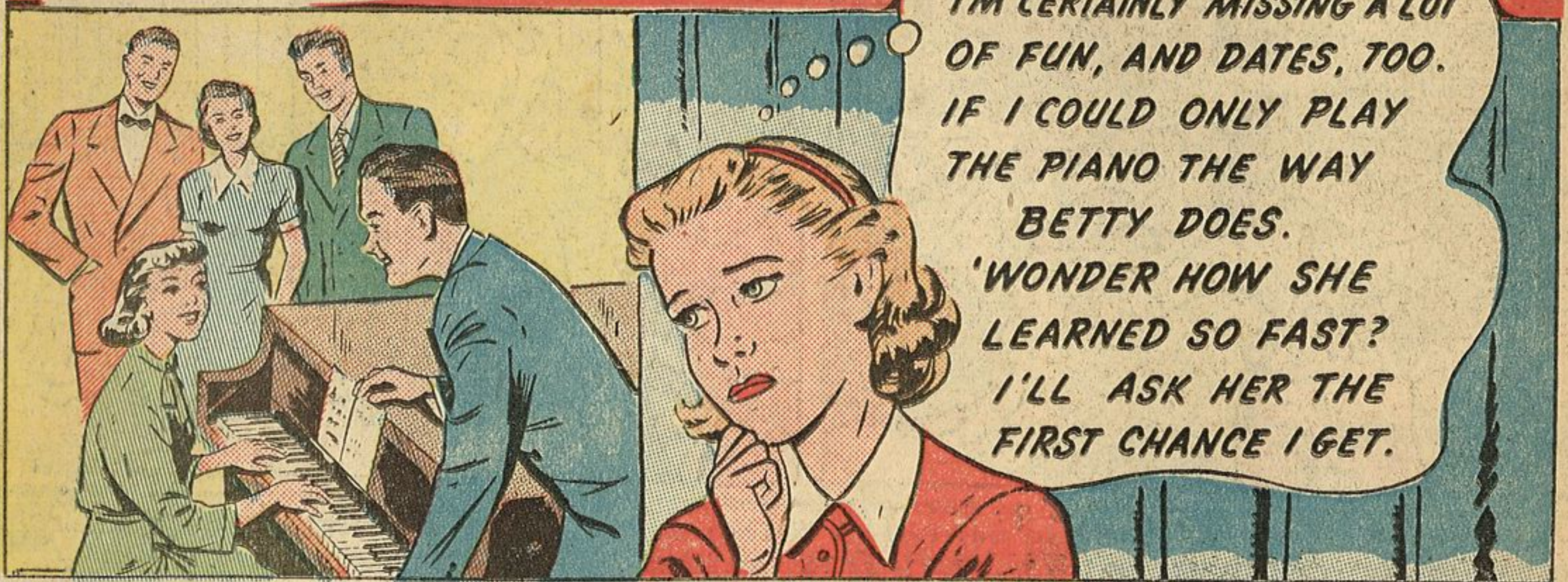


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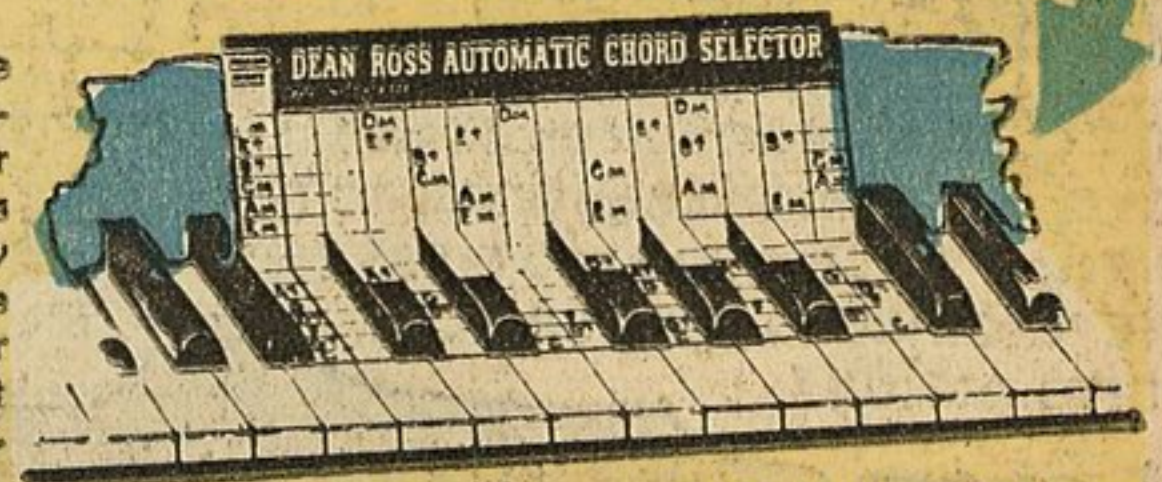
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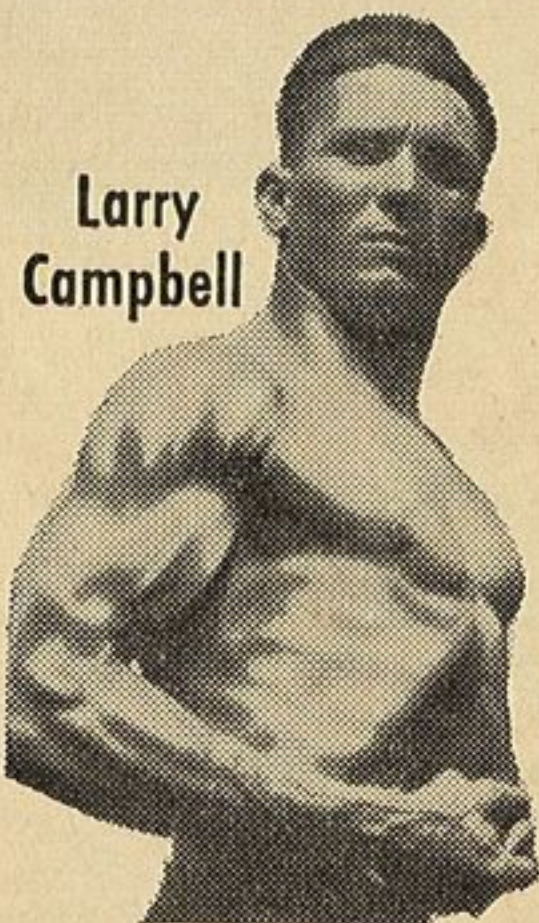
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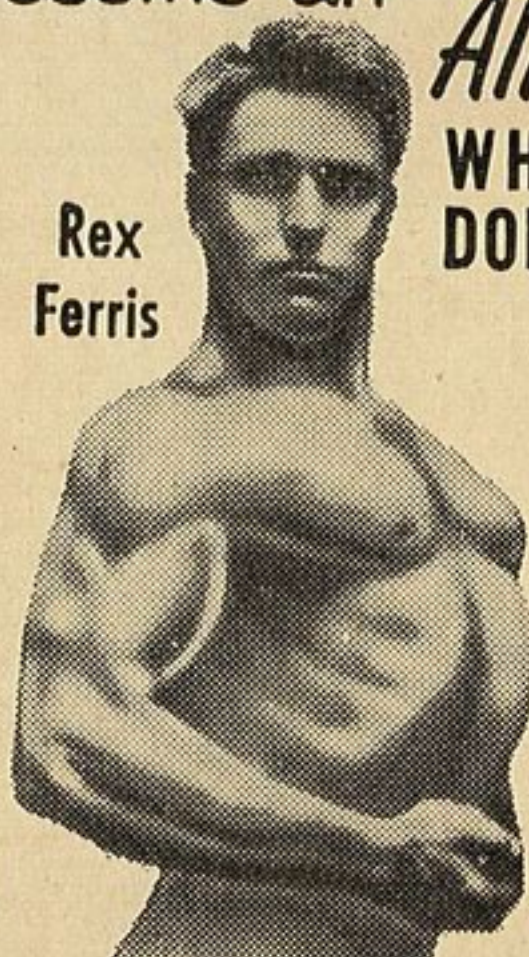
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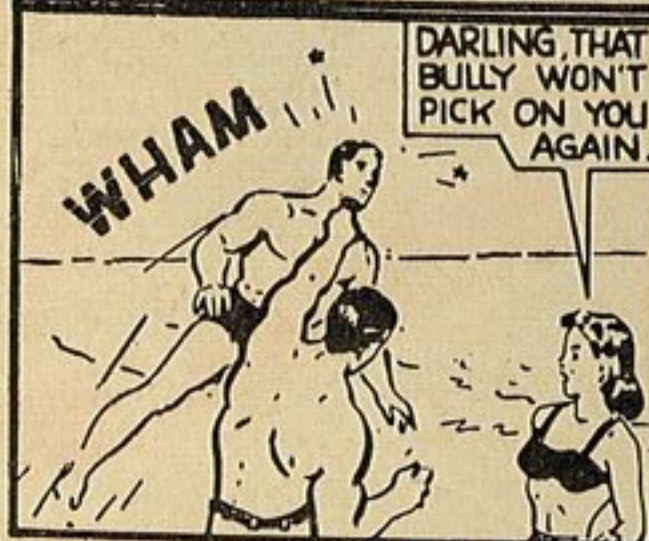
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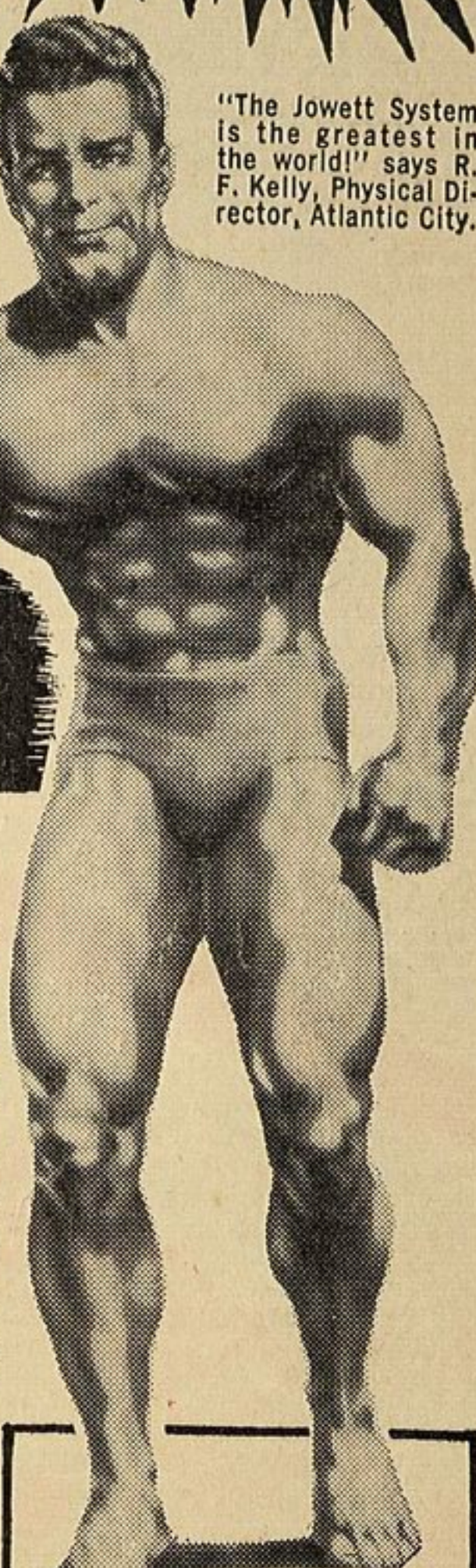
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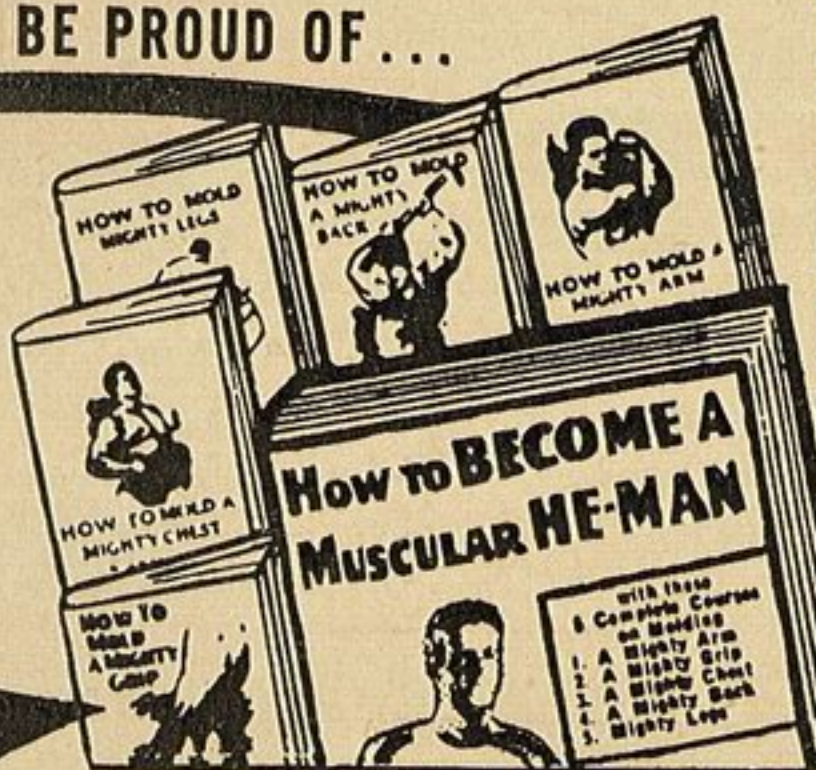
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